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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REVERENDAND LEARNED

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

CONTAINING, BESIDES HIS

SERMONS, AND ESSAYS ON MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS,

SEVERAL ADDITIONAL PIECES,

Selected from his Manuscripts

BY THE

REV. DR. JENNINGS, AND THE REV. DR. DODDRIDGE, IN 1753:

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

COMPILED

BY THE REV. GEORGE BURDER.

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OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

THE HARMONY OF ALL THE RELIGIONS WHICH GOD EVER PRESCRIBED.

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THE HARMONY

OF

ALL THE RELIGIONS

WHICH GOD EVER PRESCRIBED;

CONTAINING

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE SEVERAL PUBLIC DISPENSATIONS OF

GOD TOWARD MAN,

OR HIS APPOINTMENT OF

DIFFERENT FORMS OF RELIGION IN SUCCESSIVE AGES.

THE

PREFACE.

RELIGION, in the most general sense of the word, signifies that veneration or reverential regard, which man pays to God, his Maker. This veneration is diversified, according to the various perfections of the divine nature discovered to us, or the various relations in which we stand to God. All this is internal religion, so far as it is found in the heart; but, it is also to be expressed outwardly in the life, by the tongue, or the several powers of action, according to the daily occasions which are given us in the course of providence. Religion in the heart includes in it all that adoration we pay to God, because of his transcendent Majesty, our acknowledgment of all homage and obedience due to him, as our sovereign, our fear, our love, our imitation, our trust or dependence and submission, &c. according as we conceive of him, as the first and best of beings, as wise and powerful, as holy, just, and merciful, as our rightful Owner, Governor, and Judge.

The outward expressions of these inward sentiments of the mind, whether in voice, gesture, or action, are to be regulated by the dictates of nature or reason, so far as that reaches; as for instance, nature seems to direct the lifting up of the hands and the eyes to God, in our solemn addresses to him, bowing the knee, or standing, or prostration in prayer to God, and laying hands on the head of another, when a blessing is pronounced on him, or implored for him; the voice of joy and singing is directed by the light of nature, in speaking the praises of God, or in our holy rejoicing before him; groaning and sighing, seems to be the language of nature also in our complaints to God; laying the hand upon the heart, denotes an appeal to God, concerning our sincerity, &c.

These inward and reverential sentiments of the mind, may be also expressed by, or attended with a variety of other rites and forms, which God hath prescribed by revelation, in the several ages of his church: And God, only, has a right to prescribe them; for he only knows in what manner he will, or he ought to be honoured or worshipped. Sometimes he has appointed abstinence from particular food, sometimes putting off the shoes from the feet, sometimes offering sacrifice to God by fire, sometimes washing or sprinkling with water or blood, sometimes eating or drinking as a holy festival, &c.

I add further, also, religion includes in it all our personal duties towards ourselves and our social duties towards our fellow-creatures, as well as our duties of piety towards God, so far as they are performed from a principle of veneration, obedience, and love to our Creator: For this principle turns the common actions of life into religious actions, which otherwise would be esteemed but merely moral or virtuous. Scripture favours

this representation. The apostle James seems to suppose it thus in the first chapter last verse; *Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.* These moral actions done from a supreme regard to God, that is, before his sight, and as under his authority and approbation, render them truly religious.

When man was first created, and in his state of innocence, he was bound to fulfil all his duties towards God and man in perfection; and he had power to perform them; and these performances were his justifying righteousness in the sight of God, according to the law of nature and innocence. In his fallen or sinful state, he is still bound by the light of nature and reason, to pay the same duties towards God and man; and that in a perfect manner too, for the law of God is eternal and relaxes not its demands; and though man is continually failing in his obedience, either in thought, word, or deed, yet that conscience, within him, which teaches him the law, *Rom.* ii. 14, 15. accuses him when he breaks it.

The religion of a fallen creature, according to the light of nature, requires also some additions of duty more than a state of innocence, *viz.* confession of our faults, sincere repentance of every sin, and addresses to God for mercy, with hope in his forgiving grace, together with a return to diligence in new obedience after every fall or transgression, and a constant zeal to subdue and mortify all sinful inclinations and perseverance therein till death. This runs through every dispensation of grace. And since none of these works are so perfect in the best of men, as to fulfil the demands of the law of God, or to justify the man before God, therefore after all, if fallen man be ever justified, that is, pardoned and accepted of God, it must be by his trusting or depending upon divine grace, in whatsoever way it is or shall be manifested. This is the only thing, beside what I mentioned before, that remains for him to do in order to his acceptance.

Observe here, I do not say, that this is sufficient to procure certain pardon, or to obtain the justification of a sinner; for natural reason cannot assure us that an offended God will forgive all our past sins, upon this practice. But this I may boldly affirm, that reason directs to this practice, as the only way wherein we can reasonably hope for the favour of God, and acceptance before him. And, as this is the plain and obvious doctrine which the light of reason teaches, so this was practised, not only by Abraham and David, but by all the good men of old, in every nation, who wrought righteousness, and were accepted of God; *Acts* x. 35. This is St. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith, or trust in the grace of God without the works of the law, which he insists upon in his epistles to Rome and Galatia; though, it has most unhappily been perplexed and obscured by noisy controversies. In these papers, among other things, I have endeavoured to scatter those clouds, and set this divine truth in a most natural and easy light.

Since the blessed God saw the light of nature after the fall, insufficient to give the sinful creature any solid assurance of pardon and acceptance, he condescended to make some special revelations of his mercy and his will, to poor perishing mankind; and this he has done in several ages of the world, and in particular nations. Therein he has been pleased to reveal some further doctrines for men to believe, and some further duties for them to practise, which are not written in the book of nature: And they are such as these, *viz.* That God is ready to forgive all those sinners who return to him by

sincere repentance, and who trust in his mercy, according to the different discoveries of it: That he will assist humble creatures in their return to God, and in their hearty endeavours to practise their duty: That he has appointed a Mediator, by whom sinners are to be restored to his favours. That this Mediator is *the Son of God:* That he was to *be born of a woman*, to spring from the house of Abraham, and the family of David: That he should be the great peace-maker *between God and man*, to reconcile sinners to God, and to restore them to the image of his holiness; that to this end he should not only fulfil the law of God, but also endure many sufferings, and die for sinners, as an atoning sacrifice, in order to free them from guilt, and deliver them from deserved destruction.

Again, he has made known to men also, that this Jesus Christ the Mediator is raised from the dead, is ascended to heaven, and there governs all things, till he shall return to judge the world; and that the dead shall be raised by him, to receive their final sentence from him, either a sentence of eternal misery, or everlasting happiness.

It is amongst these discoveries of grace and duty, that we must rank the several sacrifices, which God has appointed men to offer, and that not only of the flesh of sheep, and bulls, and goats, but also of corn and wine, &c. Sometimes he appointed particular places, wherein he would have worship paid to him, and sometimes particular seasons set apart for public worship: Amongst these also, he ordained various ceremonies of washing and sprinkling persons and things, to denote purification from sinful defilements, and finally that we must worship or honour God in his latest and best institution, by washing or baptizing with water, by eating bread and drinking wine, according to his special directions and appointments.

The belief of these truths, and the practice of these duties, when or wheresoever they were revealed and required, became a proper part of the religion of men in those places, and in that time: For their inward veneration to God, was to be expressed by these outward transactions in obedience to him. The chief design of these things in the various ages and places, was but to teach mankind, by degrees, in a way of emblem or figure, that *God is reconciling a* sinful *world to himself*, that he is recovering men from the sin and misery of their fall, by the mediation of Jesus Christ, his Son, and by the influences of his grace or his blessed Spirit, and to engage them to comply with, and pursue this reconciliation and recovery.

This general design of God to recover sinners, as manifested in these divine revelations, may be called the covenant of grace proposed to men. It was not published all at once, in its various and complete glory and beauty, but in many successive ages, and that to particular persons, and by them to the rest of men, so far as the great God appointed; *viz.* by Adam to his posterity, by Noah to his posterity, by Abraham to his family, by Moses and the prophets to the Jews, and by Christ and his apostles both to the Jews and gentiles. These transactions of God with men, and his appointments manifested to them, are usually distinguished into the several corresponding dispensations, which is the substance of the discourses in this book, and I think they are each of them distinguished from the other, by one or more special sign or emblem of grace or duty.

As the discovery of this gospel, or covenant of grace, was not made all at once, but by slow degrees, to answer some evident, and some unsearchable purposes of God, so it was four thousand years, before it was fully revealed by the blessed apostles of Christ,

and that under several dispensations of increasing light. Since the days of the apostles there has been no new dispensation, nor any new divine religion. Every former dispensation of the gospel, was sufficient to save all those to whom it was made or proposed; and it was that very religion by which all, who were under it, were actually bound to seek their salvation, till the next dispensation was revealed to them. This is so evident that it needs no argument for the proof of it.

And yet we must add also, that almost every following dispensation of the covenant of grace does, in some measure, help to explain the scriptural account of those which went before. As for instance, the dispensation of Abraham added some light to the patriarchal darkness: The dispensation of Christ casts numerous rays of illumination on the types and shadows of judiasm, and St. Paul, in his epistles, has taught us to understand many of them, by pointing to those graces and blessings of the Messiah and the gospel, which were signified by them.

Nor can we have a complete view of this covenant of grace, as it is held forth in scripture, if we confine our thoughts merely to the short representation of the sacred writers, in their first discoveries of each dispensation. It is only a full survey of all the successive editions of this covenant, which can give us the most comprehensive, and the justest idea of it, in any one edition, or under any one dispensation. Each of them casts a signal and sensible light upon the other, and whatsoever was truly glorious in the whole of them, is, as it were, summed up and united in the last dispensation, that is, christianity, which answers the predictions and emblems of former ages, and reveals and unfolds many things, that seemed then to be veiled in darkness.

It should be remembered here, this short scheme of the dispensations of God, or the various religions of men, does not pretend to argue or debate much on any point, nor to trace out, and answer the objections that might be raised against these several religions; that would have required a large volume; these arguments are therefore to be sought in other writings. This is only a compendious arrangement of the discoveries of the grace of God and the duty of man, in such an order as God has prescribed them, and such as may best shew their consistence, their reasonableness and equity; and this may go a great way towards the evidence and proof of these representations, without long argument and dispute; for there is nothing but truth, which, in every part and view of it, is constantly consistent with itself, whether we consider it as contained in scripture or represented by right reason.

1742.

THE

HARMONY OF ALL THE RELIGIONS

WHICH GOD EVER PRESCRIBED TO MEN, AND ALL HIS DISPENSATIONS TOWARDS THEM.

INTRODUCTION.

I. THE public dispensations of God towards men are those wise and holy constitutions of his will and government, revealed or some way manifested to them, in the several successive periods or ages of the world, wherein are contained the duties which he expects from men, and the blessings which he promises, or encourages them to expect from him, here or hereafter; together with the sins which he forbids, and the punishments which he threatens to inflict on such sinners: Or, the dispensations of God may be described more briefly, as the appointed moral rules of God's dealing with mankind considered as reasonable creatures, and as accountable to him for their behaviour, both in this world and in that which is to come. Each of these dispensations of God, may be represented as different religions, or, at least, as different forms of religion, appointed for men in the several successive ages of the world.

II. Hence it comes to pass, that in describing the several religions of men, or the public dispensations of God, we do not so much enter into his eternal designs, or the secret and inward transactions of his grace, either with, or concerning the children of men, in order to bring them into his covenant of grace; nor do we search into his early and divine transactions with Christ Jesus, his Son, in the covenant of redemption, in order to the salvation of men: But it is sufficient, here, to set forth the outward discoveries of God's mind and will to men, in his public government of the universe, or those several constitutions by which he will either justify and reward, or condemn and punish mankind, as he is their supreme Lord and Judge. These are the things most properly signified by his dispensations towards men, and which I propose as my present theme.

III. We must here take notice, in the first place, that natural religion, or that religion which rises from the nature of God and men, and from their relations to God and one another, runs through every one of these dispensations, whether in a state of innocency, or after the fall. And wheresoever divine revelation or the scripture hath not given man positive, express and particular notice of his duty, there the light of nature or reason must be supposed to come in both before and after the fall of man, to clear up what is doubtful, and to supply what is wanting; even as revelation is to supply us where the light of reason is defective or dubious.

Therefore, though our natural duties to God, *viz.* fear and love, trust and obedience, prayer and praise, together with the duties of justice, truth, and love to our neighbour

must be supposed to belong to every dispensation; yet there was no necessity of repeating them continually under every dispensation, since the law and light of nature plainly dictate and require them; I desire this may be always kept in view.

IV. And under every dispensation, whether in innocency, or since the fall, there has been some further revelation of the mind, and will of God to men, some new doctrine or duty, precept or prohibition given for men to believe or obey, beside or beyond the mere dictates of the light of reason, or mere natural religion; and these are called positive laws or commands, as the others are called natural or moral. Among these I am ready to suppose, the observation of the sabbath, that is, some appointed day for rest from labour, and for public worship, holds a considerable place; for it seems to me to have been instituted in paradise, during the state of man's innocency; *Gen.* ii. 3. and I think it has run through all the dispensations of God to man, though not with equal evidence. And perhaps this appointment may have always carried in it some type or figurative promise of a state of rest and glorious worship, after all the labours of our state of trial are finished.

V. In each of these constitutions or dispensations, there is also generally some outward visible emblem appointed of God, to be a sign, seal or pledge of these blessings to be bestowed on man, by God himself; and there is some visible ceremony, some outward action or abstinence enjoined on men, as a seal or pledge of their acceptance of, and compliance with this constitution of God.

VI. These two things have been often joined in one and the same emblem, when it is considered on one side as appointed by God, and on the other as to be performed by man. Such a double use had all the sacrifices of atonement in the dispensations of grace before Christ. The divine appointment of them sufficiently denotes the mercy of God, and the actual performance of them, testifies that those men accepted of God's covenant, and consented to it, that is, in a way of outward profession.

Now let us proceed to describe the several particular dispensations of God and the religions which have been prescribed to men.

CHAPTER I.

THE DISPENSATION OF INNOCENCY, OR, THE RELIGION OF ADAM AT FIRST.

I. AS soon as God had created man upon the earth, he placed him under the first dispensation, that is, that of innocency; wherein Adam, considered as the father and common head of mankind, being formed *in the image of God*, innocent and holy, and standing in his favour, was bound to a perfect performance of all the duties of the moral law, or law of nature which related to God, or to himself, or to his fellow-creatures; and he had powers given him by the God of nature, sufficient for the performance of them.*

II. This dispensation, is commonly called the covenant of works, because the work done by man would have fully answered the demands of the law of God, it would have

* Note here, Whatsoever particular precepts or prohibitions the great God might give to his creature, in a way of special revelation, man was bound to obey them all, by that general law of nature, which requires the creature to obey its Creator in all things.

been his justifying righteousness, and have entitled him to the reward, *Do this and thou shalt live*, are the terms of that covenant; *Rom.* x. 5. This was his religion.

III. And God seems to have engaged himself to bestow immortality or eternal life on Adam, upon condition of his persevering in perfect obedience, by the emblem, sign or seal of this covenant, which was the tree of life planted in the garden of Eden, of which if man eat he should *live for ever;* Gen. iii. 22. There was a virtual promise in this emblem, sign or pledge. But, besides this intimation of a reward by the tree of life, it may be almost inferred by the light of reason, that where God is a commander of any self-denying virtue, or of any difficult duty, he will also be a rewarder of it; for he will make it appear, he is good as well as just, in all his commands, and designs the happiness of his creatures in case of their obedience. And, in this view of things, it is most highly probable, that if mankind had stood innocent, and there had been no death through all generations, they would have been, after some state of trial and obedience*, translated by degrees to some advanced state of happiness, in some heavenly paradise; for earth itself could not have contained them in all their increase and multiplications under the prolific blessing of heaven.

IV. There was also a threatening of death upon man's disobedience in express words; and the emblem or sign of it, was *the tree of knowledge of good and evil*, and innocent man was commanded to abstain from eating of the fruit of this tree, as a special pledge and test of his obedience to God. Gen. ii. 17. *In the day thou eatest thereof, in dying, thou shalt die*, that is, thou shalt be subject to many afflictions and diseases, and at last to death itself.

V. Now, that this constitution or covenant was made with Adam, not for himself only, but for his posterity also, so as to interest them in the blessings or the curses of it, according to his obedience or disobedience, will appear from the effects of his actual disobedience or fall.

For when this covenant of works was broken, by the sin of man, he and all his posterity with him, lost their holy and happy state, and were subject to sin, misery and death. Rom. v. 19. *By one man's disobedience many were made sinners*, or guilty and subject to death. Rom. v. 12. *As by one man, sin entered into the world and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.* It is plain that *sin is imputed to them* by death's passing upon them. The words following seem to imply it, *viz. sin is not imputed where there is no law, but death reigned*, that is, but sin was imputed, therefore there was a law or constitution which imputed it, and from this spring of iniquity and guilt, *all* men are become *sinners, and come short of the glory of God*, that is, that glory and happiness which they had at first, and that further glory which God had promised if they had not sinned. All mankind are born encompassed with sorrows and troubles, and with an inclination to evil, more than to any thing that is good: And even infants before actual sin are subject to death, as well as those who are actual sinners: For *in Adam all die;* 1 *Cor.* xv. 22. and Jews and gentiles, that is, all mankind

* It is not certain that the posterity of Adam, if their father had stood innocent and passed his trial well, would have had any dangerous state of trial, in their own persons, whether they should be happy or miserable: One would rather suppose, they would have had a proper state of probation, as to greater or lesser happiness, according to their degrees of labour and duty. But this matter is not plainly revealed.

are by nature children of wrath; Eph. ii. 3. As *there is none righteous* or holy, so there is none happy; *no, not one;* Rom. iii. 10.

VI. Now, since this is the scriptural account of the effects or consequence of Adam's sin on all his posterity, it is but reasonable and equitable to suppose, that if Adam had continued innocent and happy, all his posterity had at least come into the world innocent and happy also; and perhaps, been confirmed in their innocence and happiness by the same righteous constitution. A God whose name is love, and his nature justice and goodness, would be supposed reasonably to deal thus with his creatures.

VII. But Adam and his race are fallen, and sinful creatures now: And though we cannot with perspicuity and full assurance, determine so well what sort of circumstances might have attended us, if our first parents had continued obedient; yet this we know by the word of God, by experience in ourselves, and by observation of others, that we are now in a sinful and unhappy state, prone to sin from our childhood, and liable to acute pains, sufferings and death, even in our infant age before any actual transgressions as well as afterwards.

VIII. This was the dispensation of God towards man, or his covenant with him in his original state of innocency, even the covenant of works; which being violated by the sin of Adam, and thereby his posterity being brought into unhappy circumstances, it pleased God, out of his rich mercy to provide another and a better covenant, even the covenant of grace; which is a wise, holy and merciful constitution of God for the recovery of fallen man to his favour and image by his Son Jesus Christ. Now the different dispensations, under which mankind have been placed ever since, are but different editions or manifestations of this covenant of grace to men in several ages of the world.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADAMICAL DISPENSATION OF THE COVENANT OF GRACE, OR THE RELIGION OF ADAM AFTER HIS FALL.

I. THE first dispensation after the fall, was that constitution of God to recover guilty and sinful man to holiness and happiness, which was given to our first parents, Adam and Eve, to be conveyed by them, with religious care, to all their posterity, who suffered by their fall. This is the first edition of the gospel, or the covenant of grace. Herein God promised by the *seed of the woman to bruise the serpent's head;* Gen. iii. 15. or as it is now explained by St. John: 1 *John* iii. 8. and might be then, perhaps, explained by God himself, that the promised seed came *to destroy the works of the devil.* This was the general blessing of this dispensation, as expressed in that early age of the world. It intimates the design of God for the salvation of men, by some mighty Saviour, who should be *born of a woman* and should recover them to the image of God, and his favour, from which they fell by the temptation of the devil: And, though it was not clearly revealed at first, what this Saviour was to do or suffer, in order to reconcile God and man, yet all the further steps and gradual blessings of this reconciliation, in every age of mankind, are owing to the undertaking and the promise of this Saviour; and all tend to accomplish this first promise.

II. The duties herein required of man, were repentance for past sin; a return to new obedience, and sincere love to God, with a humble faith or trust in his mercy. This is an acceptance of the covenant of grace. All this indeed, is not expressly recorded in Genesis; but probably, God made a more explicit discovery of these things, than is written in so short a history; and these things are plainly and expressly required in several of the following dispensations.

Besides, the very light of nature, under every dispensation of grace, requires all this, even repentance, faith, love and obedience, to be practised by every sinner that would find mercy of God: And what is plainly written in the law of nature is not always repeated so distinctly in every dispensation of grace, as I intimated before. This dispensation also, and, perhaps, all the following require further, that man should not only have faith or trust in general in the divine mercy, but as it is particularly promised to be manifested, by some mighty Saviour, as far as he is revealed to them, who should be *the seed of the woman*, or one of her offspring, and who was afterward called the Messiah, that is, the anointed or the Christ, and was to be expected under this character.

III. The great and final blessing to be expected, under this first dispensation, as also, under the following dispensations of grace, is not immortality, or a continuance in life without dying: The blessed God has determined that diseases and afflictions, mortality and death, which were brought in by sinning, or by the breach of the law of innocency, should so far remain throughout all the generations of men, as to be a constant memorial of that broken law, and of the evil of sin. Since, therefore, the good men of all ages, as well as the bad, pass through these diseases, sorrows, sufferings and death; and there is but little distinction made between the righteous and the wicked in this life, by the providence of God; it remains that the final blessing belonging to good men under all the dispensations of grace, must be some felicity to be enjoyed in a future world or another life: And that is the happiness of the soul in the everlasting love of God, and in the sense of his love, when the body is dead, together with some obscure hints of the resurrection of the body. These blessings were more clearly revealed by degrees, as the dispensations of grace went onward, and especially in the last dispensation, that is, christianity. But, even in these early times, God translated Enoch, a most holy man, to heaven without dying, in order to give notice to the world by a visible example, that there was some future state of reward and felicity for such as walked with God.

IV. The emblem or sign annexed to this dispensation, was the appointment of sacrifices to be offered; and it is justly inferred from the words of Moses, that, with the skins thereof, man was clothed, since beasts were not then slain for food; *Gen.* iii. 21. These sacrifices were figures of Christ, the seed or son of the woman, the great Mediator between God and man, and the true sacrifice of atonement by which God is reconciled, and man is secured from deserved misery, the skins of beasts secure him from harm. This is called the Adamical dispensation of grace, which in the proposal of it belonged to all the family of Adam, that is, to all mankind, for he taught it to them and accordingly *righteous Abel offered his sacrifice* of a lamb, with acceptance before God; *Gen.* iv. 4. This dispensation reached till Noah's flood.

V. Observe, that under this first, and under all the following dispensations of the gospel or covenant of grace, as they are proposed to men, the natural law of innocency;

which is usually called the moral law, not only with all its precepts, but with its penalties too, abides in force, and is by no means abolished: It stands perpetually in full power, and is written in the heart of man by nature; *Rom.* ii. 14, 15. to command every man to fulfil the precepts of it perfectly as well as to condemn every man who does not perfectly fulfil them: And the only way of his release from this condemnation, is, by his acceptance of the dispensation or the covenant of grace, by repentance and trust in the divine mercy. Thus though every man enjoys the common blessings of life, and by God's long suffering is invited to repentance, and is put under some general and external proposals or encouragements of the covenant of grace, yet he lies under the sentence and curse of the broken covenant of works, till he stands entitled to the blessings of the covenant of grace, by his own acceptance of it.

VI. Let it be yet further observed, that reason and the law of nature, not only dictate our duty where revelation is silent, but the whole moral law in the precepts of it, was taken into every dispensation of the gospel, as a part of it, to be the constant and everlasting rule of man's duty; for this law partly arises from the relation of creatures to the God who made them, and partly from the mutual relation of creatures to each other, and therefore it is unchangeable. And a perfect obedience to all the commands of it, is required under the dispensations of grace, as well as in the law of innocency or covenant of works; for if perfect obedience were not required, then imperfection would not be sinful.

VII. You will say then, what is the difference between the two covenants? I answer here, one great difference lies in this, that, under the law of innocency or covenant of works, the perfection of our own personal works of obedience, answering the demands of the law, was to have been our justifying righteousness, and was the only condition of obtaining the blessing promised, that is immortality and eternal life; and nothing short of this perfection was accepted of God: No law can justify those who are under it, unless it is perfectly obeyed. Here was no pardon of sin provided, nor any encouragement or promise given to repentance. But, in all the dispensations of the covenant of grace, though perfect obedience to the moral law be still required, and this law continues to condemn those who break it, yet, for the sake of the Mediator, and of what he was to do and suffer, this condemning sentence is taken off, or reversed by the mercy of God in this new covenant: our sins against every law, and all our imperfections of duty are pardoned, and our souls are accepted of God unto salvation, if we accept of and submit to the dispensation of grace; that is, if we return to God in a way of humble repentance for sin, with faith or trust in the discoveries of his mercy, so far as it is made known, or revealed to us, in our age.

Or, perhaps, we may better describe this our acceptance of and submission to every dispensation of grace, by such a faith, or hope in the mercy of God, so far as it is revealed, as raises in the heart an unfeigned repentance for having displeased him, with a sincere and hearty love to him, which love produces a holy obedience to his will, or an upright and hearty desire to obey it, as far as it is made known to men. This last seems to be the most natural and proper way of describing our acceptance of the covenant of grace, under every dispensation, because it is a hope or trust in the mercy of God, which is, and must be the spring of true repentance, and new obedience in every sinner; for where there is no hope there is no encouragement to repent, or return to

God; *Psalm* cxxx. 4. *There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared,* loved and obeyed.

VIII. Hence it comes to pass, that as under the covenant of works, man was to be justified by his own perfect righteousness of works, commensurate to the demands of the law; *Gal.* iii. 12. and *Rom.* x. 5. So, under every edition of the covenant of grace, men, who can no more be justified by their works, because they are imperfect, are to be justified by their faith, or dependence on grace; as *Rom.* iv. 1—16.* But this faith in the divine mercy, and forgiveness, doth in the very nature of it imply, or in the necessary consequences carry with it, a hearty acknowledgment or confession of guilt or want of righteousness in ourselves, as well as a sincere return to God, and constant desire to please him, arising from that humble trust or hope in pardoning grace. Thus Abraham and David, under their different dispensations, *were* both *justified by faith,* or trusting in mercy, *without* a righteousness of *works,* as well as St. Paul and the Romans under the dispensation of christianity, as is most evident in *Rom.* iv.†

IX. To make this yet more evident, let us consider that the very light of nature, which requires of every creature a perfect obedience to all the will of God, requires also, of every sinner, perfect repentance and a complete return to universal obedience to all the commands of God. But this cannot be done or expected under our present degenerate state: And therefore, wheresoever men do truly repent of all sin, and return unto God with a honest heart, and sincerely, though not perfectly, obey his commands, and comply with the requirements of that dispensation, under which they live, from a hope of the favour and mercy of God, and under a sense of their failings do trust in divine mercy, so far as it is revealed, they shall have this faith or trust in the grace of a forgiving God, reckoned unto them, and accepted of him unto their obtaining a justifying righteousness, that is, unto their pardon and justification, or their having a right to impunity and eternal life. This is righteousness; and this is the plain sense of *Rom.* iv. 3, 5. *Faith is counted* or imputed *for righteousness.*

It may not be improper, to dwell a little upon explaining this text. Observe here, first, that righteousness often in scripture, does not signify acts of righteousness, but a right to life, and so it is to be construed in this place. Observe, secondly, it is not said, that faith is imputed or counted *instead* of righteousness, which would have required the word ὑπὲρ or ἀντὶ: But it is πίστις λογίζεται εις δικαιοσύνην that is, faith is imputed or reckoned to our account, as an important or necessary thing, in order to our having a justifying righteousness, or a right to impunity and life. Survey the whole verse; *Rom.* iv. 5. *to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is imputed for righteousness;* that is, it is not the works of obedience which any man performs, that are, or can be counted or imputed to him, in order to his justifying righteousness,

* This doctrine is the chief design of the third and fourth chapters to the Romans. See the note on the words πίστις and πιστέυω at the fifth section of the VIII. chapter of this treatise.

† Though God justified good men by faith, and not by works, under every dispensation of the covenant of grace, as the New Testament informs us, Rom. iv. yet there was no necessity that every good man, who was justified, should know this doctrine expressly and distinctly, under every darker dispensation of God. It was enough if they practised repentance and new obedience, under the influence of faith or hope in the divine mercy, or a belief of the grace which God revealed. This runs through the chapter in *Heb.* xi. God forbid, that we should suppose the knowledge of these christian controversies, and sublime doctrines, to be necessary to the salvation of every good man, under the darkness of those early dispensations. How far this accurate knowledge may be supposed to be necessary, under the New Testament, I will not debate here.

or justification; for when he first commences a believer, he has no good works, and when he has any, they are all imperfect, and answer not fully the demands of any law of God: But it is his faith or trust and dependence on forgiving grace, on the account whereof *God* accepteth and *justifieth* those who have been *ungodly*, even before they have actually wrought any such works of righteousness, whereby they might pretend to a justifying righteousness of their own, having had no time or opportunity for it.

Some interpreters make ἀσεβῆ, the ungodly, in this place to signify the gentiles, as in some other scriptures; and so it stands as a parallel of *Abraham's being justified by faith*, in his uncircumcised estate, or before he obeyed God in being circumcised, as it follows, *verses* 9, 10. But still it is faith, and not works, which must justify such sinful creatures, as the best of mankind are, in the sight of God; because faith implies an acknowledgment of the imperfection and insufficiency of our best works, and a dependence on the forgiving grace of God. As I take this to be the true meaning of such texts of scripture, so it must be granted that the scripture teaches us elsewhere to add also that the constant and persevering endeavours of such penitents, after obedience and holiness, shall be approved, and even rewarded by grace, so far as finally to obtain heaven and complete salvation through the meritorious undertaking of the Mediator.

X. As this has been a matter of much controversy, let me endeavour to make it yet more plain to every reader. The best of men in this world have not a righteousness of works commensurate to any law of God whatsoever; for their faith and repentance, and even their sincerity, are all imperfect, and do not fully answer the demands of God under any dispensation: But we are saved by a humble and hearty acknowledgment of sin, with a perpetual trust or dependence on free grace; always supposing our faith to be attended with a return to God by repentance and constant endeavours to please him. And though faith or trust in the mercy of God be, in itself, a work of righteousness, and though it be attended or followed by repentance and love, and worship and holy obedience, yet in the matter of our justification before God, it is not considered as a work of righteousness, or as fully answering the demands of any law of God whatsoever, and thereby claiming justification, by that law; but it is considered only as an act of the soul, whereby it humbles itself, empties itself, renounces itself and its own works as a sufficient ground for justification according to any law, and whereby it depends or trusts merely in the grace of God through a sense of its own guilt and imperfection. As when a son hath grievously offended his father by breaking his righteous laws or commands, and then throws himself down at his father's foot, and waits and hopes for pardon and acceptance, this hoping and waiting doth not justify him as a work of righteousness, but merely as renouncing all self-worthiness, and as a dependence on mercy; it is not considered so much as an obedience to his father's law, but as it is an acknowledgment of guilt, and trust in mere mercy. And this seems to be the true design of St. Paul, in the representation he makes of the matter, throughout the fourth chapter of Romans, which is the chief place in the Bible, where this matter is most expressly and directly treated of, and argued.

XI. Thus our acceptance with God arising from faith, and not works, none have any reason to glory in the presence of God: Justification by faith cuts off all boasting. And, indeed, this seems to be one main design of the blessed God, in appointing our justification under all the dispensations of the covenant of grace, to be obtained not by works,

but by faith, or trust in free mercy, *viz.* that since pride and self-sufficiency was one great spring of the first sin and ruin of mankind; this pride of man might be humbled, *that no flesh should* ever have the least ground for boasting; and that the salvation of man might appear to be all from God, and be acknowledged to be a work of mere grace; *Rom.* iii. 27, 28. *Rom.* iv. 2, 16. *Eph.* ii. 9. *Therefore, it is of faith, and not of works,* that boasting may be excluded.

XII. And the apostle adds, *therefore it is by faith, that it might be* all *of grace;* Rom. iv. 11. Therefore, neither the acts of love or zeal, or repentance, or fear, or worship, or any other actions of obedience are appointed to be the mediums or proper means of our justification, under any dispensation of the covenant of grace, because these actions carry in them, an appearance of our own doing something for God, our answering the demands of some law, and this would make it look like justification by a law of works: But faith or trust is that act of the soul, whereby we renounce our own works, as the ground of our justification or acceptance; we acknowledge our own imperfection, unworthiness, and insufficiency, and give the entire honour to divine grace, by our dependence on it. We are saved by grace, that God may have the glory of all.

XIII. It is worthy of our observation here, that though the violation of the first covenant or law of innocency exposed us to the curse of God, and brought us under many frailties, afflictions, and death itself, which are not cancelled and removed at regeneration or repentance; yet, by the covenant of grace, all these calamities which continue to attack human nature, lose their sharpest sting, and are sanctified to our advantage; they are made use of to help forward our repentance and sanctification, and our growing fitness for heaven. Even temporal death itself, which follows all these painful evils or curses, is also turned into a blessing, because it is made a means of delivering our souls from this body of sin and sorrow, and of introducing them into the presence of God, and the commencement of our heaven and happiness.

Thus much shall suffice, concerning the covenant of grace in general, and concerning the first edition of it.*

CHAPTER III.

THE NOAHICAL DISPENSATION; OR, THE RELIGION OF NOAH.

I. THE second edition of the covenant of grace, was the dispensation of Noah after the flood: He was the second father of mankind. It is sufficiently evident, what an universal taint of iniquity had spread over all the race of Adam, when God, the governor of the world, saw it necessary in his wisdom to destroy mankind from the earth, for their abominable transgressions, *because all flesh had corrupted its way upon earth,* so that there was not one person, or not one family left who maintained the purity of religion, besides Noah and his house; *Gen.* vii. 1.

* Since St. Paul, in his discourses on the Doctrine of Justification, to the christians at Rome and Galatia, makes it appear, that the constitution of the covenant of grace represents not only christians to be justified by faith, but even Jews and patriarchs, David and Abraham; I thought it necessary to introduce this doctrine, in my Representation of the First Patriarchal Dispensation, and to dwell something longer upon it here, because it runs through all the dispensations of grace and is common to them all, and a due knowledge of this, will render the whole scheme easier to be understood.

II. Therefore, after this universal destruction by the flood, God was pleased to repeat and renew this dispensation of grace, in another public edition of it unto Noah. It is true, this covenant is said to be made, not only with Noah, *but with his sons also, and with every animal;* Gen. ix. 9, 10. *that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh:* But it is sufficiently evident, that there was contained in it the covenant of grace or salvation, for this was the great design of God in all his other covenants with men, since the fall; and if mankind be no more destroyed by a flood, it is that the covenant of grace may save men in following ages.

III. This edition of the covenant of grace, contained in it the same blessings, promises, and duties, with that of Adam after his fall, and probably the same sacrifices also: Here were superadded some further precepts about the distinction of meats, the prohibition of eating blood, the punishment of murder, and the promises of the church of God, in the family of Shem, as well as the promise, that *the earth should no more be destroyed by water.*

Note, that this promise manifested the grace and long-suffering of God to men, in order to call them to repentance after the flood. Of this promise the rainbow was an appointed emblem or pledge, token or sign; and as such it stands round the throne of God, and Jesus the Mediator in *Rev.* iv. 3.

IV. This dispensation was published not only to Shem, but to Ham and Japhet also, that is, to all mankind after the flood, by their father Noah, who was *a preacher of righteousness;* 2 Pet. ii. 5. By this dispensation, Job and Melchisedec also were saved, with many others in that early age of the world.

V. Let it be observed here, that though we have a very short account of this dispensation in scripture, yet as Job probably lived under it, there are some bright discoveries of the resurrection of the dead, and of future happiness for good men, among the speeches of Job, especially in the xiv. and xv *chapters.*

VI. Observe also, that this has been the last dispensation of grace, which has been made known, and offered to most of the heathen nations, or their fathers, even to all such as were not descended from Abraham, and have never heard of Jesus Christ. All these therefore abide under Noah's covenant.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ABRAHAMICAL DISPENSATION; OR, THE RELIGION OF ABRAHAM.

I. WHEN the great God saw, that the greatest part of mankind in some generations after the flood, had let go the knowledge and worship of the true God, or mingled it with many superstitions and idolatries, he resolved to choose out a special family for himself, in which the true religion should be continued through all ages, until the coming of the Messiah, and by that means also to the end of the world. For this purpose, he chose the family of Abraham, who was a descendant of Shem, the son of Noah. First, *God called him out of his own country,* that he might leave all their superstitions and corruptions behind him, and then he appointed him to live in Canaan, a land over-run with idolatry and iniquity, that his house might be a standing monument for God, and a preservatory of true religion and virtue, in opposition to the degeneracies of the nations who dwelt all round him.

II. The next edition of the covenant of grace was, therefore, the same covenant of Noah, continued to Abraham and his family, with some clearer promises of the Messiah or Saviour. *The gospel was preached to Abraham*, viz. that the Messiah should arise from his posterity to bless all nations of the earth in due season; *Gal.* iii. 8. This was the third edition of it, and was distinguished by the addition of a new blessing, viz. *a promised inheritance in the land of Canaan*, as an emblem or type of heaven and future happiness.

III. And here it should be observed, that the promises that God *would be the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob*, which are construed by Christ into the resurrection of the dead; *Luke* xx. 37. as well as the other promises of an inheritance which was typified by Canaan, were understood by Abraham, so far as to mean *a heavenly country*, and a future recompence, as St. Paul informs us; *Heb.* xi. 10—16.

IV. Besides all the duties before required, God was pleased to add another special duty to this dispensation, *viz.* the peculiar precept of *circumcision*, which was enjoined to Abraham and his posterity. It was given partly *as a seal of his justification by faith*; Rom. iv. 11. and partly as a sign or emblem of the mortification of sin, and consequently of true repentance, as the commencement of it. Whence it came to pass in after-times, that the scriptures *speak of the circumcision of the heart*, to signify sanctification, and to manifest the internal and spiritual design of this outward emblem or figure. And it should be observed, that while Moses is using this language, in one place he requires of the Jews to *circumcise* their own *hearts;* Deut. x. 16. and in another, he promises that *God would circumcise their hearts, and the heart of their seed to love God*, &c. *Deut.* xxx. 6. whence we may infer that it is God who promises to enable us by his grace to perform the duties which he requires. This runs through every dispensation.

V. This covenant is usually called the dispensation of Abraham, which in the literal sense, belonged chiefly to his family or posterity by Isaac and Jacob; but in the more spiritual sense, as it is explained by St. Paul in his epistles to the Romans and Galatians, it extended to all nations, and included all the good men among the gentiles, who are the spiritual seed of Abraham, as St. Paul often represents them. See *Rom.* iv. 11—16. *Gal.* iii. 9, 29. though it was hardly possible they should know this so clearly till Christ or his apostles explained it.

VI. In this dispensation of Abraham, it is therefore worthy of our observation, that the whole course of his life, from the time he was called from Chaldea to his death, was a continual series of acts of faith, or dependence on the promises and mercy of God, with acts of entire submission to his providence, and obedience to his will.

This faith and dependence of his was so exemplary, and so well pleasing to God, while he constantly acknowledged his own insufficiency, and trusted to the all-sufficiency of God, and to the promises of his grace, that he hereby became as it were a pattern or precedent of the way of man's acceptance with God, or justification by faith; *Gen.* xv. 6. compared with *Rom.* iv. 3. We are to be justified as Abraham was, when *he believed in the Lord, and it was counted to him for righteousness*, that is, he was justified or accepted of God.

His submission also, and his obedience to the will of God in difficult trials, was so honourable in that early age of the world, that hereby he was appointed a pattern to all future ages of obedience, as well as of faith. And the apostle Paul makes much use

of the history of his life, in recommending his faith and obedience to their imitation; and those who practise it are called *the seed of Abraham*, and are said to be *blessed with the blessing of Abraham;* Gal. iii. 9.

VII. So great favour did he obtain in the sight of God, that God was pleased to bestow the special blessings of the covenant of grace on his posterity, Isaac and Jacob, in the following generations, and to give them the land of Canaan also in possession. In the household of Abraham and his posterity, God set up a visible church for himself, which also was continued in their families after them. This church in the days of Moses was formed into a national church, as we shall shew immediately; and thus continued till the coming of the Messiah or Christ, who was born of this race of Abraham, a great many ages afterwards, according to the ancient promise.

VIII. Here is a remarkable controversy and dispute among christians, whether the promise or covenant, made by God to, and with the seed of Abraham in *Gen.* xvii. and in many other places, where God promises to be *the God of Abraham and his seed*, is to be construed to extend to his carnal seed, the Jews, in any of the spiritual blessings signified thereby? Or whether the spiritual blessings signified thereby, belong only to his spiritual seed, who are the imitators of his faith and obedience, whether they be Jew or gentile. And then it is debated also, whether the spiritual seed of Abraham, under the New Testament, that is, true christians have any spiritual blessings promised, or entailed to their children by the strong assertions of St. Paul, concerning their interest in Abraham's covenant, and whether their carnal seed or offspring, have any general and indefinite title to spiritual blessings, by virtue of these and the like promises to Abraham, as the father of the faithful: But I am not willing to embarrass this short essay with any such long and unhappy controversies.

IX. Let it be observed, that these three early dispensations of grace, are called the patriarchal dispensations, because they were first communicated to those three patriarchs, Adam, Noah, and Abraham.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOSAICAL DISPENSATION; OR, THE JEWISH RELIGION.

I. THE same gracious covenant or gospel, was revealed further to the seed of Abraham, or the Israelites, by Moses, together with all the same seals or emblems of sacrifice and circumcision, which signified atonement for sin, and sanctification or purification of our nature, God was pleased to discover this to Moses, as a fourth edition of the covenant of grace, and by him to the family of Jacob, who was the grandson of Abraham; that is, to the nation of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai; but not to the other nations of mankind: Though the other nations might and did reap considerable advantages, by God's setting up this one nation in the earth as a beacon on a hill to spread the light of true religion far around. This was called the levitical or mosaical or jewish dispensation. And it is plain from *Heb.* iv. 2. That *the gospel*, that is, the true covenant of grace, or way of salvation, *was preached unto them, as well as unto us*, though their dispensation is oftentimes for special reasons, called the law in scripture.*

* It is necessary to take notice here, once for all, that the word "law," is used in various senses in St. Paul's epistles. Sometimes it signifies the moral law, or ten commandments, sometimes the five books of Moses, and some-

II. Under this jewish dispensation, the moral law, in all its duties, and the will of God in many and various particulars of his authority and his mercy, were more explicitly set before men: Their encouragements also to repentance and hope in divine grace for eternal life, grew greater by the many *precious promises* and blessings, both of pardoning and sanctifying grace, revealed to them, and many intimations and discoveries of the mercy of God, which they enjoyed. This was also eminently signified by the dwelling of God amongst them, both as their God and their King, in a visible glory, in his tabernacle or temple, *upon the mercy-seat*, in the holy of holies.

III. Here also, there were a multitude of new emblems added, that is, new ceremonies, new signs and pledges, both of the blessings of God and of the duties of man, as well as types and figures of the characters and offices of the Messiah or Mediator: all which are usually called the jewish ceremonies, and are too many to be enumerated here. The chief designs of them were, first, to give the Jews a ceremonious worship in that infant state of the church, that they might not be tempted by the pomp and ornaments of heathen worship, to run into their idolatry. Secondly, to unite them as a nation in one form of religion and government, and to make and maintain an evident distinction of them from the rest of the nations round about them, who are called *gentiles*, which in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, signifies the nations. Thirdly, to typify and figure out to them the various glories of the Messiah, and of the gospel, in the duties and blessings of it, under the veils and shadows, and figures of that age, which are more clearly explained under the New Testament.

IV. As this dispensation was begun by Moses, so it was carried on in the nation or church of Israel, during all the time of the judges, the kings, and prophets, till the coming of Christ, or rather till his ascension to heaven, and pouring down of the Spirit. The business and design of the prophets, was not to introduce any new dispensation among the Jews, but to give them further assurances of the coming of the Messiah, or the promised Saviour, to keep him in their view in every age, and keep their hopes alive, even in their lowest estate. The prophets gave them also, more particular descriptions of his character and offices, in order to prepare them for believing in him, when he should come. They spoke more particularly of the promises of pardon of sin, of the sanctification of our natures by the Holy Spirit, with hints of a future state of recompence for the good and bad among mankind; all which appear more eminently in the writings of David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel.

V. It was also a further design of the prophets, to put them in mind of their duty, to reprove them for sin, and by many motives and examples, by invitations, threatenings, and promises of every kind, both temporal and spiritual, to encourage, to warn, and to reform them, to awaken them to repentance and trust in divine mercy, and the practice of holiness, in order to their temporal benefit, and their eternal salvation; and with all, to maintain their obedience to the law of Moses, or the whole levitical dispen-

times, the whole Old Testament; sometimes, it means the peculiar covenant of Sinai, and at other times, it includes the whole jewish dispensation, or the covenant of grace, as it was exhibited to them with all its legal or levitical appendices. Now it is only the connexion in which this word stands, that can distinguish and ascertain to us, in which of these senses the word "law" is used; and I hope what I have here written, will go a great way towards shewing us what the holy writer means by it, in any particular text, and how to understand his sense and his reasoning, which is of great importance, in learning the difference between the law and the gospel.

sation, which carried in it the covenant of grace. So saith Malachi, the very last of the prophets, in the end of his prophecy; Mal. iv. 4. *Remember ye the law of Moses, my servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb, with the statutes and the judgments;* for these were appointed to continue till the Messiah came, even till the Lord, who was *the messenger* or angel *of the covenant,* should *come to his temple,* who was to be introduced by John the Baptist, under the name and character of *Elijah the prophet,* as is expressed, *chapter* iv. *verses* 5, 6. compared with *chapter* iii. *verse* 1.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PECULIAR COVENANT OF SINAI.

I. BUT it must necessarily be observed here, that in this dispensation of Moses, there were several outward precepts or ordinances, which were partly ceremonial or sacred, and partly civil or political, together with divers promises of a carnal and temporal kind, superadded to the gospel of grace and salvation; which precepts and promises, together with all the ten commands, considered distinctly and apart from the gospel, made up that Sinai covenant, which separated the Jews from the rest of the nations, and which was really in the nature of it a covenant of works. This is evident, because their works of obedience were to be their justifying righteousness, so far as to preserve their lives and comforts, in the land of Canaan, as Moses expressly teaches them; Deut. vi. 24, 25. *And the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear the Lord our God, for our good always, that he might preserve us alive, as at this day: And it shall be our righteousness, if we observe to do all these commandments before the Lord our God.* Now this is very different language from what St. Paul speaks to the Romans, and to the Galatians, when he describes our righteousness for justification before God, according to the covenant of grace and salvation.

And if in any instances, the Jews had broken the rules or laws of this Sinai covenant, in outward actions, or ceremonial defilements, they were bound to offer particular sacrifices, or to apply themselves to special washings or fastings, or other methods of purification or atonement, and to a visible reformation; and then in the way of a law of works, they were absolved from the penalties threatened, that is, they were pardoned and freed from outward punishments, by the performance of these works.

III. But this Sinai covenant considered alone, was never designed to be that covenant of grace, whereby they should obtain salvation, or heaven and eternal life from God, as the Lord of souls and consciences. St. Paul expressly says, *that these sacrifices,* or rites of purification, *could not make them perfect, as pertaining to the conscience,* nor could they take away sin, or reach any further than *the purifying of the flesh;* Heb. ix. 9, 13. and this evidently appears to reach only to the present life, from this consideration among others, that in the law of Moses there were no sacrifices, atonements or purifications, ever appointed for capital crimes, such as adultery, murder, blasphemy, idolatry, &c. nor for spiritual sins, such as pride, malice, envy, atheism of heart, and such like; nor indeed for any offence whatsoever of a moral kind, which was not visible and injurious to the public welfare.

Nor did any of their sacrifices do any more than set them right, as to the state or visible church. St. Paul gives a hint of this, when in *Acts* xiii. 39. he says, *ye who*

believe, are justified from all those things, by Jesus Christ, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses. This Sinai covenant, therefore, was made only between God, as the political Head or King of that people, and the Jews, as his national subjects, or at most, but as sitting on the mercy seat, on a cloud of glory, as the visible Head of a national visible church: And it was not designed to reach to the concerns of another world. It was as I have said, by the works of obedience to this political or outward covenant, that the Jews, whether considered as a nation, or a visible church, or as single persons, were entitled to long life and peace, in the land of Canaan, and temporal blessings therein; and then by notorious violations of it, either as a nation, or as single persons, they forfeited these blessings.*

IV. Let it then be well considered, that this Sinai covenant between God, as their national king, and the Israelites as his subjects, which is often called the law in scripture, and sometimes the first covenant, taken separately and apart by itself, was a very distinct thing from the covenant of grace, and was but a temporal appendix to it. Yet the covenant of grace, or that gospel of pardon of sin and eternal life, which more evidently, or more secretly ran through all the dispensations of God, since the fall, was included in the jewish dispensation also, as the most eminent part of it: This gospel related to their eternal concerns with God, as the Lord of conscience. This, in some clear expressions, and in many types, and dark hints, *was witnessed by the law and the prophets,* as Rom. iii. 21. And it was this gospel, by which both Abraham and David, and the pious Jews were pardoned, and saved with an eternal salvation: St. Paul proves this in *Rom.* iv.

That great apostle, in his epistles to the Romans, and Galatians and Hebrews, is often teaching them, that this Sinai covenant, this law of Moses, with all the ceremonies of it, could not give them life; *Gal.* iii. 21. that is, peace of conscience, with pardon of sin, and eternal salvation; nor was this Sinai covenant ever intended or designed by God himself for this end, and it was in due time *disannulled for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof;* Heb. vii. 18. yet the carnal Jews were very fond of applying it to this sense and purpose, expecting, that *the blood of bulls and goats should take away their sins,* and that this law of ceremonies should *make the comers thereunto perfect,* and cleanse their conscience in the sight of God, as the Lord of souls and consciences.

And this is the reason why St. Paul gives them so frequent warnings against this mistake; particularly in the third and fourth chapters to the Galatians, where he represents the law as a covenant of works, which curses them *who continue not in all things*

* It is not improper, to make this observation by the way, *viz.* that God's dealing with whole communities, with societies, cities, or nations, through all ages of the world, in the visible dispensations of his common providence and government, has been very much, according to the tenor of this covenant of works, which he made with the Jews at Sinai, that is, according as their public outward behaviour should be, whether virtuous or vicious, so his visible blessings, or visible punishments should attend them as proper recompences. And if they should by their iniquities provoke God to punish them, yet upon their visible repentance and reformation, there should be a release from their bonds of punishment, and a restoration of their blessings; always provided that they had not sinned in so very provoking a manner, as to be given up by God the governor of the world, to utter ruin and desolation. Plain evidences of this may be derived from the Canaanites, Sodom, Nineveh, Babylon and some others.

And there is this plain reason for this part of divine conduct, *viz.* whatsoever single persons or individuals have practised either virtue or vice, if they are not either rewarded or punished in this world, there is another world, or a future state, in which the righteous God, as the judge of all, can, and will reward or punish them: But communities, cities or nations belong only to this world, and are all dissolved, and have no being in the other, and can neither be rewarded or punished there as public bodies: And therefore God who exercises visible judgment on earth, when he pleases, will frequently reward or punish communities visibly in this world, to shew his love to virtue and piety, and his aversion to all sin, and to preserve an awful sense of his holiness and government among the children of men.

written in the law to do them; chapter iii. verse 10. and he represents the difference between this law and the gospel, by the difference between mount Sinai and mount Zion, or Jerusalem, in which Zion stood, the one as leading to *bondage*, and leaving the Jews under guilt and fear, the other as giving liberty, and life, and peace, *chapter* iv. *verses* 21—31. And it is for the same reason that Paul says, *Gal.* v. 3. that *he that is circumcised*, as hoping for salvation by this covenant of Sinai, *he is a debtor to the whole law.* Nor can he be saved this way, unless he obeys it all perfectly; and he that seeks salvation by such a covenant of works, *is fallen from grace*, or has left the doctrine of grace; *verse* 4.

V. Now, since this law of Moses taken by itself, as the mere Sinai covenant, was in the very nature of it a sort of covenant of works, *for the man that doth* the commands thereof, *shall live by them;* Rom. x. 3. Lev. xviii. 5. hence it comes to pass, that in the writings of St. Paul, who was well acquainted with all the dispensations of God, the law of Moses, in some places, is not only called the first covenant, to intimate another or clearer dispensation of grace to follow it, but it is brought in sometimes also as a representation or specimen of that original covenant of works, or law of innocency, which was made at first with man for immortality and eternal life: which law all mankind have broken, and by nature they all lie not only under the commands, but under the curse of it; and therefore by it *no man can be justified* or saved, as in *Rom.* iii. 19, 20. and x. 5. *Gal.* iii. 10, 12.

It is evident from several verses in these two epistles to the Romans and Galatians, that the Sinai covenant does certainly represent the original covenant of works, and the curse of it, under which all men lie, by nature, for it is said, that Christ had redeemed the Galatian gentiles, as well as St. Paul the Jew, *from the curse of the law*, by bearing the curse for them; *verse* 13. but the Galatians were never under the law of Sinai, nor did that law curse them, any otherwise but as breakers of the original moral law of God, *Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;* verse 10.

VI. And indeed we may take notice, that the original covenant or law of works, which required perfect obedience, in order to man's justification or acceptance with God, is frequently exhibited and represented up and down in the writings of Moses, and set before the Israelites in many views, and that for several wise purposes: As, 1. To shew them what was the perfect rule of obedience and duty which God required of man; and, 2. To instruct them how much God insisted upon perfection of righteousness, in order to justification by their own works in his sight. He did this also, 3. To convince them that they had all wretchedly transgressed this law of works, and broken this covenant of perfection: And, 4. That they might despair of eternal life by this law; and that after all their necessary endeavours to obey this law, they might still betake themselves to faith, or a dependence on the pardoning mercy and grace of God; in short, it was to lead them to trust in that gospel, which is contained in the general promises given them by Moses, and typified by the sacrifices of their Sinai covenant, and other ceremonies.

VII. St. Paul himself, in his writings, makes use of these mosaic representations of the law of works, sometimes for this very purpose. See Rom. iii. 20. *By the law is the knowledge of sin*, whether it be the jewish law of Sinai, or the original law of innocency. Again, Rom. v. 20. *The law entered that sin might abound;* which at least must

have this sense, that the jewish law was introduced in the multitudes of its precepts, in the perfection of its requirements, and its repetitions of the moral law, or law of innocency, that sin might evidently appear to abound among men, and that by the law they might be so deeply convinced of sin, as to *become dead to the law*, as St. Paul was; *Gal.* ii. 19. that is, that they might be dead to all hopes of eternal life by the law of works, when they saw the number of its precepts, and perfection of its demands.

VIII. Thus by the law, the Jews might gain, not only the knowledge of sin, but also of the curse or death that was due to it. Rom. vi. 23. *For the wages of* every *sin* is there pronounced to be *death;* and Gal. iii. 10. *cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them.* And thus Paul argues, that they might be excited to fly to the grace of God, to obtain pardon, or justification, or a justifying righteousness by faith, or dependence on grace through Jesus Christ. Gal. iii. 24. *The law was our schoolmaster*, strict in its precepts, and severe in its threatenings and punishments, *to bring us to Christ*, that we might be justified by faith.

He that diligently reads St. Paul's epistles to the Romans and Galatians, will find much of this sort of reasoning about the jewish law; supposing it to contain in it, or at least, to represent and figure out, the first covenant or original law of works, by which we sinful creatures can never be justified, and according to which many of the Jews were ever ready to hope for justification by their own works. And, probably, when the ten commands of this law were pronounced from mount Sinai, it was called by Moses, Deut. xxxiii. 2. *a fiery law*, because it was attended with such lightning and thunder, storm and terror, with a design to represent the curses of God, which attended every sinner, who had broken his general original moral law, as well as those who wilfully should break any particular law of God's making; *Heb.* xii. 18.

IX. Thus, though the word "law," in some scriptures represents the covenant of works, yet in some other places of St. Paul's writings, the law of Moses, or the law and the prophets, including the whole jewish dispensation, is brought in by the same apostle, as exhibiting the gospel, though not in its full clearness, and as witnessing to the covenant of grace, or the way of obtaining righteousness or justification by faith; by which Abraham the patriarch, and David the Jew, and all the jewish saints, were pardoned, justified, and accepted of God, unto eternal life.

And, indeed, this covenant of grace, or gospel of salvation, through faith in the mercy of God by a Mediator, with all the benefits thereof, *viz.* pardon, justification, adoption, sanctification and heavenly glory, was included therein, was *witnessed by the law and prophets*, and was typified by many shadows and figures of the mosaic dispensation. See Rom. iii. 21. and iv. 5—7. and Heb. iv. 2. *To them was the gospel preached, as well as unto us*, as the words should be translated: Even that same gospel, which was preached to Abraham; *Gal.* iii. 8. That gospel, which was *the blessing of Abraham*, containing the promise of the Spirit, to be received by faith; *Gal.* iii. 14. as well as the hope of righteousness. See this made further evident by St. Paul, explaining the types of that dispensation; *Heb.* ix. and x.

X. It may be objected here, indeed, that the jewish dispensation could never include in it the covenant of grace, because Paul the apostle, and Jeremy the prophet, both say, concerning the gospel, *Behold the days come, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel,—not according to the covenant I made with their fathers, when I led them out of the land of Egypt: But this is the covenant that I will make with the house*

of Israel, in those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more; Heb. viii. 8—12. by which it seems evident, that the first, or old jewish covenant, did not promise sanctification of the heart, and pardon of sin, which are promised in the new covenant, or the gospel of Christ.

To this I answer, that the jewish covenant of Sinai, taken alone by itself was, as I have said before, a temporal covenant, or law of works, and an emblem of the original covenant of works, and did not include spiritual and eternal blessings, *viz.* pardon of sin and sanctification of heart: And yet it was upon this Sinai covenant, that the carnal Jews depended, and would depend, for these blessings, or for acceptance before God. But the whole jewish dispensation, taken all together, did include these spiritual and eternal blessings in it, and they were bestowed in some measure on all the jewish saints, though they were mingled with many darknesses, and left the people under great fears of death, and many doubts, and much bondage of soul; as *Heb.* ii. 15. and x. 1—3. *Gal.* iv. 24. But in the days of christianity, and the proposal of the gospel to the Jews, these better promises of pardon and sanctification are much more numerous, more clear and explicit, and lead sinful men more directly into this salvation by Jesus Christ, as the Reconciler, and by the Holy Spirit, as the Sanctifier, and these blessings are bestowed in much greater abundance. This occasions it to be called *a new covenant*, though, in truth, it is only a new and fairer edition of the ancient covenant of grace, much brighter than that which the Jews had at first, which was so mingled with, and partly obscured by the Sinai covenant.

XI. Thus it has been made evident, that the law of Moses, including the Sinai covenant, was so far an emblem of the original covenant of works, in the rigour of its commands, *do this and live*, and in the severity of its punishments, *the soul that sinneth shall die;* Gal. iii. 12. *The man that doth them shall live in them;* and verse 10. *cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;* and it was also an emblem of the covenant of grace, and the benefits thereof, *viz.* pardon and sanctification in the purifications and atonements appointed by water and fire, and bloody sacrifices; Heb. ix. 9, 13, 14, 24. and x. 1—4. *The law had a shadow of good things to come:* It contained *figures for the time then present: The holy places made with hands are the figures of the true*, and the patterns of things in the heavens; the Greek words are Σκιὰ, παραβολὴ, ὑποδείγματα, ἀντίτυπα, &c. and the apostle argues upon this supposition; *if the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of a heifer*, mingled with running water, as in Numn. xix. 17. *sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh*, that is, to the removal of ceremonial defilement, *how much more shall the blood of Christ—purge your consciences from dead works*, that is, from works deserving death, *to serve the living God.*

XII. But we must remember also, what I said before, that the law of Moses was not only an emblem, but was really a covenant of works, so far as it related to temporal blessings, in the land of Canaan; and it was really a dispensation of the covenant of grace, so far, as it contained in it various promises of eternal pardon and inward sanctification, and God's acceptance of those that repented of their sins, and trusted in his grace, so far as it was then revealed.

XIII. It is a further remarkable evidence of this truth, that St. Paul distinguishes

the two different ways of justification, by the covenant of works, and the covenant of grace, by texts cited from the law of Moses. See *Rom.* x. 5. compared with *verse* 6. *Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, saying, that the man who doeth those things, shall live by them: But the righteousness, which is of faith, speaketh on this wise, say not who shall ascend into heaven, &c. the word is near thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is, the word of faith which we preach, &c.* Here you see, is both law and gospel, contained in Moses's writings, if we can but learn to distinguish them, and not confound them.

XIV. Nor, indeed, can I think of any other way, to account for this conduct of St. Paul, in citing so frequently the law of Moses in different parts of it, both to prove the universal condemnation of all mankind, both Jew and gentile, by the law of innocence or covenant of works, and also to prove our justification by faith, through the grace of the gospel. This is the only clue that I can find, to lead me into the sense and meaning of the apostle in such texts, and the only method that I know of, to reconcile the reasoning of that great and holy writer, in the account he gives us of the jewish and christian dispensations. But I now proceed.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION.

I. NOTWITHSTANDING God had done so much before in several ages, towards the salvation and recovery of mankind, from the ruins of their fall, and had set up his church in the jewish nation, to maintain the light of true religion there, within sight of the gentile kingdoms round about, yet the gentiles multiplied their iniquities and idolatries, and the Jews turned almost all their religion into superstition and empty formalities, so that true vital godliness and morality were in a great measure lost out of the world. Therefore the blessed God saw it a proper season to put an end to this dispensation of Moses or judaism, and to bring in the last and best of all the dispensations, and that is christianity, which is revealed to us in the New Testament: This is the last edition of the covenant of grace, and is eminently called *the gospel.* Herein, we have many plainer discoveries of the transactions of God with men, even from the creation; we have much clearer notices of our duty, and many richer promises of divine grace, than ever we had before, with greater assistances and encouragements to repentance, faith and holiness.

II. All this comes by *Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the promised seed of the woman, the Messiah, &c. The law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ;* John i. 17. Jesus, who was the Son of God, before all worlds, the appointed Mediator of the new covenant, foretold by Moses, and by the prophets, is now actually come down from heaven, and dwelt with men. In his incarnation, his poverty, his preaching, his holy life, his many miracles, his obedience and death, in his sacrifice of atonement, his burial and his resurrection from the dead, in his ascension to heaven, his intercession and exaltation to the kingdom, he fulfils the various offices of his mediation, which the ancient prophets foretold, and which the apostles have described, and explained to us, *viz.* that he was *a Teacher of righteousness, a Prophet, an example* of holiness, *a High-*

Priest, a Sacrifice, a Saviour, an Intercessor, a King, and *a head* of life to *his body the church*, both spiritual and eternal.

III. As in this dispensation of Christ, revealed in the New Testament, we have a fuller and plainer discovery of our fallen state, our guilt and danger, our degenerate sinful natures, and our weakness to all that is good; so also we have much brighter manifestations made of the pardon of sin, and justification of our persons, the methods of its procurement by the obedience, sufferings, and death of Christ, which made a proper atonement for sin, the adoption of us into the family of God, the sanctification of our natures, by the influences of the Holy Spirit, to enable us to repent of sin, and mortify it daily, together with all our consolations in life, and hope in death. And besides all this, the future state both of saints and sinners, the resurrection of the body, the everlasting happiness of good men, and the eternal misery of the wicked, are brought much nearer to our view, as motives to our duty, and support to our hope: And they are set much plainer before us in all the blessings and the terrors of them, together with the duties of faith and love toward the Son of God our Redeemer.

IV. As I have also before observed, that the whole system of natural duties, or the whole moral law, is taken into every edition of the covenant of grace, so in the New Testament also, or in the dispensation of christianity, it should not be forgotten, that we have a much larger, clearer, and fuller explication of the moral law in all the parts and precepts of it, with the more particular application of them to the occurrences of human life, and a more express notice, that they reach to the thoughts and desires of the heart, as well as to words and actions: So that our love and duty to God, to our neighbours, and ourselves, was never so plainly and fully set forth, either by the light of reason, or by revelation, as it is in this last dispensation. This is sufficiently evident in the sermons of Christ, and in the writings of his apostles. To these I add also, the special exaltation of the duty of love to our neighbours, and forgiveness of injuries to a superior height in the gospel of Christ. *Our love to one another* is made the sign and token of our christianity; and our *love* even *to enemies* is required and enforced by the love of God to us, and an universal holiness of heart and life, proceeding from love to God and man, is frequently prescribed.

V. Under this dispensation almost all the former emblems of the covenant of grace required of us as duties, are entirely left out and abrogated; and the chief, if not the only emblems, signs or seals, required in it are *baptism* and *the Lord's Supper*, which are usually called the two sacraments. This new covenant is as it were sealed, between God and man, in the promised blessings of it, and in all the duties, by God's appointment of these signs or ceremonies on one side, and by man's acceptance of them with a sincere heart on the other.

VI. One of these sacraments, *viz.* baptism, more peculiarly represents the blessing of regeneration, or the purification of our souls from the sinful principles that work in us, by the Holy Spirit represented under the figure of baptismal water: Our submission to this ordinance, is our acceptance of this covenant. The other, *viz.* the Lord's Supper, more especially relates to our pardon of sin, through the death of the body of Christ, and effusion of his blood, which are represented by the bread broken, and the wine poured out in the Lord's Supper: Our partaking of this bread and wine, is our consent to this covenant.

VII. Here then we may take notice, that in all these five dispensations of grace,

there have always been some emblems or figures of pardon of sin, through the great atonement that was made, or to be made, by the death of Christ: Such were the sacrifices or the slaughter of beasts, under the four ancient dispensations, designed to prefigure this atonement, before it was actually made. And such is *the Lord's Supper*, wherein bread is broken, and wine poured out, under the dispensation of christianity, as memorials of the dying body and blood of our blessed Saviour, to bring this atonement to remembrance, after it was made.

VIII. There hath been also under the three last and clearest dispensations, some emblem to represent the mortification of sin, repentance and regeneration, or newness of heart and life, *viz.* Abrahamical circumcision, the jewish washings, and christian baptism.* Whence I think we may reasonably infer, that these two doctrines of pardon of sin through the atonement of Christ, and regeneration or sanctification by the Holy Spirit, are of vast importance in the covenant of grace: And that the christian, as he hath the greatest advantages by the clear discovery of these things, so is under the strongest necessity and command, to make these doctrines the matters of his faith, and these blessings the objects of his hope and prayer.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, FURTHER EXPLAINED UNDER THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

I. THOUGH our justification before God is ascribed to faith, and not to works, under every dispensation of the covenant of grace,† yet, under the christian dispensation, our pardon of sin, and our justification and acceptance with God, are more clearly represented to us, and more strongly denied to be owing to our works of obedience, and are much more frequently ascribed to faith; especially in those places where the holy writers are directly and expressly teaching us the way of justification, according to the gospel, such as the epistles to the Romans and the Galatians.

II. This faith is sometimes represented as faith in the gospel, *faith in Jesus Christ, faith in the righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, faith in God through Jesus Christ, &c.* All these phrases imply or include acknowledgment of insufficiency in ourselves, and dependence on the grace of God, or the mediation of Christ. And they hold forth this lesson to us, *viz.* that we cannot perform works of obedience or righteousness, answerable to the perfect demands of God, so as to stand entitled to impunity and life thereby, under this or any other of his dispensations, as we have shewed before in chapter ii. therefore we cannot be justified by any law of righteousness,

* We are told also by St. Peter, 1 *Pet.* iii. 20, 21. that *the ark of Noah, wherein eight souls were saved by water,* was a sort of emblem or figure *like baptism, which now saves us, not by putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.* But the parallel is not so obvious and easy, as to encourage me to mention it as an emblem of regeneration or sanctification, in the dispensation of Noah; and there may be some doubt whether the apostle doth not introduce it here, rather as a figure or emblem of that part of our salvation, which consists in our deliverance from the guilt of sin, and in pardoning grace.

† See this matter discoursed of in chapter ii. which should be reviewed before this chapter is read.

or any righteousness of works, which we can do: For St. Paul tells us, *that if there had been any law which could have given life* to fallen mankind, *verily righteousness* or a right to life *should have been* appointed and obtained *by that law;* Gal. iii. 21. but now since we cannot obtain a right to forgiveness and acceptance with God unto salvation by our works, therefore it must be done by the righteousness of faith, and dependence; *Rom.* ix. 30. that is, a righteousness, or rectitude in the court of God, or right to life, which we are made partakers of, by our trusting in mere mercy.*

III. This blessing must come upon us, therefore, as a *gift of righteousness*, as *Rom.* v. 17. or as a justifying righteousness imputed to us, as *Rom.* iv. 5, 6. 22—24. or reckoned to our account, because we have no justifying righteousness of our own working. And, therefore, it is often called *the righteousness of God*, because it is God out of his free grace appointed it, and it is God imputes or bestows it, or accepts us into his favour, as though we were perfectly righteous, when we believe or trust in Christ.

IV. It is called *the righteousness of faith, the righteousness of God by faith*, and that *righteousness which is through the faith of Christ;* as in *Phil.* iii. 9. because it implies an acknowledgment of sin and imperfection in our works, and a dependence, faith, or trust on the mercy or grace of God, as manifested more clearly in the gospel through Jesus the great Mediator: Or a trust in Christ, who is called *the Lord our righteousness;* Jer. xxiii. 6. and *who is made of God righteousness to us;* 1 Cor. i. 30. that is, we are justified for the sake of his doings and sufferings.

V. And therefore this faith is called *faith in Christ, faith in his name, faith in his blood, faith in his righteousness;* Gal. iii. 24. John i. 12. Rom. iii. 25. 2 Pet. i. 1. to shew that we must trust or depend on Jesus Christ, our Mediator, and on what he has done and suffered, for our pardon and acceptance with God, or our justification.† It is he hath wrought out such a perfect righteousness, by his obedience and sacrifice, which are perfectly well pleasing to God, and perfectly satisfactory to God, whom we had offended, and which are the true and only ground and foundation of our pardon, justification, or acceptance with God.

VI. Thus *we are justified by faith* or trust, as an appointed medium, to be performed by us, in order to our interest in this blessing; and we are justified *by the righteousness of Christ*, or his obedience unto death, as the only foundation or ground of it: We are justified also *by the free grace of God*, as the prime author of this blessed transaction,

* In this and the like scriptures, where mention is made of *the righteousness of God, of faith, imputed for righteousness, of the righteousness which is of the law, the righteousness which is of faith, &c.* the word righteousness is taken in a forensic sense; not for one or more acts of obedience or holiness, but for a rectitude in the court of God, or a right to impunity and life.

† Here let it be observed, that the words πίστις and πιστέυω, which continually return upon us in reading the Greek Testament, should be frequently translated, by *trust* and *trusting* in God, or Christ, especially where the preposition ἐν or εἰς is added to it; and it should not be so often called belief or believing; for it is not such a mere assent as the English word "believing" means, that can justify or save us; but such an assent to the gospel of Christ, as excites hope or trust in mercy, and so draws forth the soul to love God, repent of sin, and fulfil the duties of holiness.

The Hebrew words which imply trust and dependence in the Old Testament, are represented often by πίστεύω in the New Testament, as well as those which signify belief or assent: And therefore David, in the Psalms, where he expresses the inward actings of his soul towards God, is ever using the words *trust* and *hope;* and the translators of our New Testament should have much oftener used them to express the true meaning of the words πίστις and πιστέυω in the sacred writers. As John xiv. 1. *Ye trust in God, trust also in me.* Acts xvi. 31. *Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Mark vi. 22. *Have trust in God.* Acts xx. 21. *Repentance towards God, and trust in our Lord Jesus Christ.* Rom. iii. 25. *He is set forth as a propitiation through trusting in his blood;* and many other places. This is the constant sentiment of our protestant divines in their opposition to the papists, that „ fides est fiducia."

and we are justified by the *gospel* or *covenant of grace*, as the great rule of divine conduct or government in this affair.

VII. Nor should it be forgotten in this place, that as Adam is more clearly described or represented, in the New Testament, as the spring or head of all that sin, condemnation and death, which are imputed, or derived, or any way conveyed to all his posterity; so our Lord Jesus Christ is called *the second Adam;* 1 Cor. xv. 45, 47. because he is the head and spring of that righteousness or justification, and right to life, which are also imputed, given, or conveyed to all his seed or posterity. As the children of men, the seed of Adam fell into condemnation and misery, by the disobedience of Adam, their head and representative; so believers in Christ are his seed, and are raised also to justification, life, and happiness, by the active and passive obedience of their representative or surety, even the Son of God, of whom the first Adam was a type or figure; see *Rom.* v. 14, 18, 19. *As, by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so, by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men,* that is, all those who are justified, *to justification of life. For as, by one man's disobedience, many were made,* or constituted *sinners,* by a certain appointment or covenant; *so, by the obedience of one, many shall be made,* or constituted *righteous,* by another agreement or covenant: And they are interested therein by free gift on the part of God, and by faith or dependence on their part, as I said before.

CHAPTER IX.

SANCTIFICATION OR HOLINESS NECESSARY AS WELL AS FAITH.

I. BUT let it be always remembered, as under all the former dispensations, so under the christian, that this faith can never justify us if it be *a dead faith,* that is, such a faith as produceth no good works; that is, where there is time and opportunity for them; James ii. 17, 18, 20. *It is only that faith that works by love,* that is of any avail to our salvation; *Gal.* v. 6. To trust in the grace of God, and to persevere in sinning against the authority of God, are subversive and destructive of one another: And the great end and design of God, in saving us by his grace, is to restore us to his holy image, and our duty, and to a willing obedience or submission to his authority, and by all these to make us capable of everlasting blessedness.

II. The very light of nature teaches us, it is in vain for rebels to expect or hope for favour from God, the Ruler of the world, while they repent not of sin, but abide in a state of wilful rebellion. The scripture always supposes our return to God, by repentance, and continued endeavours to please him, if ever we would be received into his favour. It is absurd to imagine or suppose the contrary opinion.

It is granted that the obedience which we can pay to any laws or commands of God, under any dispensation of grace, is not so perfect as to answer all the just demands of God in that dispensation, but has still some sinful defects in it, and therefore it cannot become a *righteousness* sufficient *to justify us,* or pronounce us completely righteous in the court of God; yet reason itself constantly assures us, that God is too wise and too holy a being, to pardon and accept, or justify any creature who continues in constant and wilful disobedience. This would be a mere prostitution of his grace to the service of sin, and the encouragement of further disobedience. This would be to make God

the patron of iniquity, and Christ the minister of sin; *Gal.* ii. 17. This would be *turning the grace of God into wantonness;* Jude, verse 4. And this exceeding great mercy of God, the holy apostle supposes, should be a sufficient guard against wilful sin, while we hope to be justified by faith. *If we are justified by faith in Christ, what shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid;* Rom. vi. 1, 2.

III. Besides this same apostle assures us, "that *we are chosen*, adopted, and forgiven, for this very end, that *we might be holy and without blame before God in love;* Eph. i. 4—6. Therefore is *our conscience purged by the blood of Christ, from dead works, that we might serve the living God;* Heb. ix. 14. Therefore are we redeemed from sin and hell by the precious blood of the Son of God, that we might be freed from the power of our iniquities, and become a *peculiar people zealous of good works;* Tit. ii. 14. Our holiness is one chief design of God, in all the exercises of his grace: And as we seek to frustrate his design, if we hope for his acceptance without pursuing holiness, so he will frustrate all our hopes.

IV. And it is upon this account, that holiness of heart and good works in life, where there is opportunity for them, are insisted upon as necessary to our final salvation through all the Bible; and perhaps in one or two places of the New Testament, it is mentioned as necessary, even to our justification, as well as to final salvation: Not that our best works of holiness are such a complete righteousness as to answer the present demands of God, under the gospel, but because they are necessary to shew the truth of our faith, and to render it a living, justifying faith, which could not justify us if it were a *dead faith*, or *without works*. It is a working faith that must justify us, as good works evidence and prove the truth and life of our faith.

V. The apostle James argues this matter particularly in the last half of his second chapter,* *viz.* That works must be joined to our faith to make it a justifying faith. From all which it is plain, that in whatsoever scriptures faith is said to justify us without works, it can mean no more than this, *viz.* that we are pardoned and accepted of God through our faith, trust or dependence on divine mercy, and on the mediation of Christ, under a sense of the imperfection of our best works, and their insufficiency to answer the demands of any law for righteousness or justification. But still in other scriptures we are told, it must be such a faith as *works by love, purifies the heart*, and wheresoever there is opportunity, it produces the fruits of holiness in our lives; and therefore good works in this sense are needful to secure our justification, as well as they are very necessary, on many accounts, to honour God in this world, and to make us meet for final salvation. Thus the free grace of God in our justification is honoured, and yet holiness is effectually secured in all them that are saved.

VI. To conclude this head, let it be remembered, that since faith and repentance, and holiness of heart and life, are all necessary, in order to our salvation under the gospel, it is of infinitely more importance to see to it, that we pursue and practise this faith, repentance and holiness, than to be nicely and critically skilled in adjusting the logical relations of these christian virtues to our salvation, or our justification, or in

* Yet it is not amiss to observe here, that the apostle James, where he treats on this matter, in the second chapter of his epistle, speaks of that faith, which is a mere assent to the truth revealed; for it is such a faith as devils have, and it does not arise to a serious and humble hope or trust in the mercy of God, for complete salvation, according to the gospel, which alone is supposed to be productive of good works.

ranging them artificially in their proper place and order. The most skilful, most zealous, and most orthodox person, will certainly fall short of justification and salvation, if he has not these good qualities of faith and holiness found in him; and the weakest in knowledge shall be justified and saved, in whom these qualities and characters are found.

CHAPTER X.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION; OR, WHEN WAS CHRISTIANITY SET UP IN THE WORLD.

I. THIS last and best dispensation of grace, *viz.* the christian religion, was not properly set up in the world, during the life of Christ, though he was the illustrious and divine Author and Founder of it: And the reason is plain and obvious, *viz.* because many of the peculiar glories, duties and blessings of it, as they are described in the Acts, and in the sacred epistles, did really depend upon those facts, which had no existence in Christ's own life-time, *viz. his death, resurrection, ascension, and exaltation.* It was not proper, therefore, that Christ should publicly preach these doctrines of his *atonement for sin,* of *faith in his blood,* of his royalties and intercession in heaven, and our living upon them, &c. in too plain and express a manner in his own life-time, because it would have given too much offence to his hearers; and his wisdom taught him to preach the truths of his gospel to men, *as they were able to bear it;* Mark iv. 33. John xvi. 12.

II. Therefore it was but seldom that he mentioned these things in his own personal ministry; and it was but just at the end of his life, that he instituted the second sacrament, or the Lord's Supper, which discovers plainly, and in most express language, the blessed doctrine of his atonement for sin; and it was after his resurrection he completed the form of the first sacrament or baptism, wherein our regeneration by the Holy Spirit is represented, and the Holy Spirit is expressly named.

III. The kingdom of Christ, therefore, or the christian dispensation, was not properly set up in all its forms, doctrines and duties, till the following *day of Pentecost,* and the pouring down of the Spirit upon the apostles from our risen, ascended and exalted Saviour. It was just before his ascension, that our Saviour told them, that they should *preach his gospel to all nations,* when they had received the promised Spirit, and *they were to tarry at Jerusalem, till they had received this power;* Luke xxiv. 42. The preaching of Christ, and his life, his death and his resurrection, laid the foundations of his kingdom, but it was the preaching of the apostles, after he ascended to the throne in heaven, that actually set up his kingdom here on earth.

IV. The three or four years of Christ's personal ministry upon earth, were a sort of medium, or an hour of twilight between the darkness of jewish veils or types, and the clear daylight of the gospel or christianity: It was rather a removing away the rubbish of traditions, superstitions, and corruptions of truth and duty, &c. as a preparation for the kingdom of Christ in the world, than the very constitution of that kingdom. Accordingly, the preaching of Christ ran thus; Matt. iv. 17. *Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.* And the petition in the Lord's Prayer corresponds with it. Matt. vi. 10. *Thy kingdom come.*

He himself preached only to *the Jews and Samaritans,* and forbid his apostles to go

quite so far at that time; for as he would not suffer them to preach to the *gentiles*, so neither to carry their ministry into Samaria; *Matt.* x. v. whereas his gospel was designed for the heathens also, even for all mankind. This he often intimated in parables, during his public ministry on earth. He foretold them also, that he had *many things to say to them, which they could not bear* at that time. See John xvi. 12. And several other things which they heard and saw in secret, which related to the setting up of his kingdom, they were charged *not to declare, till the Son of man was risen from the dead;* Matt. xvi. 20. and xvii. 9. and *what they heard from him then in the ear, they should* afterwards *publish, as upon the house-tops.*

V. Thence it follows, that in order to learn all the doctrines and duties of the christian religion completely, we must not only consult the history of the four gospels, which contain the life of Christ and his personal ministry, but we must also consult the acts of the apostles after his ascension, together with their epistles to the churches; for therein, this our holy religion is more completely discovered and explained in many particulars, relating to Christ's atonement for sin by his death, our pardon and justification by faith in him, his intercession, his headship of the church, his kingdom over all, his final judgment, &c. For all this was more fully revealed to the apostles, by their conversation with Christ abont *his kingdom, forty days after his resurrection;* Acts i. 3. and by the large effusions of the gifts of the Holy Spirit upon them, when he ascended to heaven, and sent them to plant and propagate the christian church throughout all the world.

VI. And though *the apostle Paul was the last of the apostles,* that is, was called by Christ himself, after his ascension to heaven, yet we who are of the gentile nations, are more particularly to learn our religion, in the several doctrines and duties of it, from his writings, who was in a more especial manner commissioned to be *the apostle of the gentiles;* Gal. ii. 7, 8. and who had *this mystery* of preaching the gospel to the gentile world, revealed to him before the other apostles well understood it. *He received his gospel from Jesus Christ himself, by revelation,* as he tells us; *Gal.* i. 1, 2. And *he came not a whit behind the very chiefest of the apostles,* either in knowledge or gifts, or labours, in success, or in sufferings; but was more eminent and glorious, in his active and passive services for Christ, than any other, and perhaps than they all; 1 *Cor.* xv. 10. and 2 *Cor.* xi. 5, 6. And he hath left more of his epistles behind him, for the use of the gentile churches, than all the rest put together.

It is moreover evident, from several of this apostle's writings, that he had a most peculiar insight into the various and different dispensations of God to man, from the beginning to the end of the world. His writings, therefore, eminently demand our perusal, if we would learn our lessons of christianity.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GRADUAL CHANGE FROM JUDAISM TO CHRISTIANITY; AND THE JEWISH AND GENTILE CHRISTIANS AT LAST UNITED IN ONE BODY.

I. IT is also from the writings of St. Paul, this great apostle, and from his practice and conduct, that we must chiefly learn the gradual procedure of God, in the abolition of the jewish dispensation, and the complete introduction of christianity into the world,

or among all nations, both Jews and gentiles, which thing has some difficulties attending it; but I think may be made easy by the following account.

II. Let us first take notice, that among all the former dispensations of grace, there was none but that of Adam and Noah, who were the two common fathers of all mankind, which was designed for all the nations of the earth, till the dispensation of Christ was introduced. By this last dispensation, the heathen nations, as well as the Jews, even all mankind, wheresoever the gospel comes, are called to repentance and salvation. Matt. xxviii. 19. *Go teach all nations.* Acts xvii. 30. *He now commands all men every where to repent.* Rev. xxii. 17. *Whosoever heareth let him say, come; and whosoever will, let him come.* As for the two dispensations of Abraham and Moses, they were more confined to a particular family, and to their posterity, which made up the jewish nation. The nations of the gentiles had, indeed, some acquaintance with these transactions of God with Abraham and the Jews, partly by their traffic, but chiefly by their captivities and dispersions. These were greatly useful, indeed, to preserve and restore the knowledge of the one true God, not only among the neighbouring heathens, but among distant countries, Greece, Persia, Assyria, Egypt, &c. And as these things prepared the way for their receiving the gospel, so many prophecies of old did plainly foretel that the last dispensation, or the kingdom of the Messiah, should extend to all nations.

III. Though the apostles by the general words of their commission, which was given them at Christ's ascension, *Matt.* xxviii. 18—20. had an early right to preach the gospel to the heathen nations, yet this was made evident to them, by slow degrees, and consequently, their execution of this commission was gradual, according as divine wisdom saw proper, to enlighten them, and as divine Providence conducted them.

IV. The first public ministration of the gospel in its glory, was to the Jews only: It began at Jerusalem in *the days of Pentecost*, when *the Spirit* was poured out on the apostles, and other disciples, in the form of *cloven tongues*. As they were ordered *to begin at Jerusalem*, Luke xxiv. 47. so it was a most illustrious success, which attended the first opening of their commission: For, on this great day, *three thousand souls were converted*, that is, among the native Jews, and the proselytes of the temple, or complete proselytes, who were reckoned as natives, though they came from various nations, as appears, *Acts* ii. 5—11. Some time after this, *five thousand more were converted at Jerusalem*, Acts iv. 4. *and the number of believers still increased, and many priests received the faith;* chapter vi. 7.

V. After this, the gospel was preached to the Samaritan Jews, whose predecessors were a sort of mingled people, and derived partly from Jews, and partly from heathens; *Acts* viii. 5. Then the christian converts proceeded to preach the same gospel in foreign countries, *but* still *to the Jews only*, though they dwelt at *Phenice, Cyprus, Antioch, &c.* Acts xi. 19.

VI. The next sort of converts, who were received into the christian church, were such as the scripture calls the devout or worshipping gentiles, or men fearing God; many of whom might be proselytes of the jewish gate,* and who all owned the one true God. Cornelius and his house seemed to be the first fruits of this rank of converts,

* It has been generally taken for granted, that the distinction between the proselytes of the gate, and the proselytes of the temple, or of righteousness, was begun many ages before, and was maintained among the Jews in our Saviour's time, and the next following ages: If this should prove to be a mistake, it will make no important difference

at the preaching of St. Peter in Cesarea; *Acts* x. 44, 48. After which, the gospel was preached also to these devout gentiles, at Tarsus in Cilicia, at Antioch in Syria, and other places.

VII. And by degrees, St. Paul, having further and speedier light given him, than the rest of the apostles had, and being eminently made the apostle of the gentiles, preached Christ to the idolatrous gentiles, for their conversion. Perhaps Sergius Paulus, the governor of Cyprus, was the first fruits of the converts of this rank; and the first great harvest of the conversion of the idolatrous heathens, was probably at Antioch in Pisidia; *Acts* xiii. 7, 14.

VIII. Though the apostles themselves, as well as other converts, might have learned by the many parables of Christ, and by the express words of their great commission at first, that *the gospel should be preached to all nations*, even to all the heathen world; and though it was foretold by so many of the prophets, yet the prejudices of the jewish nation cleaved so close to some of them for a season, that they could hardly tell how to admit the thought, that the idolatrous gentiles should receive the gospel, or be received into full communion with christian churches; or even that the gospel was designed for them, at least till they were first made Jews, or proselytes to judaism; But by much conversing with Barnabas and Paul, and by many glorious successes of the word, among the idolatrous gentiles, and the influences of the blessed Spirit on their minds, they were convinced and encouraged at last, to let the gospel of Christ have this general flow, and spread among all the heathens.

IX. All this while, many of the jewish converts to christianity thought they were bound to practise all the jewish ceremonies; for they imagined that whoever would come into the church or kingdom of the Messiah, they must come by the way of judaism, that is, *they must be circumcised*, and become Jews first, and practise the law of Moses, in order to be christians, though in reality, at that time, it was almost going so far out of the way. And this was what occasioned the great debate in the synod of Jerusalem, where the famous decree was made about abstinence *from eating blood and things strangled, &c.* Acts xv.

X. During these times, those devout gentiles, who might be proselytes of the jewish gate, and were converted to the christian faith, and probably also all the gentile christians * who had been before idolaters, were for a season laid under the restraints of that apostolical decree against *eating blood, things strangled, and things offered to idols*, lest the Jews or jewish converts should take too much offence, and scarce admit them into their communion, as being polluted. And it is not improbable that these were the restraints laid by the Jews, during all former ages, on the proselytes of their gate, or those gentiles who were allowed to live within the towns or cities of Judea. This decree

in the scheme I have proposed. The gospel was first proposed to the Jews, then to the devout gentiles, who owned the true God, whether they were proselytes in any sense or no, and then to the idolatrous gentiles; for it is evident, that the devout gentiles were nearer to the faith of Christ, and might reasonably attend to, and accept the gospel much sooner than idolaters.

* I add, and probably also, all the gentile christians, who had been idolaters, and were then converted, might be restrained, as far as the proselyted gentiles were at this season; because the reason of it is the very same, *viz.* lest offence should be given to the Jews, and jewish christians. For, by the way, I may say it is scarce to be supposed, that the converted proselytes, or devout gentiles, who were so much better men, and so much nearer to the truth, should have heavier bonds laid upon them, when they received Christ, than those idolatrous gentiles, who were much worse men, and further from the truth.

was transmitted round the gentile churches; *Acts* xvi. 4. who probably at that time were made up of some idolatrous gentiles, as well as devout gentiles, or the jewish proselytes of the gate.

XI. It was for a very good reason, that the sin of *fornication*, which was always immoral and unlawful, was joined in that prohibition with *blood and things strangled, and things offered to idols*, because the heathens, by their eating blood, and especially in their idol-feasts, were tempted to fornication and many pollutions; and therefore this moral prohibition is set before their eyes, together with the other ceremonial prohibitions, to keep them more effectually from these practices, while they gave such offence to the jewish christians, and the Jews.

XII. But as to those other ceremonial prohibitions, this apostolical decree seems to be but a temporary constitution or restraint; because some time afterwards the apostle Paul did not keep the Corinthian converts, who had been idolatrous gentiles, under this restraint; but permitted them to eat things offered to idols, wheresoever their liberty could not be made *an occasion of offence, or stumbling* to other weaker christians, such as had not learned the complete liberty of the gospel of Christ, so well as they; 1 *Cor.* viii. 7—13. And when these practices ceased to give offence to Jews or jewish christians, I can see no reason why the proselytes should not be free also, or why they should have more restraint laid on them than others.

XIII. That the prohibition of eating *blood and things strangled*, as well as of *things offered to idols*, was but a temporary rule, may further appear from the early and original reason of this prohibition, *viz.* because the life or blood of the animal was claimed by God, and given to God, *to make atonement for the soul*, which is very expressly asserted; *Lev.* xvii. 10—14. And by the *pouring the blood out* before God on the ground, the flesh was, as it were, sanctified to the use of food for the eater. And no doubt this was the chief reason why eating blood was prohibited to Noah and his sons, and it was derived down to the patriarchs, together with the doctrine of sacrifices. And so long as blood had any manner of appearance of making atonement in sacrifice, that is, till the dissolution of the jewish state, so long was blood forbidden to the Jews, and to those gentile christians, especially who dwelt near them, or conversed with them. But when the jewish state was dissolved, and all such brutal sacrifices were utterly abolished, then judaism vanished, and gospel liberty was more established; and there could be very few or none to take offence at the eating of blood. And then perhaps St. Paul's advice to other gentile churches became universal; and set them all free as, *Let no man judge you in meat or in drink;* Col. ii. 16. *Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, eat, asking no question for conscience-sake;* that is, not enquiring whether it were offered to idols, or whether it were killed in the jewish manner, by letting out all the blood, and 1 *Cor.* x. 25. *for to the pure all things are pure;* Tit. i. 15. *I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, there is nothing unclean of itself, but let no man put a stumbling-block in his brother's way;* Rom. xiv. 13, 14. *Meat commendeth us not to God; neither if we eat are we the better, nor if we eat not are we the worse;* 1 Cor. viii. 8. *Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving, for it is sanctified*, not by pouring out the blood, but *by the word of God and prayer;* 1 Tim. iv. 3, 4, 5.

XIV. But the gradual change from judaism to christianity will be more fully understood, if we attend to this which follows. In the jewish dispensation there were three sorts of laws, *viz.* moral, ceremonial, and political.

1. The moral laws were everlasting, and belonged to all the dispensations of God, which relate to the children of men in all ages, whether patriarchal, jewish or christian, and were never abolished. 2. The political laws of the Jews were the civil laws of that nation, which God, as their supreme king or political head, gave them by Moses, to be observed in their country, so long as their state or polity subsisted. The gentiles were never under these laws, and therefore when they turned christians, their conversion could by no means bring them into a subjection thereto; for christianity makes no alteration in the civil governments of this world. The Jews or subjects of the government of Judea, especially while they resided in the land of Judea, were the proper subjects of these political laws, whether they received christianity or no: and therefore jewish christians in Judea complied with them, till their polity was finished by the destruction of Jerusalem. 3. As for the ceremonial laws, they were particularly designed, not only to distinguish the Jews from other nations, but also to be types and figures of the blessings of the gospel; and therefore as they are wisely appointed to foreshew these blessings of christianity, and to be a distinguishing mark of the Jews, so they were as wisely worn out and abolished when christianity was introduced, and *the partition wall* of distinction between Jews and gentiles *was broken down. They were but shadows or figures for the time being, and must vanish when the substance appeared.* St. Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, *chapters* ix. and x. and to the Colossians, *chapter* ii. evidently uses this argument for their abolition, the great design of them being fulfilled.

XV. It is plain therefore, that these ceremonial or religious laws were not lawful for the gentile converts out of Judea, to observe at all, as St. Paul writes in his epistle to the Galatians, *if ye are circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing;* Gal. v. 2. since they were never appointed for the gentiles by the great God, nor imposed upon them by Christ; and he is zealous to maintain this their liberty against all jewish impositions and impostors, who would persuade *the gentiles to be circumcised,* and to observe their ceremonies.

XVI. As for the jewish christians, though they were not obliged to observe them as matters of religion, after the setting up of christianity, yet since all the jewish nation were so much prejudiced in favour of these ceremonies, and since the jewish christians, and even some of the apostles, could so hardly be brought off from them, they seemed to be indulged for a season in this practice.

And even St. Paul himself, who was a jewish christian, at particular times engages in the practice of them; not as things which he believed necessary, in order to serve God, but as mere lawful and indifferent things, and as matters of present expediency, which were wearing off, waxing old and vanishing away, as *Heb.* viii. 13. that is, they were vanishing as fast as judaism hasted to its period, and as fast as human nature could bear the wearing out of its old prejudices: and therefore *he became all to all* at that time, *that he might gain some* proselytes; 1 Cor. ix. 20—22. *To the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.* Therefore *he took Timothy, whose mother was a Jewess, and circumcised him,* when he sent him out as a preacher; *Acts* xvi. 1—3. in order to ingratiate him with the Jews, or lest he should give offence to jewish christians: therefore he himself consented to go through the rites of purification as a Nazarite, after the jewish manner; *Acts* xxi. 23, 24, 26. So graciously has God, the ruler of the world, condescended to the weakness of men, by indulging these indifferent things for a season in several parts of his transactions with

them, and in divers ages, because human nature can hardly be led all at once into so great a change of principles and practices.

XVII. There might also be another reason for St. Paul and other jewish converts, to comply with some of these ceremonies for a season, because the ceremonial and political laws among the Jews were so intermingled, that it was sometimes very difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the one from the other: and while the jewish polity lasted, several of these ceremonial laws might be complied with by jewish christians, under the civil government of the Jews, considered as parts of that polity or government, though they might know their own real freedom and release, which Christ had given them from all jewish ceremonies, considered as matters of religion. *

XVIII. But after the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple, and the dissolution of the jewish state, their political as well as ceremonial laws were utterly abolished; and by this time, not only the remaining apostles, but all the jewish christians, were let more clearly into the knowledge of their own liberty in Christ Jesus, and their freedom from every thing written in the laws of Moses, which was not moral. Then the differences between the jewish and gentile converts were taken away, and by degrees they came more perfectly to unite themselves together in all ordinances of christian communion, in their several churches through the world, according to the frequent directions and exhortations that St. Paul had given them in the xiv. chapter to the Romans, and several other parts of his writings. See on this subject an excellent dissertation of Mr. Benson, at the end of his late paraphrase and notes on Titus. Thus much shall suffice concerning the five dispensations of the covenant of grace.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE HAD NO REVELATION.

I. AS for all the persons, the families and the nations of mankind, who have lived under these various dispensations of grace, it is evident that they have had the means of grace and salvation set before them, to recover them from the ruin of the fall of Adam, *if they neglect this great salvation*, they must perish with great justice. But as for those, who by the negligence and iniquity of their fathers, have lost all notices and traditions of all divine revelations, and of all the dispensations of grace, and particularly, of the last of them which their fathers enjoyed, whether it were patriarchal, jewish or christian, and which they were entrusted to convey to their posterity, these have nothing remaining, but that knowledge of God, his law, his government and his mercy, which they could derive from the light of nature, and reason, and observation. And, indeed, there were many religious observations which they could and ought to have made on the nature and mercy

* Yet, perhaps, it may be worth enquiring, whether those ceremonies, which were plainly and purely religious, might not be appointed, partly for the public and visible honour of God, when he resided in a bright cloud in the tabernacle and the temple, as the visible head of a visible church on earth: and though he never did reside visibly in the second temple, yet when he rent the vail of the temple at the death of Christ, and when the holy of holies, which was his presence-chamber, was thrown open and common, then God ceased to have any appearance of a residence there, and their church-state was in a great measure dissolved, they having, if I may so express it, driven God from among them, by slaying his Son. And from that time their religious ceremonies might be so far abolished, as to become needless; yet they were indulged for a season, as indifferent things to the jewish christians, who had been used to practise them, till the holy city and the temple, or God's visible palace, were utterly destroyed, and those remains of a visible church were scattered through the earth.

of the great God, and his gracious providence, his long-suffering, and his continued benefits, as well as from the working of their own consciences, *in accusing or excusing* their conduct, &c. from which they might infer something of grace and hope.

II. It appears, by their daily experience, that they are sinners: conscience tells them much of their duty, shews them the law of works, accuses them of sin, and condemns them thereby. The daily providence of God, shews them that they have *time and space to repent* of sin, and trust in his mercy: he hath given them the common comforts of life, and *filled their hearts with food and gladness*, and thereby *he hath left himself not without witness*, both of his power, government, and goodness to them: *Acts* xiv. 17. He hath intimated to them hereby, *that they should seek after God* and his mercy, *if happily they might feel after him, and find him;* Acts xvii. 27. supposing they should or might know *that the long-suffering* and forbearance *of God*, should *lead them to repentance;* Rom. ii. 4. So that, at least, they might reasonably say with the Ninevites, to encourage their repentance and their faith, *who can tell but God may be gracious?* Jonah iii. 9.

III. All this, with many other things, seem to give us some notice, that the sinful race of the heathens and savages, even those who never heard of the gospel, in any revealed dispensation of it, are not left merely in the condition of fallen angels to perish unavoidably without any hope, or any grace to trust in, or without any encouragement or motive to repentance.

IV. It is true, their light is but dim, and their means of grace run very low; yet if there shall be found among these persons or nations, any, *who fear God and work righteousness*, who repent of sin, and hope in a merciful God, we believe they shall be accepted of him, through an unknown mediator as Cornelius was: for this fear of God, repentance and hope, is God's own work in their hearts, and he will not condemn the penitent soul; *Acts* x. 35. *Prov.* xxviii. 13. Nor will he destroy his own good work in the heart of man, nor shall any penitent and pious creature perish for not knowing and believing those revelations of grace, which he never heard of, and which he could never know or believe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

I. WHEN all the dispensations of grace are finished—then comes the great day of judgment. Then all mankind, who have acted their parts on the stage of the world, in the several successive ages, shall appear together; those who are gone down to death, shall arise from the dead at the call or summons of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is appointed *judge of the quick and the dead:* that is, of those who shall then be found living his appearance, as well as of those who shall be raised from the grave.

II. In that great and solemn day, *every man shall be judged* according to that dispensation of grace, under which he lived, whether it were that of Adam or Noah, Abraham, Moses or Christ: and sentence shall be passed upon every man *according to his works*, that is, according to his compliance or non-compliance with the rules of that dispensation.

III. Those who have refused to repent of sin, and to trust in divine mercy, so far as it was revealed in the dispensation, under which they lived, they stand already condemned by the original moral law of God, or the law of innocence, which they have broken; and they shall have that condemnation, as it were doubly sealed upon them, for refusing

to accept of offered grace. John iii. 18, 36. *He that believeth not, is condemned already:* —and *the wrath of God abideth on him, because he hath not believed on the Son of God.* But those who have repented of sin, and trusted in grace, and lived according to the dispensation under which they were placed, they may hope the condemning sentence of the broken law is reversed, and that they shall be publicly acquitted and absolved from their guilt, they shall have all their imperfections publicly forgiven for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered, they shall be accepted and their good works approved, they shall be acknowledged as the children of God, and be adjudged to eternal life, *come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;* Matt. xxv. 34.

IV. Here let it be observed, that in the sense of the gospel, good men while they are here upon earth, stand justified in the sight of God, as we have seen before, not by any righteousness of their own works, for they have no such righteousness; but by faith in his mercy, through a Mediator. This is for the honour of divine grace, which *justifies them freely through the redemption that is in Christ;* Rom. iii. 24, 28. and iv. 5. yet in the day of judgment, men *shall be justified* or *condemned according to their works and their words* in the sight of the world; *Rom.* ii. 13—16. *Matt.* xii. 37. because this public judgment is appointed for the honour of divine equity or justice, to make it appear to all the world, that God distributes rewards and punishments to persons who are fitly qualified for the one, or the other; Isaiah iii. 10. *Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with them, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Wo to the wicked! it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him.* And our Lord Jesus Christ, the appointed judge of all men, hath the same orders to execute, for *he shall render to every man according as his work shall be;* Rev. xxii. 12, 14, 15. *Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. But the dogs, sorcerers, idolaters, liars, &c. are all without,* they are excluded from heavenly blessings, by the Judge of all the earth, for they are utterly unfit as well as unworthy to enjoy it.

V. To make this matter yet plainer, and to reconcile the different representations which are given of our justification by faith in this life, and our justification by our words and works at the day of judgment, it must be considered, that every christian, who is admitted into heaven, may be said to have a two-fold right to it, *viz.* there is a right of inheritance which is by faith, whereby we are justified, and become *the children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ;* Gal. iii. 26. Rom. viii. 17. being interested by the free gift of God in the benefit of his Son's purchase, that is, the inheritance of heaven: and there is also a right of congruity or fitness, which arises from actual holiness of heart and life, whereby we are prepared for the actual possession of this inheritance. So an infant may have a right of inheritance to his father's estate, by his birth or adoption; but he has not a right of congruity or fitness, till he grow up to twenty-one years, or to the age of discretion and capacity to enjoy it, and then he is put into the possession. I think this distinction will sufficiently reconcile the appearing difficulties.

VI. As for those persons, those nations or ages, that have so far lost all the revelations and dispensations of grace, that they know nothing of their own duty, or of the grace of God, but what the light of nature teaches them, they shall be judged according to those teachings of the light of nature, or that knowledge of God, of his law and his government, of his grace and their duty, which they might have arrived at by the right exercise

of their conscience and reasoning powers. This seems to be the sense of those words of the apostle, Rom. ii. 12—15. *as many as have sinned without law*, that is without a written or revealed law, *they shall perish without law; and as many as have sinned in, or under a written or revealed law, they shall be judged by that law; the gentiles which have not any written law, are a law to themselves, which shews the work of the* moral *law written in their hearts; their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts accusing or excusing them.*

But how far divine compassion shall exercise itself further in unpromised ways towards any of those persons or nations, who by the negligence and iniquity of their parents, had lost all the revelations of grace, is to be left to the wise, the righteous and the merciful Judge of all men.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION OF THIS ESSAY.

I. A DUE survey, of these dispensations of God to man in this light, perhaps, may enable us to understand many parts of the Bible much better, since it will happily account for many difficulties in the Old Testament and the New, which seem to me very hard to be solved in any other way, to the satisfaction of a diligent enquirer.

II. And as I have been led into this scheme, and manner of conceiving the transactions of God with men, by a diligent perusal of the holy scriptures, rather than by any human creeds, confessions or systems, either ancient or modern, so, I cannot but recommend the serious consideration of it to those who are resolved to follow the same method of study, and read the scriptures, to learn from thence the articles of our christian faith and practice. Let them, like the noble *Bereans, search the scriptures, and see whether* this representation of divine things does not come very near to the truth, and make scripture more easy to be understood by shewing the connexion and consistence of every part of it with all the rest.

III. It is confessed after all, there may be several difficulties still attending this scheme of the dispensations of grace, and, perhaps, some mistakes in it; I am but a weak and fallible creature, and *the ways of God are unsearchable,* to man, *and his judgments past finding out;* Rom. xi. 33. But let it be observed, that among a hundred men, every one can much sooner find faults in any system of divinity, or in the scheme of any science, than one of them will draw up a scheme or system which hath no difficulties.

IV. It has been often found, both in human and divine sciences, that when some particular parts of a scheme or system appear a little disagreeable to our sentiments, as perhaps this may do, we are presently ready to correct them; but, we find also in a little time those supposed corrections, or their necessary consequences will not comport with other most plain and evident truths, that relate to the same subject, and we then are forced to retract our corrections. While men in this frail state are searching *into the deep things of God,* we must be content with some remaining darknesses: if there be any short summary of these transactions of God with men, which is more consistent with itself, which is nearer to scripture, and has fewer difficulties than this, I shall be glad to receive it and submit to it. *O Lord! Send out thy light, and thy truth; let them lead us to thy holy hill, let them bring us to the tabernacles* of thy grace, and to the mansions of thy glory; *Psalm* xliii. 3. *Amen.*

A

CAVEAT AGAINST INFIDELITY:

OR, THE

DANGER OF APOSTASY

FROM

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH:

WITH AN

ANSWER TO VARIOUS QUERIES,

CONCERNING

THE SALVATION OF THE HEATHENS,

AND THE HOPE OF THE

MODERN DEISTS, UPON THEIR PRETENCES TO SINCERITY.

THE

PREFACE.

IT was in the year 1722 these discourses were composed, and they have lain several years by me waiting for a more proper opportunity to be sent into the world. But deism and infidelity having made such violent efforts of late in this nation, and having obtained such unhappy success, as to draw away some from the faith of the blessed gospel, and to stagger others in their belief, I thought providence forbid any longer delay, and called me to add this attempt toward the restraint of a spreading pestilence.

It has not been my business and intent here, to produce the numerous train of arguments, whereby the christian religion is supported, and set them in a fair array. This has been done in many forms, and in many volumes by writers of the first rank in our age, which are sufficiently known in the world, and received with just honour.

Yet I take pleasure on this occasion to point to my reader two lesser writings lately published, which are worthy of his perusal. The first is the Lord Bishop of London's Pastoral Letter, written in defence of christianity, wherein he has drawn into a narrow and comprehensive view, some of the most considerable arguments, for the vindication of our holy religion; and by exhibiting them in a just and perspicuous manner, he has recommended them to the christian world. The other is Doctor William Harris's Two Discourses, wherein " the reasonableness of believing the gospel, and the unreasonableness of infidelity, are displayed in a convincing light." I could wish that believers and infidels would read these little books with a serious spirit.

There are two sorts of persons in our age, who have not only need to have the evidences of our holy religion set before them, in their fullest view, but it may also be very proper to excite them to a diligent, faithful, and religious attention to these evidences, by representing the formidable and tremendous threatenings of God, against those who abuse the light they enjoy, and become infidels or apostates in the midst of divine advantages for faith. Happy should I be, if I could impress their souls with a solemn concern and solicitude, equal to the vast and infinite importance of the subject.

The one sort of men have declared themselves unbelievers of the gospel of Christ: They have gone so far as to renounce the scriptures, and forsake christianity: Some of

these set themselves to oppose it boldly by such assaults, either of wit or argument, as nature hath furnished them with; and some join their attempts of reason and raillery together: May God recover them by his almighty grace! I fear there is but little prospect of recalling them to the faith, by any thing we can speak or write.

There are others who have not abandoned the gospel, yet have had their minds so corrupted and perplexed, by some objections of infidelity, that they are reduced to a doubting state, whether the religion of Christ be divine or no, and are seeking after some determination by fuller evidence. I do not call these persons deists or infidels: I hope, as well as pray, for their establishment in the faith of Jesus, the only Saviour.

Now my chief design in this treatise, was to attempt a recovery of some of these doubting christians, or to stop them in their course toward apostasy, by representing the dreadful and eternal hazard of rejecting the gospel of Christ, if it should at last appear to have come from heaven: That those who think of abandoning the christian faith, might see and be persuaded, that none of their pretences to natural religion can give them an effectual security from the condemning sentence of the great judge, if they shall to the last oppose and resist the light of evidence that shines round the gospel, in our nation and our day.

I am well aware that my conduct and manner of argument on this subject, will be represented as very uncharitable: Perhaps, I shall be told, that I assume the awful province of God, that I enter into the hearts of men, and pass a judgment concerning their sincerity, while I scarce suppose it possible for a man to be truly sincere, in seeking the truth, and yet to live and die an infidel, where the gospel is surrounded with its proper light and evidences.

I must confess it is a sensible grief to me, when I am constrained, by the word of God, to say any thing terrible and severe against my fellow-creatures, my partners in flesh and blood. I would hate and avoid all the characters of a censorious and uncharitable spirit. The gospel of Christ is a gospel of love, and while I preach it for the salvation of men, I would never mix my own wrath with it, nor would I willingly lie under the shadow of such an imputation. But when the great and blessed God, who has made this gospel, and who searches the hearts of men, has pronounced his wrath and damnation so often against those *who believe not in his Son*, it is he himself who does in effect declare, that they are not sincere in their searches after the truth: For I am persuaded he would never proclaim such vengeance from heaven against any sincere soul, that with humble diligence and faithfulness enquires, "What he must do to please his Maker."

The blessed God who has ordained the gospel of his Son Jesus, to be the means of the salvation of men to the end of the world, has certainly furnished it with sufficient evidence for the propagation of it, through the successive generations of men, among all that are humble and willing enquirers after truth. The God of nature knows well how much light is necessary, both in the eye, and on the object, to convey the sight of it to those who are willing to see: The same all-wise God well knows also what

capacity in the mind is requisite, and what degree of evidence is necessary to attend any revealed truth, in order to its being received by the honest and sincere soul: And his equity and goodness would never have suffered such a heavy curse to be denounced against unbelievers, if he had not foreseen, that nothing but some corrupt and guilty prejudices could withhold men from receiving the truth of the gospel, where it is accompanied with its necessary testimonials. It is not I, therefore, but it is the word of God that declares the unbelievers of his gospel to be insincere, while he pronounces such a curse upon them.

The holy and gracious lips of our blessed Jesus, who knew the hypocrisy and insincerity of the Jews, in his day, did often pronounce a sentence of death and destruction upon them; and when he left the world, he repeated this condemnation upon all infidels, where his gospel should come with its proper evidence, *He that believeth not shall be damned;* Mark xvi. 16. The great apostle of the gentiles has assured us, *that they who believe* not, have suffered *the god of this world*, that is, the devil, *to blind their minds;* 2 Cor. iv. 4. and he has confirmed the awful sentence, *If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema*, or accursed till the Lord come; 1 *Cor.* xvi. 22.

Now, since these solemn denunciations of divine vengeance are frequently repeated in our Bible, and make a part of that book, wherein our religion lies, since we are bound to declare all the counsel of God, for the salvation of men, *and knowing these terrors of the Lord*, we cannot but set them before the faces of those, who are in danger of being drawn away from their stedfastness in the faith; that if they should at last perish in their own unbelief they may not lay the blame upon the ministers of the gospel, and plead that they had no warning of this condemnation.

It is, therefore, no instance of an uncharitable conduct, to point out to careless wanderers, that pit of fire and destruction into which they are hastening, unless they turn their feet to another path: It has been always counted an act of charity and love, to pluck the wandering traveller from a fatal precipice, or affright him from approaching the brink of it, by displaying all the dreadful mischiefs, and the certain death that will attend his fall.

On this view of things, if any person shall be led by providence to look into these discourses of mine, whose thoughts have been entangled, and his heart drawn away to any degrees of apostasy, or whose faith of Christ and the gospel hath been shaken by the cavils of men, I would beg one favour of him, for his own sake, more than for mine, and that is, that he would not turn over these pages as a matter of mere curiosity, nor let his wit loose upon them in wanton sport, nor toss the solemn subject about as an airy jest, or a matter of trifling dispute. This awful theme and controversy in Great Britain, hath, in my judgment, no less consequences attending it, than everlasting life or everlasting death.

——— "Non hic levia aut ludicra petuntur
Præmia, lectoris de vitâ animæque salute certatur."

The indulgence of a sportful fancy, or a ludicrous spirit in questions so divine and important, is not the character of an honest mind which seeks the truth, nor is it a likely way to find it. The great God, the Maker and Lord of all, and the fountain of all light and knowledge, is not wont to bless such triflers with divine irradiations. His awful majesty, and his tremendous justice, many times leave them to *sport themselves in their own deceivings*, till they have woven a fatal snare for their souls, and his righteous judgment may give them up to perish for ever, in their own impious mirth and madness.

If any wavering christian has a sincere desire to be established in the truth, and to save his own soul, let him set his conscience at work in the sight of God, while he peruses the books written on this subject. Let him examine, with an honest heart, whether it be not the utmost hazard of his immortal interest to depart from the christian faith, and to *forsake the holy commandments, that have been delivered to him*, in the gospel; 2 *Pet.* ii. 21. Let him see if he can find any other solid and substantial hope of the favour of God, of the pardon of his sins, and final happiness, such as will enable him upon just and rational grounds, to face death with courage, and enter into the immediate presence of a holy and offended God.

May the Spirit of Christ accompany this essay, to guard his own divine religion, and make these discourses happily effectual, to establish the professing christian in his holy faith, to secure the wavering from apostasy, and to prevent the eternal ruin of souls. *Amen.*

London, February 4, 1728-9.

A

CAVEAT AGAINST INFIDELITY.

2 TIM. ii. 5.

IF A MAN ALSO STRIVE FOR MASTERIES, YET IS HE NOT CROWNED, EXCEPT HE STRIVE LAWFULLY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE life of a christian is not a state of indolence and ease: If we seek for salvation and eternal glory, in the way of the gospel, we must shake off sloth and idleness: There is some sacred skill and wisdom required in it, with a vigorous and holy exercise of the best powers of nature: Therefore St. Paul, in my text, compares it to those games or bodily exercises, which were practised, at appointed seasons, by the Greeks, wherein they exerted their utmost care and activity: He uses the same comparison in his first epistle to the Corinthians, *chapter* ix. *verses* 24, 25. Where he speaks of being *temperate in all things, and of striving to obtain a crown:* And he alludes to it in several other parts of his writings. The apostle John, or rather Christ himself seems to have some reference to it, in his epistles to the churches, where he proposes large recompences to them that overcome, and promises *a crown of life;* Rev. ii. 10. and iii. 21.

These games were of various kinds, such as running a race, wrestling, fighting, &c. Now, for each of these kinds of contest, there were certain laws and rules ordained, as in racing, they must start from such a spot of ground, they must run such a road or track, they must reach such a goal, and approach it in a proper manner too: In wrestling, the law of the contest required them to be naked, that they might not take the advantage of each others clothing: In fighting, they must use only that sort of weapon which was appointed for the combat, &c. And though the crown, which was given to the conquerors was but a poor *corruptible* one, as the apostle speaks, for it was made of the leaves of an olive, a laurel, a pine tree, or of parsley; yet, so much honour attended it, and so strict were the overseers of it, that none obtained this prize, though he took never so much pains, and shewed never so great activity, if he did not manage himself, in all things, according to the rules of the game or contest.

So a man, who seeks the prize of heavenly happiness, and aims at the crown of life and glory, must carefully conform himself to the sacred rules which God has appointed; otherwise he may labour and strive in vain. I take this to be the precise meaning of the apostle in the text, and it gives us fair occasion to derive this doctrine:

Doctrine.—All our pains to obtain the heavenly prize will be lost, unless we seek it in the right way and manner: *we shall not be crowned, except we strive lawfully.* To render this doctrine useful and practical, I shall

I. Endeavour to shew what is the right way by which God has appointed us to seek eternal salvation, or what are the rules and laws of this sacred exercise in order to obtain the heavenly crown.

II. I shall lay down some considerations to enforce and prove this doctrine, *viz.* that heaven must be sought only in this appointed way.

III. I would answer several queries and objections, which are commonly raised against it in our day, chiefly by such as disbelieve the gospel.

IV. I shall offer two or three general exhortations to christians, derived from this discourse.

V. Propose some preservatives against apostasy, or a departure from the true way of salvation.

SECTION I.

THE RULES TO OBTAIN SALVATION PROPOSED, AND THE DUTIES REQUIRED IN THE GOSPEL, OR THE NECESSARY ARTICLES OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE first enquiry is this, *viz. What is the right way to obtain heaven? What are the appointed rules whereby we must govern our belief and practice?* The great and general rule is the divine revelation or word of God: For when man had lost his original state of innocency, and the favour of God by sin, God knew that his feeble reason, or the light of nature was not sufficient to inform him, what was necessary to recover his favour, and to direct him in the way to happiness; and therefore he took the first opportunity to acquaint his fallen creature man, that he would not for ever abandon him and all his race, but that there was some hope of his recovery; and he told him of a Mediator or Saviour, even *the seed of the woman that should break the serpent's head;* Gen. iii. 15. that is, *he should destroy the works of the devil,* and repair the ruin which the temptations of Satan had brought in: And doubtless at the same time, the blessed God assisted the reason and conscience of Adam in his enquiries, what duties were to be performed on his part toward his recovering an interest in the love of his Creator. Nor has God been wanting ever since that time to give various discoveries of the right way of salvation in several successive ages, that mankind might be restored to his favour and image again.

The last, the brightest, and the best of all these discoveries is that which he has made in the gospel, by his Son Jesus Christ, and by the evangelists and apostles in the writings of the New Testament: This book therefore contains the rules of that sacred exercise or contest, in which we must now be engaged to obtain *the crown of glory.* No pretences to the light of reason, no vain fancies of new revelations, no devices of our own heart must dare to oppose or contradict the rules given us in this holy book; if we reject the gospel there is nothing will serve us instead of it. I will not here enter into the question, how far they shall be accepted of God, who never had the word of God revealed to them, nor the gospel of Christ published among them. I reserve this for the end of my discourse. It is sufficient to say at present, that God, *the judge of all the earth,* will deal in righteousness and wisdom with all mankind, and he is not wanting in mercy to his creatures, who submit themselves to him according to the dispensation they live under. Where he has *given less, less shall be required:* But this is certain, that he requires of all men a conformity to the rules, which he has made known to them? and therefore wheresoever the gospel comes with sufficient light and evidence, as it has done to us in the British Isles, he expects that we should learn the rules of our

holy race from thence, and conform ourselves to them, if we would ever *obtain the prize* of glory.

But to descend to particulars: The appointed way to obtain heaven under the gospel, may be comprized under the following heads, which I call the necessary requisites in order to salvation, and I have multiplied them into six particulars, that I might be more explicit and plain:

I. A knowledge and belief of the great articles of natural religion, whether they contain doctrines or duties:* For though these, alone and in themselves, are not sufficient to save sinners, yet they are necessary in order to our salvation, and the gospel of Christ teaches and confirms them all. We must believe that there is a God, the one only true and living God, almighty, all-wise, and all-good, the Creator of all things; and we must believe that he governs the world which he has made, and does not sit idle in heaven, and let his creation run at random: But that as a wise and holy Ruler, he takes notice of the behaviour and conduct of all his reasonable creatures.

We must believe that there is a real difference between virtue and vice, between good and evil: And that this does not depend, as some have imagined, upon the mere customs and fashions of particular countries, or the will of princes, but upon the nature of things and the will of God. It is God, who has written it plain in our own consciences, and in the very frame of our rational souls, that it is our duty to fear and love him, to pray to him for what blessings we want, and to praise him and give him thanks for what mercies we enjoy, and to honour, worship, and obey him according to the discoveries of his nature and his will which he has made to us. And as it is our duty to know and honour this God, so it is evident that atheism and blasphemy, and the neglect or contempt of God and things sacred, are high crimes and offences against him.

It is written also, in our consciences, with sufficient evidence, that it is our duty *to love our neighbour*, to be honest, and just, and faithful, and kind: And that cheating and falsehood, injustice and cruelty to our fellow-creatures are hateful vices and never to be practised. It would be endless and needless to cite texts of scripture to prove all this.

We must believe, also, that this great God, the righteous Governor of the world, will call us to an account hereafter, how we have behaved ourselves here, and will sit *as a judge* upon our past conduct in this life. The light of nature tells us there is some reason to hope that he will reward us gloriously, if we are faithful and diligent, perfect and persevering in our obedience to all his will; and it gives us just ground to fear, that he will punish us severely in a future state, if we are impious and perverse, and act contrary to the known rules of our duty. But the light of scripture gives us much clearer and surer discoveries of a heaven and a hell, a state of reward and punishment, *according as our works shall be.*

It is the voice of reason, and it is the language of revelation, that there is a future state to set all things right, and to account for the scenes of disorder in this present life. *Without* the *faith of things unseen it is impossible to please God; for that he that comes to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that diligently seek him;* Heb. xi. 6. Nor was there any revelation of grace, that God made to fallen man for his

* By the articles of natural religion in this place, I chiefly intend such as belong to mankind in general, without regard to his fallen and sinful state.

salvation, but it pre-supposed or included this article of a future state, and all the other doctrines of natural religion in it.

II. Another thing necessary to our attainment of the heavenly happiness is a due sense of our guilt and misery by reason of sin, and a humble confession of it before God: Some conviction of sin may be derived from our own experience, if we do but converse with ourselves, and take a survey of our own hearts and lives, and compare them with the law of God written in our consciences. Where is the man, who has perfectly obeyed all the dictates of his own reason, and never contradicted this inward rule of duty? Surely if we know any thing of ourselves, we must confess we are sinners; we have offended God our Creator, and broken his laws: *We have all sinned and fallen short of the glory of God*, we have lost all just hope of the reward: *Every mouth must be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God;* Rom. iii. 19. *There is none* innocent, *no not one.* Our own conscience accuses and condemns us, and subjects us to the just judgment of God. And not only must we be sensible of our being exposed to divine anger, by reason of sins actually committed, but we must also be acquainted with the corruption of our natures, *the body of sin* which dwells within us, and be abased before God because of those inward sinful inclinations, and vain affections, which are ever busy and ever starting up to defile our consciences, and pollute our lives.

The gospel of Christ makes a sense of sin necessary to salvation. *They, who are whole, have no need of the physician; but* only *those who are sick: I came not,* says our Lord Jesus, *to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;* Matt. ix. 12, 13. This is the language of the Old Testament as well as the New: *He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy;* Prov. xxviii. 13. *If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins:* But *if we say we have no sin, we make God a liar, and the truth is not in us;* 1 John i. 8—10. Now it can never be supposed, that those wretches are in the right way to salvation, who, either through stupid ignorance, or a great degree of pride and self-flattery, fancy themselves innocent: These proud vain creatures must be far from the path of salvation and deliverance, who are not convinced of their sin and danger. They are not in the way to obtain relief, who feel not their distress and misery. Such a haughty spirit of vain conceit *makes God a liar*, by contradicting the testimony that he gives in his word concerning all the children of men.

III. Sincere repentance is another necessary duty required in the gospel, in order to a sinner's salvation. Now this repentance implies a hearty sorrow for all our past offences, and a sincere return from sin to the love and obedience of God. The very light of nature and reason, which teaches an innocent creature to obey his Maker, does as plainly tell a sinful creature, that he must repent of his disobedience, that he must be heartily grieved for having broken the laws of his God, and that he must love and obey him for time to come, if ever he expect the least favour from him.

The scripture enforces this sacred duty of repentance continually upon the consciences of men, and the gospel of Christ being sent to the nations, *commands all men every where to repent;* Acts xvii. 30. It is the very word of Christ, *Except ye repent ye must all perish;* Luke xiii. 3, 5. Not only must we forsake sin, and avoid it in our actions, but we must hate it in our hearts, and fulfil all our duties from a principle of divine love wrought in us. Our wills are by nature averse to God and goodness, and

turned toward sin and folly; we must therefore *repent and be converted, that our sins may be blotted out;* Acts iii. 19.

Our whole natures are vitiated and spoiled by sin, and we must be regenerated or *born again,* and made *new creatures,* that is, a universal change must pass upon all the powers of our natures, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, or we can never be fit for the enjoyment of God. It is only *the pure in heart that shall see God;* Matt. v. 8. *Except a man be born again, be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God, nor enter into it;* John iii. 3, 5. That is, except his nature, which was sinful, be renewed unto holiness, so that he begin to live a new life, as a new born child, he cannot be admitted into the kingdom of divine grace: Except he be cleansed from the power of sin, by the influence of the Spirit of God, as the body is cleansed from outward defilements by water, which is typified and represented in baptism, he cannot be saved; *for nothing that defileth shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;* Rev. xxi. 27. and *he that hath not the Spirit of Christ to* sanctify him, to enable him to mortify sin, and create him anew unto good works, such a one, *is none of his;* Rom. viii. 9. that is, he does not belong to Christ, nor hath any interest in him as a Saviour.

IV. Another necessary rule we must observe, is this, *viz.* To draw near to God, and to seek his favour by a Mediator. This seems to be designed in the words of St. Paul, which I have chosen for the foundation of this discourse. He that will be *crowned must strive lawfully,* and, in the following verses, he bids Timothy consider what he teaches him, and *remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to his gospel;* that is, remember that Jesus Christ approved himself to be the Messiah, the anointed Saviour, by his rising from the dead. This is the only lawful way of striving for the heavenly crown, that is, by Jesus the Mediator. This doctrine of the mercy of God to guilty creatures by a Mediator, was the plain design of the first promise made to Adam after his fall, *the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,* as it is written; Gen. iii. 15. Those very words led him to a Mediator, that is, to one born of a woman, that should relieve mankind under the mischief Satan had brought upon them. This blessed Mediator and our Saviour has been always kept in view, through all the succeeding revelations which God has made to the children of men. The Messiah, the anointed of God, who was to be the *light of the gentiles,* and *the glory of Israel,* and *the Saviour* of men, even to the *ends of the earth,* was continually expected by the ancient saints.

And in these latter days we are now bound not only to trust in God, manifesting his mercy through some Mediator, but to believe that *Jesus of Nazareth* is he, that the great appointed *Mediator between God and man, is the man Christ Jesus;* 1 Tim. ii. 5. for Christ himself has said it, *If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins;* John viii. 24. It is sufficiently manifested in the gospel, that there is no other hope or refuge: *There is salvation in no other, nor is there any other name given under heaven, whereby we can be saved* beside the name of Jesus; *Acts* iv. 12. Our Lord assures us, *that he is the way,* that *no man comes to the Father but by him;* John xiv. 6. And when he bid his disciple *preach the gospel to every creature,* he bid them not only tell the world, that *he that believeth shall be saved, but that he who believeth not shall be damned;* Mark xvi. 16.

Here let it be noted also, that we are not called to trust in Christ only as a Mediator, to intercede or plead for us, though this is part of his appointed work; *Heb.* vii. 25.

but we must receive him also as one who has made *propitiation* or atonement for sin. This is called in Rom. v. 11. *receiving the atonement.* For he becomes *our propitiation through faith in his blood;* Rom. iii. 25. And *if we sin wilfully* by a public obstinate rejection of him, under his character of a sacrifice of atonement, I fear we shall find that *there remains no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful* expectation of God's *fiery indignation* to devour us; *Heb.* x. 26, 27. This text seems to me to carry a solemn terror in it, against those who pretend to be christians, and yet dare to deny that Christ made a proper atonement for sin by his death, since this doctrine of atonement for our sins by the blood of Christ, is so often and so expressly asserted in the word of God.*

You see then, that trust in a Mediator, and in the mercy of God manifested through him, is a necessary part of our religion. This is that faith in Christ which is foretold so plainly in the Old Testament, that in him should the gentiles trust. This is represented so often in the New Testament, as the great requisite of salvation, *viz.* the belief of Jesus Christ the Son of God, to be the only Mediator between God and man, and a trusting in the mercy of God in and through this Mediator, a committing the soul into his hands, as a Lord and Saviour from sin and from hell: And it is called faith in his blood, to shew that we must trust in him particularly as a Mediator of atonement. This is that faith of Christ that St. Paul preached wheresoever he preached the duty of repentance, as a necessary attendant of it, in order to a sinner's acceptance with God. *Acts* xx. 20, 21. Publicly, and from house to house he taught the Ephesians, and he testified both to the Jews and Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

V. A constant sincere pursuit of universal holiness, and perseverance therein till the hour of our death. This is also necessary in order to our arrival at heaven. We are entered into a race when we are first converted, and set our faces toward heaven; we must not turn backward, lest we lose the prize. We must keep the path of duty with sincerity and diligence, and, in this manner, we must run through the whole stage of life, till we reach the goal of death, if we would obtain the glorious *crown of righteousness.* It is true, the gospel does not suppose or expect, that we should be innocent or perfect in obedience; and therefore a gracious God has made provision for the repentance of christians, and their return to his mercy after their renewed falls and sins, otherwise *no flesh could be saved:* But it is our duty to stir up ourselves to arise and return to God with sincere sorrow, and then with greater watchfulness to set upon our duty, and make it appear through the course of life that in our heart we hate sin and love holiness.

It is not the costly or toilsome performance of ceremonies, nor any long slavish labours in outward forms of godliness, nor any painful mortifications of the natural body, and severe penances of fasting and scourging, that will be accepted of God instead of inward piety; nor yet is that piety to be all inward and confined merely to the heart: But it must appear in the life too. *The grace of God that brings salvation, teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world,* and by our good works, *to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things;* Titus ii. 10—12. Whatsoever particular neglects the great God may excuse, he will never dispense with a general neglect of holiness: For it is said expressly, Heb. xii. 14. *without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* He is a holy God, and as

* I do not tarry here to enlarge on the proof of the atonement of Christ for sin, having sufficiently proved it in my Sermons upon *Rom.* iii. 25. See volume the first, Sermons xxxiv. xxxv. xxxvi.

compassionate and condescending as he is, he doth not lay aside one ray of his own holiness, in order to display his grace, nor will he dishonour that glorious perfection of his divinity to save a world of sinners. The gospel and the grace of God that saves us, can save us only in a way becoming the holiness of his nature. No unholy thing shall enter into heaven.

We who are engaged in this christian exercise, have much of strife and conflict to pass through: It is not only a race, but a combat also, and it implies wrestling and fighting: We must take up arms against the sins of our natures and the corruptions of our hearts, as well as against Satan, and the temptations of this world. Then surely those that know not their spiritual dangers, who are not made sensible of the sins that dwell within them, have no reason to imagine or expect they shall be conquerors: They are not yet engaged in the spiritual warfare, nor apprized of their spiritual enemies: They are not in the way to obtain the prize. *If we live according to the* inclinations of our *flesh we shall die, but if we through the spirit mortify the deeds of the body, we shall live:* Rom. viii. 13. *They that are Christ's* must *crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts;* Gal. v. 24. And it is not only *flesh and blood* must be opposed, but *principalities and powers of darkness*, and all the hosts of hell, as well as an army of temptations of this wicked world; *Eph.* vi. 12. and if we lay down our weapons and give over fighting, we give up all pretences to victory, and lose the crown.

VI. A humble hope in the divine promises of joy and happiness in the world to come, is the last thing I shall mention. This is so necessary a grace, that it is said *we are saved by hope;* Rom. viii. 24. And it is often put for faith itself in the language of ancient prophecy, and in the writings of the apostles, Christ himself is called *our hope;* 1 Tim. i. 1. Unbelief of the promises, and despair of heaven cut off all the sinews of action, and will effectually prevent us from seeking and striving to obtain the prize: We must live therefore in humble expectation of future glory, *looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearance of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ;* Titus ii. 13.

And the apostle's argument in 1 *Cor.* xv. 12—16. seems to make the belief and hope even of the resurrection of the body, a necessary part of our christianity also: For, *if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is not Christ risen; and if Christ be not risen, then our preaching is vain, and your faith is also vain, ye are yet in your sins.* For my part I must own, that where this gospel comes in such full light and evidence, as we enjoy it, I hardly know what to make of their christianity, who deny the doctrine of the resurrection.

These are the substantial parts of our religion, and the chief rules of the christian race, or contest in which we are engaged in order to obtain the crown. And concerning these I have endeavoured to make it appear from reason, or express testimony of scripture, that God the great and blessed God, will not dispense with any of them in those persons who expect favour and salvation at his hands.

There are indeed many circumstantials that belong to our religion, which are by no means of equal importance with those substantial parts of christianity before mentioned. In many of these circumstances of our duty, it has not pleased the Spirit of God, to write the rules of them in so plain and express language; and therefore there may be very different sentiments and practices in these points, without endangering our salvation, without breaking the bonds of our christian love and unity. It is of infinitely

more importance, that we believe that there is but *one God*, that he must be worshipped and served by his creatures, that there is an essential difference between virtue and vice, that there is a future state of rewards and punishments, that we are guilty creatures, and can obtain favour of God no other way but by a Mediator, that we must repent of our sins and have our hearts changed and renewed unto holiness, and live in the sincere practice of every known duty, and in humble expectation of future blessedness; I say, these things are of infinitely greater moment, than whether we must be baptized in infancy or riper years; whether that ceremony must be performed by dipping or sprinkling; whether the ordinance of the Lord's Supper must be received in the posture of guests sitting at the table, in the posture of children standing round their father's board, to receive his distributions of bread and wine, or in the posture of humble supplicants kneeling and adoring: whether our ministers must be ordained, and our churches governed by bishops or presbyters, or how far the concurrent acts of the whole church have an influence in these solemnities; whether our prayers must be immediately conceived in our hearts, and invented as they are uttered in new expressions continually, or whether we may use forms written down before-hand: These things, and many others of the like nature, because they are not of such necessity, therefore are not so evidently determined in the word of God.

But as for the six general rules before mentioned, I do not see how we can expect that God should dispense with any of them, since he has appointed his written word to be the rule of his final judgment, and he seems to have required them in his word in so peremptory a manner. He that strives and takes pains to obtain heaven, with a neglect of these rules, I think we may boldly say, he does not *strive lawfully*, and he has no sufficient ground to hope that he shall be *crowned*.

SECTION II.

CONSIDERATIONS TO PROVE THE DOCTRINE.

I proceed now to the second thing which I proposed, and that is to lay down several considerations, which may serve to evince and prove the truth of the doctrine, and make it still more evident, that such as neglect the rules of God's appointment shall not obtain salvation.

Consideration I. "God alone has a right to appoint the way to his own favour, and he is jealous to secure this prerogative." God has the first and most unquestionable property in us as is creatures, and sovereign dominion over us as subjects. He has a right, and he only, to ordain in what manner we should honour him, and seek his favour. If we were innocent creatures, it is he must direct us to any special instances of our duty in that state of innocence, and tell us how we may keep ourselves in his love: Or since we are guilty and rebellious, he only can appoint the sacred methods to obtain his own favour again, and gain an interest in his compassion.

The Lord our God is a jealous God, and will not suffer himself to be disobeyed or mocked in things that so nearly concern his own sovereignty. This is evident in the second commandment, where he appoints the method of his own worship: And though we may think paintings, or images to represent his glory, and his power, are very agreeable and proper to assist our sensible natures, yet he forbids every thing of this

kind as mediums of divine worship, and he solemnizes the prohibition with an awful discovery of his own jealousy: He declares that he will avenge himself of those that dare to worship him in unappointed or forbidden ways, even *to the third and fourth generations.* It is worthy of our notice, that when he charges the Jews of old, with some of their idolatrous abominations, he mentions this as the reason of his anger, that they practised things *which he commanded not, neither came they into his heart;* Jer. vii. 31.

When God designed his own worship to be attended with a variety of pomp and ceremony, he prescribed every part of it to Moses with great exactness: And when he had given an account how the tabernacle, and table, and the candlesticks, and the altars should be made, he gives him a charge that he should precisely follow the divine directions; Exod. xxv. 9. 40. *Look that thou make them after their pattern, which was shewed thee in the mount.* Now if the great God requires such accuracy, and such exact conformity to his rules in matters merely external, typical and ceremonial, how much more may we suppose that he will be strict and severe in demanding a conformity to his own appointed methods of salvation in things of more solemn, more spiritual and everlasting concernment.

Suppose a traitor, guilty of death, should have orders from the king his sovereign to enter into his presence, dressed in the borrowed ornaments of the prince his son, and to be introduced by his hand in order to obtain pardon; now if this condemned criminal should resolve rather to come and appear before the king in some bright ornament of his own preparing, and without the mediation of the prince; would he not deserve to be frowned away from the throne, and sent directly to execution? Would not this be a new indignity offered to the king himself, and a fresh instance of rebellion and disobedience? So when we consider ourselves as rebels and traitors against the majesty of heaven, if we will refuse the methods of God's own appointment in order to obtain his favour, and will *walk in the devices of our own hearts*, this will be justly construed a continuance in our rebellion; and we must expect the sentence of death to be executed upon us; *Isaiah* l. 11. *Behold all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks, walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled; this shall ye have of my hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow.*

II. "All the ways of recovering the favour of God, that proud vain man would contrive for himself, are evidently fruitless and ineffectual, and if we consider them distinctly, each of them will appear to be insufficient."

Shall we come to God in the way of innocency, and pretend that we have done no harm? But we have before proved that *all men are guilty. There is none righteous, no not one;* Rom. iii. 15. Shall we come in the way of *hope and reliance upon the general and absolute mercy of God*, trusting that God will forgive our sins because he is infinitely good and kind? But the light of nature can give us no manner of assurance, that he will express his kindness and goodness in forgiving sinful men. This is a free act of his will, and there is nothing in his nature, or in our circumstances that obliges him to it. Nor in his gospel hath he given any promise of such mercy to be exercised, but through Jesus his Son: *The grace of God that appears to men is only through* Jesus Christ; *Tit.* iii. 4. *He justifies us freely by his grace*, but it is *through the redemption that is in* Jesus Christ; *Rom.* iii. 24.

Shall we approach to God in the way of humble address to him, and beg him to accept of our *repentances and mortifications?* But these can never atone for our past

offences. What are the tears, or sorrows, or little penances of a creature to make satisfaction for the affronts offered to God? Shall we come to God and hope for acceptance by *our best duties of righteousness?* But they are all imperfect, and the law of God in its perfect purity would condemn both us and them: Besides, if they were never so perfect they could not make recompence for transgressions past. Shall we seek *to saints in heaven, or angels, or any higher rank of creatures to become mediators, advocates, and intercessors for us?* Alas! We have no acquaintance with them, nor do we know that any of our petitions can come to their knowledge: Besides, this office is so sublime and glorious, that it seems too assuming for them to undertake, unless the offended Majesty of heaven had appointed them to it: They are all utterly precluded by their want of sufficient merit, as well as by the designation of his Son Jesus Christ alone to that glorious office.

In vain shall sinful guilty man hope to come near to a holy and offended God, but by the death and righteousness of his own Son. Ever since the first Adam laid the foundation of our ruin, and divided us from God our Maker, by his sin, mankind has been still wandering farther from God, and rebelling against him; and it is the second Adam alone that can restore us to his favour again by his righteousness; Rom. v. 19. *As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one man shall many be made righteous.*

But to proceed in shewing the insufficiency of sinful man to return to God by his own power or merit. All that we have insisted on here is but one part of our misery: We must look upon ourselves not only guilty of many past offences in the sight of God, but as having our natures ruined, and the powers of them enfeebled and broken by sin. We are dark, ignorant, and averse to God and all that is holy. We cannot learn divine things, savingly, without the teachings of the Holy Spirit: We cannot change our own sinful natures to holiness without his special influences: We cannot mortify all the rising corruptions, and reigning iniquities of our hearts, and transform our own souls into the likeness of God: By nature we are enemies to God and goodness; our own reasonings, our moral motives, our rules of philosophy, and all our self-invented methods of austere penance and mortification, will not wean our hearts from the love of sin and vanity, and work that supreme love to God in our souls, and that delight in him above all things, which is necessary in order to true happiness. It is *a new creation*, it is *a resurrection from the dead*, it is a being *born again;* and what mere creature is sufficient for these almighty works? As it is nothing but the gospel that shews us the atonement of Christ, which is equal to the guilt of our offences; and how by that atonement we are to be reconciled to God, so it is nothing but the gospel that reveals to us the condescending grace of God, and the powerful influences of his own Spirit, whereby we may have our natures renewed and fitted for the presence and enjoyment of God.*

III. "Since the gospel of Christ is established as the way of our access unto God, there is an awful and terrible curse pronounced against those, who bring in any other pretended gospel or way of salvation." *If any man preach any other gospel to you than that ye have received, let him be accursed;* Gal. i. 9. And this curse is not only pronounced against men, but against angels themselves, if we could suppose any of them should attempt such an affront to the government of God, verse 8. *Though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel to you, than that which we have preached, let*

* See these things proved more at large in the two first discourses of my first volume of Sermons; volume the first, page 1—19.

him be accursed. Behold here St. Paul, a little and despicable figure of a man, but under the influence of the divine Spirit, pronouncing a curse upon himself, an apostle, and upon the highest angel in heaven, if he should preach another gospel. The sovereignty of God, in the appointment of the means of our salvation, will maintain its own unrivalled character and dignity in a sublime degree, and he declares his holy jealousy of the least entrenchment upon it. Wo be to the man that attempts to lay any *other foundation* for a sinner's hope; he exposes himself to such a curse as would sink an apostle, or an angel down to hell and eternal misery.

IV. " The great God has already made several persons become terrible instances of his indignation, when they have pretended to attempt to please, or serve him in other methods, than he himself has appointed." Read the story of Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, in *Lev.* x. 1, 2. when they *took their censers and burned incense in them, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not; there went out fire from the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord.* It is supposed by learned men, that when the divine fire came from heaven and consumed the burnt-offering; *Lev.* ix. 24. this fire was not only to be preserved, always, upon the altar, according to God's express order; *Lev.* vi. 12, 13. *The fire shall ever be burning, and never go out:* but that no other fire was lawful to be used in burning the sacrifices, or the incense: and when Nadab and Abihu neglected to use this sacred fire, and put common fire in their censers in the room of it, this was the very crime which God so terribly avenged. *This is that,* said Moses, *which the Lord spake, I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and before all the people will I be glorified,* verse 3.

Behold a second instance of the dreadful anger and high resentment of God upon a like occasion, when Korah, Dathan and Abiram, with *two hundred and fifty princes* of the assembly, rose up against Moses. They presumed to enter into the office of priesthood, and to offer incense in their censers, to which ministry God appointed none but Aaron and his sons. Read the awful narrative! *Num.* xvi. 1, 31—35. When Moses gave them a solemn reproof, and pronounced the doom of Korah and his company, *the ground clave asunder that was under them, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up and their houses with all their goods. They and all that appertained unto them, went down alive into the pit; and the earth closed upon them, and they perished from among the congregation: and all Israel that were round about them, fled at the cry of them, for they said, lest the earth swallow us up also: and there came out fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense.* This unexampled and astonishing vengeance makes it appear with dreadful evidence, that their crime was very heinous in the eyes of a jealous God.

Take a third example of the jealousy of God. Saul was the first king whom he appointed over Israel, yet when he presumed to offer a burnt-offering himself before the appointed hour, and did not tarry for Samuel to do it, God lays this to his charge as one reason of his taking away the kingdom from him, *viz. because he did not keep the commandment* or appointment *of the Lord;* 1 Sam. xiii. 12—14. And yet he seems to have had a very good excuse too, and did it almost unwillingly: *I forced myself, &c.*

In the fourth place, mark what a monument of indignation and misery appears in Uzziah, the king of Judah; 2 Chron. xxvi. 16—21. *He went into the temple of the Lord, to burn incense upon the altar of incense.* The king refuseth to desist from his impious attempt,

when the priests informed him of his transgression: *it belongs not to thee, Uzziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but to the priests the sons of Aaron, who are consecrated to burn incense;* and immediately he was smitten with a foul disease, *the leprosy rose up in his forehead, and he was thrust out from the temple, yea, himself hasted to go out, because the Lord had smitten him: and Uzziah the king, was a leper unto the day of his death, and was cut off from the house of the Lord.* Thus we see that God will spare neither priests, nor princes, nor indulge kings to make an inroad upon his appointed forms of worship, or to alter any part of the ceremonies which he has ordained. *The Lord of hosts is a great king and a jealous God.*

There is yet a fifth instance, that, in some respect, seems to carry a more tremendous evidence of the jealousy of the great God in this matter, and that is written; 2 *Sam.* vi. 7. When the ark of the Lord was brought up from the house of Abinadab in a cart, *Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it, for the oxen shook it.* Doubtless Uzzah did this out of a pious zeal to preserve the ark of God, and the things that were in it from being shattered: but the law of God by Moses, had ordained the priests only to bear the ark: verse 8. *And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error, and he died by the ark of God.* Here does not seem to be any ambition or insolence in the heart, presuming to attempt forbidden work: but even where piety and zeal itself were expressed in a forbidden manner, the great God is so jealous of the honour of his appointments, that he struck the man dead for his mistaken zeal: the Lord our God, says David, *made a breach upon us, for that we sought him not after the due order,* that is, by employing alone the levites and priests in removing the ark; 1 *Chron.* xv. 13. And this is left upon record as a warning-piece to affright us for ever from pretending to honour God, and to express our devotion for him in any other methods than those which he himself has ordained and consecrated.

V. " The huge contempt that God himself has thrown upon the ways and rules of his own appointment when their date is expired, gives us a plain intimation that he will accept of no methods of worship, but such as he appoints." How magnificent and illustrious, beyond all our present thoughts and expressions, was the worship of God in the tabernacle, and especially in the temple, when those buildings were first set up, the one by Moses the prophet, and the other by Solomon the king? All the pomp and glory of the heathen temples and their golden idols, all the splendor of the vestments of the priests, and furniture of cathedrals and altars in the church of Rome, though the riches of the world seem to be amassed and laid out there, yet it falls incomparably short of the glory and grandeur of the jewish worship in the days of Moses and Solomon: but when the term of these ceremonies was once expired, and their great design accomplished in the death, the resurrection and intercession of Christ, what names of contempt does the spirit of God cast upon them? They are *elements of the world;* Gal. iv. 3. *Yokes of bondage;* chapter v. 1. *weak and beggarly elements;* chapter iv. 9. *The rudiments of this world;* Col. ii. 20. *Mere shadows of good things to come;* Heb. x. 1. *Cardinal ordinances and a worldly sanctuary;* Heb. ix. 1. 10. And even when the apostle is speaking of the glory of that dispensation, he calls it *the ministration of death;* 2 Cor. iii. 7. especially when the gospel came in which is the ministration of life. And when he speaks of circumcision, which was the pride and boast of the jewish nation, and was once the distinguishing mark of God's special favourites, he not only pronounces it unprofitable,

but threatens the Galatians that *Christ shall profit them nothing*, if they run back to circumcision, and the rites of judaism; *Gal.* v. 2.

Now if the great and holy God lays such a load of contempt on modes of worship, which his own divine wisdom once contrived, and his own authority established; if he himself throws upon them such reproachful and forbidding language, when the appointed term of them is expired, can we imagine this holy God will endure forms of worship of the fanciful invention of men, or that he will indulge foolish and sinful creatures, where his own appointments are revealed, to seek his favour by addressing him in methods which he has not appointed? This must be a vain attempt, a fruitless labour, and a foolish hope.

VI. " There are several express scriptures that declare Christ and his gospel, to be the only way of our acceptance with God; and therefore, it is in vain for us to hope to attain *the crown* of glory *if we strive not* for it *lawfully*, or in these methods of his divine appointment." Several of these scriptures I have already cited under the first general head, where I enumerated the most fundamental doctrines and duties of the gospel, and proved that, without the practice of them, there was no hope. *No man cometh to the Father but by me;* John xiv. 6. *Other foundation can no man lay than what God has laid, that is Christ Jesus;* 1 Cor. iii. 11. Though the unbelieving Jews had a zeal for God, and Paul himself bore this witness for them, yet *they did not attain* justifying *righteousness*, but fell short of it because they did not seek it by faith in the Son of God, but by obedience to the works of the law of Moses; *Rom.* ix. 31. And when our blessed Redeemer shall come *in flaming fire*, he shall not only pour out his *vengeance on them that know not God*, but on those also *who obey not the gospel;* 1 Thess. i. 10. It was the commission which our risen Lord gave to the apostles, when they were sent to preach the gospel, to let the nations know, that *he that believeth not shall be damned;* Mark xvi. 16. And at the close of the Bible, the *unbelievers* are joined with *the murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and liars*, and are *cast into the lake, which burneth with fire and brimstone*, by an express order from the God of heaven sitting upon his throne of judgment; *Rev.* xxi. 8.

The last of these considerations is sufficient of itself to evince this truth, that a sinful creature can never attain the favour of God and happiness, unless he pursue them in those ways and according to those rules, which God has established in his gospel: but when we add all these six considerations together, methinks they should make a deep and powerful impression upon our consciences, and awaken us all to enquire whether we are engaged in the pursuit of heaven, according to the methods of divine appointment, and whether we are striving *lawfully* for the crown of glory. It will be a dreadful disappointment to labour hard by unlawful and unappointed methods, and at last to lose our hope and our crown, and our souls for ever.

SECTION III.

VARIOUS OBJECTIONS AND QUERIES OF THE DEISTS ANSWERED.

It has been declared in the foregoing sections, what are the methods and rules of divine appointment, wherein we are to seek for eternal life and happiness: and several considerations have been offered to enforce this truth, that it is in vain for us to hope for the

favour of God or life eternal, if we refuse to seek it by these appointed ways and rules. I come now to answer some queries which the deists and infidels of our age have raised by way of objection against this doctrine: and I hope, through divine grace, I shall be enabled to give so sufficient an answer to them, as may confirm the wavering christian against the danger of apostasy, and I would wish also that it might convince some of the unbelievers in Great Britain of their weak and hopeless pretences to future happiness.

Question I. Is it not impossible, that a man should honestly practise a religion which he does not know, or which he does not believe? If therefore a man be not convinced of the truth of the christian religion, it may be justly said, that he does not know it, that is, he doth not know reasons enough to believe it: and will not this ignorance be a sufficient excuse for him in the sight of God the judge of all?

Answer I. It is granted that ignorance is no crime at all, where it hath been always utterly invincible in the very nature of things, and where there have never been any means of knowledge; therefore an heathen among the savage nations of Africa, where the gospel was never preached, or the name of Jesus never known, shall not be condemned for not believing in Jesus. It is granted also, that where the means of knowledge are exceeding weak and defective, and the glimmerings of divine light very feeble, as among the Laplanders and the northern Russians, doubtless ignorance doth very much extenuate the guilt of their superstitions, and their ridiculous methods of divine worship.

But in the land of Great Britain, and especially in the towns and cities of it, where these men of infidelity generally dwell; in Great Britain, where the light of the gospel shines with glorious evidence, where christianity has been brought often to the test, and has maintained its ground in the midst of all the intellectual conflicts of a reasoning age; in Great Britain, where the proofs of our holy religion have been set forth in so convincing a light, surely the pretences of ignorance must be cut off here, especially among all persons who have had a tolerable education: and there is just reason to fear, that this ignorance has too much of pride or negligence, or obstinacy in it, and will be imputed by the great Judge, to the evil turns and biasses of the will and affections, more than to the weakness of the understanding; nor indeed will our modern infidels bear to have it placed on this foot, from the high esteem they generally have of their own reason.

The scribes and pharisees in the days of our Saviour, might make the same pretences, that they did not know the gospel of Christ, that is, they did not see or know reasons enough to believe that Christ was the great prophet, or the Saviour of the world; but our blessed Lord, who well knew the sufficiency of the evidence which he had given to convince men of the truth of his divine mission, pronounces destruction upon those infidels, *If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins;* John viii. 24. And I think it may be said, that if ever there was an age or nation under heaven, since the apostolic age, which had abundant rational evidence of the truth of christianity, the inhabitants of the chief towns and cities of Great Britain enjoy that evidence; and especially the men of leisure and learning amongst them. So that this pretended ignorance, I fear, will at last appear to be too near a-kin to the pretences of the unbelievers in the days of Christ, and it is well if they do not fall under the same condemnation.

Answer II. The great God, who is perfectly wise and perfectly just, well knows what allowances to make for every degree of ignorance which people may lie under, according to their various advantages or disadvantages for knowledge: yet he has taken care in his word, both of the Old and New Testament, to let it appear, that ignorance in general is

not always a sufficient excuse for crimes committed, or for the neglect of duties commanded. The whole fifth chapter of Leviticus is spent in directing the ignorant sinner among the Jews, what he should do to make an atonement for his transgressions, verse 17. It is said, *if a soul sin, and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though he wist it not, yet is he guilty, and shall bear his iniquity.* * The various forms of sacrifice that are there appointed, sufficiently discover that *the Lord will not hold him* entirely *guiltless*, that commits a sin of ignorance: and, this is done, that men might not hope to excuse themselves before the great God for their sins, merely by the pretences of ignorance and mistake. In the New Testament our Saviour hath expressly told us; Luke xii. 47, 48. *And that servant who knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes: but he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes.* Here, let it be always observed, that wheresoever ignorant sinners are punished for their errors, the ignorance is always culpable, and therefore it is in some degree voluntary and chosen. It must arise either from slothfulness or neglect of enquiry, or from some criminal prejudices against the truth. No man can be punished for ignorance of his duty, if in the nature of things it be utterly invincible.

Question II. But can any man believe what he will? or believe whatsoever he is bid to believe? Can I assent to any thing which doth not appear with sufficient evidence to my understanding to be true? The mind of man in this respect seems to be a passive power, and cannot receive any proposition, but according to the evidence or proof that attends it, and according to the strength of light, in which the mind discerns this evidence or proof. Now if the proofs of the gospel, and the arguments for christianity, do not appear to my understanding in a convincing light, I am not able to believe it: Why then must I be condemned for not believing what, according to the make of my nature, I cannot believe? The severity of this one expression of Christ, *he that believeth not shall be damned;* Mark xvi. 16. is even an obstacle to my belief of his divine authority; for surely the great God would never send a messenger, to pronounce damnation against men, for not assenting to what does not appear evident to them, that is, for not believing what they cannot believe: this would be like condemning men for not seeing what they cannot see, for want of sufficient light.

Answer I. This threatening is only denounced against those, to whom the gospel is offered, with sufficient credentials. It cannot be denounced against any person, who has not enjoyed sufficient means of knowledge and conviction. No man shall be condemned for not seeing any object, when there is not light enough to discover the object to him. But, let it be remembered, that the great God, who is the Judge of all, well knows the faculties of men, and what degree of outward revelation is sufficient, in its own nature, to discover the truth of the gospel to every single person, who comes within the hearing of it, if he be sincere and honest to attend to that light and evidence. And this threatening shall never be executed on men of an honest and sincere mind, who were willing to receive all conviction, and attend with humble and diligent souls, yielding up their understanding and assent, where-

* I confess it may be disputed here, in this law of Moses, whether the ignorance spoken of, be an ignorance of the law, or an ignorance of the fact; yet in the words of Christ which are cited afterwards, it is plainly an ignorance of the law that is described: and, in general, this levitical appointment sufficiently shews, that pretences of ignorance are not always a sufficient excuse.

soever there was sufficient evidence. Such condemnation belongs therefore only to those persons, to whom God himself knows he hath given sufficient outward revelation, or evidence of the truth of the gospel, but that through negligence of attention, or some culpable prejudice, they refuse to receive the truth, and believe the gospel. Our blessed Saviour well knew the pride and obstinacy of the sadducees and pharisees in his life-time, when after all his divine miracles, they would not believe his divine commission: it was in vain for them to pretend, they could not see sufficient evidence of the gospel, for our Lord knew he had given them evidence sufficient to convince souls, who were sincere in their enquiry; and therefore he pronounced, and repeated the damnation upon the proud and obstinate unbelievers; John viii. 21, 24. *If ye believe not that I am* the Messiah, *ye shall die in your sins.*

Answer II. Torefute this objection more effectually, let it be considered, that the judgment, that is, the power of assent or dissent to a proposition, is not a faculty so merely passive, as some men imagine it; for it is plain, that by our own choice or inclination we are capable of delaying our assent long, and abstaining from rash judgments; and we can by our own choice or inclination give a precipitate or hasty judgment, concerning an object without sufficient evidence; we can withhold or suspend our judgment or assent, where the evidence is weak till it grows stronger; and we can also withhold our judgment or assent, by an unwillingness to receive into our mind the full light and strength of clear evidence, where the proposition to be believed is displeasing to our inclinations. Thus it is manifest, there is much of the will mingles itself with the exercises of the understanding in our acts of judgment. We are justly pronounced criminals, and God may condemn us for a rash and hasty assent to a mischievous error, because we did not withhold our assent till we saw fuller evidence and proof: and we are as justly pronounced criminals, and are condemned justly, for withholding our judgment, and refusing our assent to an important truth, where God sees and knows the light and evidence to be sufficiently strong for our conviction.

There are some errors that we are ready to receive into our assent, upon very slight argument and insufficient evidence, because there is a secret inclination in us, that they should be true, according to the old Latin saying, "Quod volumus facile credimus," what we wish to be true, we easily believe: And there are some truths, which we are very backward to receive into our assent, though the evidence be never so strong, because we are unwilling they should be true. Perhaps these truths do not agree with our former notions, they contradict our old opinions, or condemn our present practices, or perhaps they thwart our honour or interest, we shall be exposed to shame or hardship, or loss in professing them, or we must change our party if we believe them, or finally because we do not at present see the way fully, to reconcile them with some other things, which we have received and believed to be true. Now if the mind be under any of these influences, and therefore delay and deny its assent to plain evidence, it may become criminal in the sight of God, for hearkening to any one of these prejudices, rather than to the plain divine discoveries of truth, when it is proposed either by the light of reason or revelation.

I might here make use of the very same similitude, that is mentioned in the objection, and shew how a man may see an object, even though it be placed in a dusky light, when he is very desirous of seeing it, and when he uses the utmost

vigour and effort of his eye-sight for this purpose: And on the other hand, if he does not exert his visive powers with vigour, if he will wink a little, or will turn his eyes aside, or raise a dust before the object, he may be said not to see it; but the true reason is, because the object upon some account or other, is unpleasing, and he is unwilling to see it. Now if the life of this man depended on his seeing and laying hold of this object, he must die without hope and without pity: It is in vain for him to pretend, that he did not see it, when either he winked a little, or raised a dust about it, and thus abused the day-light, and prevented his own sight of the only object that could save him. In such important concerns as the affairs of eternal salvation, let our infidels take heed that this be not their case. Jesus the Son of God is the object proposed to them, *to lay hold* of as their only *refuge* from death and hell, and the light is so strong in which it is set, that thousands of wise, rational and cautious men have seen it, and embraced it, and found salvation: let them take heed therefore of winking in the day-light, and of raising a dust by wanton and unreasonable cavils; let them examine the secret workings of their souls with the strictest care; for if it should be found hereafter, that there was external light and evidence enough for their conviction, and the fault lay only in their prejudices or their inattention, this will justly expose them to the terrible and condemning sentence of God.

Question III. Is not sincerity * in the practice of what we believe, of much more importance in religion, than the truth of our opinions? Is not sincerity even in the practice of a true religion, the only thing acceptable to God therein? And if there be the same sincerity in the practice of a false religion, surely God will accept of man's sincere endeavours to serve him, and will easily pardon and pass by all his ignorance, his errors and mistakes.

Answer I. Though sincerity be a necessary ingredient in all the practices of true religion that can be acceptable to God, yet it is not sincerity alone that is made the term of our justification and acceptance, in the constitution of the gospel, but *faith in Jesus Christ*, or trust in the mercy of God through Jesus the Mediator. *Moses describes the righteousness of the law*, that is, the way of justification by the covenant of works, as it is figured out to us in the external legal covenant of Sinai, in this manner; Rom. x. 5. *The man that doeth these things shall live in them: but the righteousness of faith* which we preach, saith the apostle, that is the way of justification and salvation under the gospel, *speaks thus, if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved: for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;* verses 8—10. So Rom. i. 16, 17. *The gospel is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth, for it is written, the just shall live by his faith.* Mark xvi. 16. *He that believes shall be saved.* Eph. ii. 8, 9. *By grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works lest any man should boast.* Neither Abraham nor David amongst the Jews, were justified by works, but by faith, that is, not by the sincerest works of righteousness, which they themselves performed, but by trust in the divine mercy, according to the revelations of it in their various ages, and in various degrees. Rom.

* By sincerity in practice I here understand, a performing the duties of religion, according to the best of our present knowledge, and the utmost of our abilities.

iv. 3—6. *Blessed is the man to whom God imputeth righteousness without works, to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is accounted for righteousness*, that is, his faith or dependence on the pardoning mercy of God through a Mediator, is the only appointed way of obtaining justification: it is not his own works, for he has none sufficient for this end: but his trust in *that God who justifies* and accepts *the ungodly*, that is, persons who have no sufficient godliness for their justification: the only thing that man can do, which shall be imputed or reckoned to him in order to his justification, is his faith or trust in the mercy of God, who justifies us freely, without any merit of our own works in our justification: and he doth this by virtue of the *redemption that is in Christ*. This is the sense of this verse, according to the whole scope and design of the fourth chapter; for the very design and scope of it is to shew the self-emptying nature of that faith, by which we must be justified, as the design of the fifth chapter is to declare the object of it, Jesus Christ. This is the language of the New Testament, this is the appointment of the gospel.

I grant indeed, that the gospel requires also repentance, and sincere submission and obedience to all the will of God revealed in his word, as well as trusting in Jesus Christ, if ever we would be accepted of God, and obtain heaven: And there are many substantial and indispensable reasons for it in the economy of the gospel. It is the very design of the gospel to recover men to holiness, by a sense of pardoning grace: *We are accepted in the beloved, that we may be holy and without blame before God in love;* Eph. i. 4, 6. We are not fitted for salvation, and the heavenly blessedness unless we are sanctified: *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;* Heb. xii. 14. We cannot evidence our own faith to be true and saving, unless it abide in us as the spring of all good works. It is only *faith that works by love*, that is available to eternal life; *Gal.* v. 6. Therefore those that have believed must remember, that they are *redeemed from an evil world*, as well as from hell: They are *redeemed from a vain conversation*, as well as from guilt and misery, that they may *be a peculiar people unto God zealous of good works;* Tit. ii. 14. But all this will not prove that sincerity in our works of obedience to God, is the appointed term of our pardon of sin, our justification or acceptance in the sight of God under the gospel, without faith or trust in Jesus Christ, as the great Mediator and Reconciler. Still our acceptance with God is eminently referred to faith, and that as it stands distinct from works, though it must be such a living faith as is the spring of holiness.

But to bring the matter as low as possible, suppose it should be allowed, as some contend, that our sincere endeavours to serve God by works of holiness, should be joined with our faith in Christ, as the condition of our pardon, and should be made the very matter of our justifying righteousness in the New Testament, yet no man that honestly reads the scripture, can ever suppose that this sincerity in our duties, is there made the term of our justification, without the belief of a Mediator, or that it is sufficient to procure pardon of sin, and acceptance with God without faith in Christ, that is, where the gospel is preached with its clear proofs and evidences.

And now as we have considered the way of salvation by faith, as it is described in the gospel, and seen the promises made to it, so let us also take a short review of the threatenings that stand bent and pointed against those who refuse this only way of salvation. John iii. 18. *He that believeth not on the Son of God is condemned already,*

because he hath not believed. verse 36. *He shall not see life, the wrath of God abideth on him.* Mark xvi. 16. *He that believeth not shall be damned.* 1 John v. 10, 12. *He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself:* He hath eternal life begun in him; *but he that hath not the Son hath not life.* 2 Thess. i. 7, 8, 9. They *who obey not the gospel, shall be punished with everlasting destruction, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire.* Now surely he is a bold man that will dare venture his final and eternal state of happiness or misery, upon his own pretences to mere sincerity in the practices of any other religion whatsoever, in opposition to such awful expressions of the gospel of Christ, and especially in such an age and nation of light and knowledge, where the gospel appears with so much divine evidence about it.

Answer II. If the heathen or infidel nations, with all their sincerity, are described in the New Testament as having no hope of eternal life, even where the gospel had not been published, surely much less ground is there for hope, where the gospel is known and refused. Consider a little what sort of descriptions the Spirit of God gives of the heathen world, because they were without a divine revelation, and without the gospel, either in a patriarchal, or Jewish, or in a christian form; Eph. ii. 12. *They were without Christ, strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.* Eph. iv. 8. *Alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them.* Col. i. 21. *Alienated from God,* and *enemies in their minds by wicked works, &c.* Read the dismal corruption and wretched state of the heathen world more at large; *Rom.* i. 29—31. *Eph.* ii. 1—3. Now if the heathen nations are said to be utter strangers to God, to be without God, and to be without hope, because they are without any gospel, without Christ, and without the promises, these things have not been revealed or conveyed to them, much more shall persons who live in a land of gospel-light, be pronounced to be without God and without hope, if they refuse to believe in Jesus Christ, who has been revealed to them, and whom they have been taught to know from their very cradles. What hope can they have, who shut their eyes against the light that shines so gloriously round about them? Whatsoever mollifying sense may be put upon some severe expressions of scripture, in favour of the heathens, who never had the gospel, surely there is none will be allowed to those who have so blasphemed and abused it.

Answer III. If sincerity in the practice of a false religion were sufficient to procure the divine favour, then rediculous and inhuman superstitions of all kinds, blood and murder, and cruelty, would be effectual means to obtain the favour of God; for these have been practised by many people in the world, and that with great zeal and sincerity, and sometimes as a piece of religious worship. Can you imagine, that the ancient heathens were not sincere in the practice of their ceremonies, in their laborious and painful rites of worship, when they put themselves to so much self-denial and torment in the performance of them? Think of the dreadful and bloody penances to which some of them have devoted themselves: Think of their cutting and wounding of their own flesh *with knives and lancets:* So did the prophets of Baal, whether they were Jews or heathens; 1 *Kings* viii. 18. Think of the agonies of parents, when they offered their own children to brazen idols, and burned them in terrible sacrifice to Moloch: Count over the *thousands of rams, and the rivers of wine and oil, the fruit of their body for their*

transgression, and the first born of their flesh for the sin of their soul; Micah vi. 7. Think of Curtius and the Decii among the old Romans, that devoted themselves to death, to appease the anger of their gods. Think of the wretched devotees at present in Malabar, who throw themselves under the chariot wheels of a heavy idol drawn by a hundred men, that they may be crushed to death, and thus pay honour to their god; survey all these, and then tell me whether these worshippers are not sincere or no. What have you to shew as signals and tokens of your sincerity in religion, comparable to these poor blind heathens? And yet after all, can you ever suppose these bloody and dreadful works of devotion, these consecrated acts of murder, were acceptable to the great God, or could procure peace with heaven, under a pretence of their sincerity?

Let us survey another scene of madness, which yet appears to be sincere zeal among some of the professed enemies of the people of God in all ages. When they have been sending christians to the lions, to slaughter, and death, when they have given up the beloved sons and daughters of God to fire and sword, to *famine and nakedness*, to the teeth and talons of wild beasts; some of these bigots seem to have been sincere in their designs to honour the powers of heaven, and to offer these barbarous sacrifices to appease the god of their country. The Romans imagined that the toleration of christians, who were blasphemers of their gods, brought plagues and distresses upon their armies and kingdoms, and therefore they devoted them to death to please the god whom they worshipped. Now will any of our deists tell us, that these inhuman persecutors were accepted of God, and in the way to his favour and eternal life; and yet we have our Saviour's own word for it; John xvi. 2. *Whosoever killeth you, will think he doth God service*, that is, he sincerely thinks so.

I grant Christ foretels this eminently concerning the Jews: The unbelieving Jews persecuted the christians even to death, in the sincerity of their zeal for God, and dyed their hands in the blood of christians, in order to render themselves more acceptable to the God of Israel. St. Paul himself tells you, that he was one of them. Acts xxvi. 9, 10. *I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Many of the saints did I shut up in prison, and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. I punished them often in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme, and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even to strange cities.* And Gal. i. 13, 14. *Being exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers, I did persecute the church of God beyond measure and wasted it.* Phil. iii. 6. *If I may speak of my zeal, I have sufficient proof of that, being a persecutor of the church.* Was Paul in the way to obtain divine favour by such cruel and inhuman methods as these? Could such guilty practices against his fellow-creatures render him a worthy object of the divine love, or obtain for him eternal life, because he was sincere in them? It has been sometimes observed, that persons under the unhappy influence of these evil principles of religion, have grown up to be most fierce and barbarous murderers, in proportion to their sincerity and zeal: But surely they are not accepted with God in proportion to these bloody practices.

That sincere zeal in a false religion will not obtain justification in the sight of God, is sufficiently declared by the apostle Paul, to all that believe the scriptures: For he pronounces concerning himself, that he was *the chief of sinners* upon this account, *viz.* his zealous persecuting the christians; 1 *Tim.* i. 13, 15. And that he did but just

obtain pardoning *mercy because he did it ignorantly;* but he does not pretend to the least claim of merit on the account of his sincere zeal. He bears witness also concerning the Jews, his countrymen, that they had a *zeal for God*, though it was a blind one, *and without knowledge;* Rom. x. 2. They followed after *righteousness*, that is, to obtain justification by the works of the law, *but they did not attain to the law of righteousness*, that is, they could not find justification or acceptance with God in their way of procedure, *because they sought it not by faith;* Rom. ix. 31—33. or in the appointed way of the gospel.

IV. If sincerity in the practice of a false religion were sufficient to entitle us to the favour of God, yet no person can lay claim to the favour of God, on this account, since I may venture to say, no man ever was constantly sincere in practising every point and tittle of what his conscience directed him to, and required of him as his duty. It is very possible, that a man may be sincere in some single actions of life or worship, who is greatly defective as to his sincerity in other parts of his behaviour. Where is the man that can stand up and say, "I have constantly served God to the utmost of my knowledge: I have loved him with all my heart: I have loved my neighbour as far as conscience told me I ought to do, and fulfilled every duty to God and man, as far as I knew it, and was able to perform it, and that without any wilful trangression or negligence?" I am verily persuaded, no man can say, his own conscience has always excused him, though in many actions men may have been justified to their own consciences. Now if men will venture to build their eternal hopes upon this presumption of God's acceptance of their sincerity, even where their religion is not true, let them see to it, that they sincerely and constantly fulfil their own invented law of righteousness: Let them take care that their honest and sincere obedience to their own light be continual, uniform and complete: or else they may justly expect that God and their own consciences will come upon them one day with dreadful demands*.

V. Suppose it were granted, that the sincere practices of a mistaken or false religion, could render us accepted of God, and suppose yet further, that we could be perfectly sincere in this practice, without one failure, yet we ought to enquire whether we have been sincere also in our search after the true religion: For if we have failed here, and been negligent and careless in our search after the right way to please God, our greatest sincerity in a false way can pretend to no merit, and can give us but little hope. It is not an irrational and thoughtless sincerity, an ignorant and stupid zeal in a mistaken religion that came to us by chance, or that we slightly took up from a principle of sloth, or were led into by culpable prejudices, that can ever make a just pretence to the favour of God: And therefore if we should allow, that in the darkest nations of the earth, where men have scarce any advantages for knowledge, God would accept of their sincere follies and superstitions, yet we have no reason to expect it in a land of such light and knowledge, where we have the greatest advantages to be informed of the true way

* Perhaps it will be said, that sincerity does not imply such an uninterrupted constancy of obedience as I represent, but that it is consistent with some failures in point of known duty, if these failures be attended with hearty repentance and a resolution of future care and watchfulness.

To this I answer, that the gospel and the revelations of grace in scripture allow this sort of sincerity and accept of hearty repentance after sin, through the interest of a Mediator: But the light of nature doth not allow of any sincerity in obedience, if it be interrupted by one wilful sin; for the light of nature can never assure us that any one wilful and known sin will be pardoned, nor that any repentance will be accepted. The discovery of this is pure grace.

of worship. The great God who made all the powers of our nature, expects the use of our understandings to enquire out truth and duty, as well as the activity of our will and affections, and our lower powers to practise it. He expects that we should give diligence to search and find out the true religion, in the midst of such rich advantages as his providence has conferred upon us. He gives us no indulgence to go on in the practice of a false religion, and hope for the pardon of our sloth and negligence, and forgiveness of our thoughtless and stupid errors, on the mere pretence of sincerity in the practice of them. This leads me to the next question.

Question IV. But if I am sincere in seeking out the truth, shall not my sincere endeavours to find out the true religion, and to practise agreeably to my knowledge obtain acceptance with God, even though I should happen to fall into mistaken opinions, and practise a false religion instead of the true?

Answer I. Sincerity in the search after truth, has so many and various ingredients in it, that I fear the unbelievers in Great Britan would make but a poor pretence to sincerity, when called before the bar of the great and righteous God, and would find it a dangerous thing for them to have built their whole hopes and expectations on this pretence, while they have rejected the gospel of Christ his Son. The several qualifications which are required to make up sincerity in the search of a true religion, are as follow:

I. "A watchful and diligent disengaging ourselves from all the secret and culpable prejudices that hang about the mind, and lead it astray from truth;" A restless and constant endeavour to free ourselves from every evil influence, every wrong bias and turn of mind, that might lead the understanding astray in its enquiries, or may warp the judgment in its determination. Now these are very numerous.

1. There are some prejudices that arise from the influence of those who are our superiors, either in riches or power, or wit and learning, or years, &c. *Have any of the rulers believed on him?* John vii. 48. was thought to be a good argument in the days of Christ against his gospel: And it is an argument of the same stamp, which vulgar souls in our days make use of: Are not many of the polite gentlemen, and fine wits of the age weary of christianity?

2. Our friends or acquaintance, or companions, have a strange influence also upon the mind, and by their constant conversations prejudice it for, or against particular opinions. Even a sober youth who happens to fall into heathenish acquaintance, by the perpetual impressions of their vile discourse, may become a heathen too.

3. Some prejudices arise from the fear of ridicule and shame among our associates, and those with whom we converse: And many a young person is turned aside from attending to the evidences of christianity, lest he should be made a jest among his profane company, if he profess himself a believer of the gospel.

4. There is sometimes a strong and unhappy prejudice against the religion of Christ, arising from the faults and follies of those who profess to be christians: These disciples of infidelity never consider that follies and faults of as heinous and criminal a kind, are daily practised by their fellow-infidels: The old heathen philosophers who professed the religion of nature, were shamefully guilty of many vices contrary to the dictates of natural reason, and yet the religion of nature is true and good still, so far as it goes: And christianity may be divinely true notwithstanding the iniquity and madness of some that pretend to profess it.

5. Another set of prejudices arises from pride of mind and self-conceit, presuming that the reason of man is sufficient to direct itself in the paths of happiness, without receiving any discoveries from God. It is pride also that suffers us not to submit to receive the doctrines of revelation, when there is any thing in them that we know not presently how to reconcile and explain: And this spirit of pride and arrogance tempts some of the deists to abandon all their Bible, because the word of God contains some deep things in it which are not fully understood by men.

6. Sometimes an affectation of novelty warps the mind aside, and leads it astray in its enquiries after truth, and for this very reason some men do hardly receive the doctrine which has been the ancient faith of their ancestors. New things have a strange and subtle influence to allure the heart away from old truths.

7. The pride of thinking freely for ourselves, and throwing off all the bonds and fetters of education, has had a licentious and unhappy influence on some minds, to lead them off to infidelity. They scorn to follow the dictates of tutors, and renounce the best of religions, because they were born and bred in it.

8. There is another set of prejudices that arise from *the lusts of the flesh*. Christianity seems to have too much strictness in it for those men who would give themselves a loose to sensual delights: And thus their own vicious inclinations darken the understandings: First, they secretly wish and desire that a doctrine so self-denying may not be true, and then they are easily led to fancy and pronounce there is no truth in it. Every slight turn of wit, and faint colour of reason, is sufficient to carry off their minds from their gospel, whose passions are carried off already.

9. And it may be there are others who are under the influence of this wicked prejudice, *viz.* "I have begun to cast off christianity, and therefore I will go on: I have declared myself a free thinker, and I cannot go back." On this account they harden themselves in their unbelief, and they are unwilling to hearken or attend to any reason or evidence that might make them believers, or incline them to receive the gospel, after they have once given up their name and honour to infidelity. Now these and other prejudices of the mind must be all laid aside, before we can pretend to such perfect sincerity in the search after truth, as will justify us at the bar of God in the choice and practice of a false religion.* And though in the main we may have some real design to find out the true religion, yet which of us will dare to venture our everlasting hopes upon a mere presumption of our freedom from all these evil influences, these faulty prejudices that stick so close to mankind? I am ready to persuade myself that there are not many of the deists and infidels in this nation, who examine their hearts closely in this matter, and after all can pronounce themselves most sincere and unbiassed searchers of the truth.

* Since these papers were in the press I met with a paragraph in Doctor Harris's excellent discourses of the "Reasonableness of believing," &c. which I take pleasure to transcribe here. "The sincere and upright will always readily embrace the divine revelation. Whatsoever prejudices and mistakes they may labour under from the weakness of their understanding, and the impressions of education, as soon as ever they discern the evidence of it, they will resign to the superior claims of truth, against every lower consideration or remaining difficulty and doubt. Shew them that it is the will of God, and they readily yield and submit. When the insincere on the other hand, governed by their interests and other prejudices, will reject the plainest truths and greatest evidence which is against their interest, and they will start little cavils and raise endless objections, and fortify their minds against the strongest evidence, to support some shadow of false quiet, and appear infidels upon principle: or else without allowing themselves to reason about it, they will bear it down by mere force, and oppose it with violence and malice of heart, which was the case of the unbelieving Jews."

II. Another qualification requisite to sincerity, is "a hearty inward solicitude about these important concerns; a fervent and longing desire of the soul to find out the knowledge of God, and the right way to salvation." It is not a cold wish or two after divine truth, once now and then, that is sufficient to prove a man sincere in his enquiries. A sincere soul will feel an inward and penetrating concern agreeble to the momentous subject. There are too many who content themselves with a general unaffecting conscious ness, that they are willing to find out the truth, but this design makes no answerable impression upon their spirits as a matter of prime importance and of infinite concern.

III. Sincerity requires also, "a laborious diligence in searching after the knowledge of the truth, and industrious use of every help possible to be attained in our station and circumstances." It applies a due attention to every argument, and giving them their full weight; a seizing every beam of light honestly, as soon as it appears to the mind, as a man that seeks after hidden treasure, would cheerfully receive every hint of discovery, would follow the first glimmerings of the gold or silver ore, and trace out the rich vein through the bowels of the earth. If we would prove ourselves sincere, we must not be tired or discouraged by a few obstacles in our way. We must *search for wisdom as silver, and dig for understanding, as for hidden treasures: Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God;* Prov. ii. 4, 5.

Whereas many of our modern infidels, when in their searches they find a dark sentence, and a few difficulties in the language of scripture, they labour not after a solution of them, but gladly lay hold of every objection, and content themselves with these little cavils as a sufficient argument to reject it all at once, to abandon the law of Moses, and the prophets, Christ and his gospel. Such a temper and spirit, such a cavilling and contentions practice, will fly in the face of a man, when he shall pretend to plead sincerity before God.

IV. "Perseverance in this honest and diligent enquiry is another ingredient of a sincere search after truth." It is not the work of a hour or two, or the labour of a few days, but according to our state and circumstances in the world, we must continually search till we have found some solid satisfaction, and till our minds can rest in some doctrines of religion, upon just and reasonable grounds; Hos. vi. 3. *Then shall ye know the Lord, if ye follow on to know him.*

V. Sincerity, in searching out the truth, requires also "great humility and meekness of spirit, a holy sense of the importance of this enquiry, a consciousness of our own weakness, and of the many prejudices, the false lights, and the dangers that attend and surround us both within and without in our enquiries, together with constant and importunate prayer to God for his assistance. All these are necessary ingredients of such a sincerity in the search after true religion, as will approve itself to God. We must not be self-sufficient and conceited of our reasoning powers, but, under a sense of our weakness and danger of mistake, we must be instant petitioners daily at the throne of God, that he would not suffer any delusive prejudice to blind our minds, nor well-coloured errors to lead us astray; that he would order all things in the course of his providence in so favourable a manner, as may tend to guide us into the path of truth. A sincere enquirer is able to appeal to *God who knows all things*, "Thou seest the honest desire of my soul, and the sincere, inward and intense breathings of my heart, to find out the way to thy favour: All my desire is to know and please thee my Creator, and therefore I daily seek thy directions." We must not only *incline our ears*

to wisdom, and *apply our heart to understanding*, but we must *cry after knowledge, and lift up our voice* to heaven. For it is the Lord *who giveth wisdom;* Prov. ii. 3, 6.

VI. It belongs also to a sincere search after truth, that we are "careful and zealous in the practice of every thing that we have already found out in religion." All the duties toward God and man, that reason and natural light discover to us, must be fulfilled by us, with a holy and religious industry and watchfulness: And we must with a constant jealousy and solicitude of soul, abstain from every thing that would displease God. It is *for the righteous* that *God layeth up sound wisdom;* Prov. ii. 7. *He giveth to those that are good in his sight, wisdom and knowledge;* Eccles. ii. 26. And our blessed Lord himself tells us; John vii. 17. *If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.* Doing the will of God as far as it is known, is a necessary requisite in order to obtain farther knowledge. Now when our modern deists have fulfilled all these rules of sincerity in their search after the true way of salvation, I am verily persuaded they will continue no longer in their infidelity, but rejoice to receive the gospel of Christ. However, it will be time enough for them to make their own pretences of sincerity in the search after truth, the ground of their expectations of divine favour, and to plead it at the bar of God, when they have carefully practised all this sincerity, which has been now described.

And yet if any should boldly declare they have practised all this sincerity, and yet they are not convinced of the truth of the gospel; before I quit this head, I would address myself to them with one enquiry more, and that is, if you imagine that you are now truly sincere in your present search, have you been always thus sincere in your enquiries, ever since you began to doubt of christianity? Have you not indulged such an immoral conduct, such sensuality, such a love to vicious pleasures, such pride of your own reason, such self-sufficiency, such a bantering spirit, such *lusts of the flesh*, or *lusts of the mind*, such criminal prejudices, or such guilty practices, as may have provoked God to punish you one of these two ways: 1. Either in the course of his providence, "to take away those means and advantages for knowledge, which you have once enjoyed and abused:" Or, 2. "To withdraw all the common influences of his Holy Spirit, and leave you to the weaknesses and wanderings of your own spirits, and to give you up to a judicial blindness, even though the outward means of knowledge may remain?"

There are many amongst the ancient gentiles, and many amongst the later worshippers of anti-christ, who have fallen under these just and heavy judgments. There have been men *who held the truth in unrighteousness*, and would not practise religion so far as they knew it, nor *glorify God* so far as they were aaquainted with him; and they have been given up to *vain imaginations, their foolish heart has been darkened; professing themselves to be wise, they became fools* instead of philosophers: They became ridiculous idolaters, and worshipped birds and beasts, and creeping things, instead of God. The righteous *God gave them over to a reprobate mind, because they did not like to retain him in their knowledge;* Rom. i. 18—27. There have been many Jews and heathens, who have had the gospel preached to them with sufficient evidence; but when they had refused to receive it, the ministry of the gospel has been taken away from them, the apostles and preachers have been called off from such an unfruitful spot of ground, and have left that town, that country or nation in double darkness. See the History of the Gospel, and the Acts of the Apostles. Our Saviour threatened this judgment to the unbelieving Jews, and it has been executed not only on them, but on other sorts of infidels besides.

Or if the means of knowledge have continued among them, yet they have been forsaken of God, and given up to blindness of mind. This also seems to have been the punishment of multitudes of the jewish nation. And St. Paul foretels the same terrible judgment upon some degenerate parts of the christian world. *Because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved, God shall send them strong delusions that they shall believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness;* 2 Thess. ii. 10. This has been evidently fulfilled in some members of the anti-christian church.

Now if this be the case, there is need of deep repentance for past insincerity and negligence: There is need of great humiliation of soul before an offended God, in order to make up the character of present sincerity: There is need of *strong cries* and prayers for pardoning grace for the time past, as well as for present light and assistance in all further enquiries after the truth.

Thus I have gone through the several requisites of sincerity, which the great Judge of all may require and demand at the hands of every one who rejects the gospel under pretence of its insufficient evidence. And I think upon the whole, it appears to be a very dangerous venture for those that renounce the religion of Christ, in our age and nation, to trust entirely to this pretence of sincerity in their enquiries; since I fear upon a strict examination, their pretences will be found very defective and insufficient.

Question V. But if God insist upon such severe terms in judging of our sincerity, then no christian can be saved any more than a deist or an unbeliever: For without sincerity in a true religion, you grant there is no salvation. But may not a deist be as sincere and upright as a christian, both in the searching out his religion, and in the practice of it? The great God who created us, knows the frailty of our natures, he sees the prejudices with which we are surrounded, and the weaknesses to which we are continually exposed, and if he will make allowances to christians in the practice of their religion, why may we not suppose his merciful nature will incline him to make the same compassionate allowances to sincere and honest infidels, while they are seeking after the right way to please him.

I answer, First. The light of evidence and the force of argument, wherewith the gospel is surrounded in the present age, seems to me to be so strong and convincing, that I cannot but say there is great reason to doubt, whether in the enlightened towns and cities of Great Britain, there can any man live and die an honest and sincere unbeliever, that is, whether any man who hath a mind sincerely ready to submit to evidence, and hath used his utmost diligence in searching out the truth, can always remain a professed infidel; this I have intimated before, and I shall give the reasons of this opinion more plainly under the next question. But I proceed now to a second answer: The christian who feels and mourns, thus over the weakness of human nature, the strength and bias of the passions, the powerful prejudices which stand round us, and the many frailties that attend and defile our best endeavours, has greatly the advantage of the infidel in this case. For the Bible, which we believe to be the word of God, is the book of his grace, and there he has promised favour to the upright, he has taught us what a door of mercy he has opened for repentance, under our returning frailties, and what compassionate allowances he will make for the transgressions and failings, and lamented weaknesses of those who are in the main, sincere and diligent in their service of God; and it is in these promises the christian finds hope: But the light of

nature and reason, which is the only hope and refuge of the deist, can never give solid rest and peace to his soul, under a sense of these frailties; for it cannot assure him that God will make any of these allowances, or that he will accept of any repentance.

The great and holy God, who sees all the vicious turnings of our spirits, whether we be deists or christians, and who beholds all the criminal inclinations, and false biasses which our minds have indulged, can discover all these in a glaring light to the eye of our souls, and lay us under the evident and heavy condemnation of our own consciences. Now when this is done, the deist being made deeply sensible of the defects and flaws of his own sincerity, throughout the course of his life, has nothing to plead or hope but unpromised and uncovenanted mercy: The christian sees and confesses himself guilty before God, repents and mourns over his wanderings, and flies to the promises of mercy and to the covenant of hope. *If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who can stand? But there is forgiveness with thee;* Psalm cxxx. 3, 4. *And the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin;* 1 John i. 7. But the deist has no such promise of favourable allowances, no hope in this atoning blood: He has renounced the sacred promises of grace, and refused the blood that was shed to make atonement.

Question VI. Are there not some deists, that have taken more pains in the search of true religion, than the greatest part of christians have ever done? Christians in our age, receive the religion of Christ from their education, they owe their christianity to their being born in Great Britain, in this age of the world, when the whole nation is christian: But the deists are the men of enquiry into the grounds and reasons of what they believe. If sincerity, in the practice of a true religion, which came to us by education, will save one from the wrath of God, and yet the same degree of sincerity in our enquiries after truth, will not save another, if he happen to mistake the true religion, and light upon a false one, then it is entirely owing to chance, or to pure divine favour, that a man happens to be saved: There is no worthiness nor honour belongs to the christian, that he is in the right way, nor has he any merit above the infidel. At least, may it not be justly so pronounced concerning those christians, who never searched into the grounds of their religion, but took it up entirely from their education?

Answer I. One might reply to this reasoning partly by way of concession, and say thus, if this objection were left in its full force so far as to ascribe the salvation of christians, to pure divine favour without merit, I do not see any evil consequence from it: For it is the design of God in his gospel, that man should not have the praise or merit of his own salvation ascribed to himself, but that *he that glories should glory in the Lord;* 1 Cor. i. 31. and that all the honour of our salvation and happiness should be attributed to God alone. We are all sinners in the sight of God: *There is none righteous, no, not one;* Rom. iii. 10. And if by the secret methods of his providence and special favour, he has trained up some persons in the knowledge and belief of the truth, without much enquiry or labour of their own in searching for it, and if he has by his own Spirit wrought powerfully in their hearts, and made this religion, in which they were educated, effectual to change their corrupt natures, to form their hearts and lives to holiness, and to fit them for the heavenly world, let his name and his grace be for ever adored. *Who is it has made us to differ? What have we,* even the best of us, *that we have not received?* 1 Cor. iv. 7. This is the language which the word of God teaches: For the time and place and family wherein we were born, all the outward and inward

helps we enjoy, all the advantages which we have above others, are owing entirely to rich and free mercy, and therefore God will not allow his people any room or ground for boasting.

It is evident to the world, and must be universally acknowledged, that the great God, the Maker and Lord of all, may appoint the birth and habitation of his creatures in what nation, in what household, on what spot of earth he pleases: And yet this very appointment will make a vast difference between some mortals and others in their advantages for knowledge and salvation. Now if this almighty and sovereign God in the course of his providence please to give me a birth in Great Britain, where the religion of Jesus is professed, and give birth to others in the wilds of America, where the true God is not known, what injustice is there in his conduct: If he train me up by the divine impressions of his grace, in the religion which I received from my christian fathers, to a fitness for the heavenly world, while the American savages are left almost as ignorant as the brutes, through their own universal neglect to improve their reasoning powers, *who shall say unto God, what dost thou?* Let my soul adore him with all humble thankfulness, and with ardent love for his distinguishing mercy, and leave the *Judge of all the earth* to account with the Americans: He will do them no wrong.

II. But, in the second place, I answer, however some deists may have been more laborious in their search after the true religion, than several christians have been, who have believed the gospel at first because their parents taught them so, yet I believe it will never be found that any deist, who has renounced the gospel, has arisen to those degrees of sincere piety, in his devotion toward God, and sincere love to his fellow-creatures, as these christians have arrived at. Doubtless, there are many believers in the name of Christ, who were never acquainted with any of the principles or objections of the deists, who never had any scruple in their thoughts about the truth of christianity, and never troubled themselves to search whether their religion were true or no: But the grace of God has made the belief of this religion in which they were born and educated, effectual to change their hearts, to sanctify their natures, to make them hate every sin, to draw out their love to God and their neighbour, to fill them with every virtue and every pious disposition, and to fit them for the sacred employment and the blessedness of heaven: And this is an inward, a solid, and rational testimony and evidence of the divine original of christianity, as I have proved at large in the several first discourses both of my first and second volumes of sermons, published some years ago. This inward experience of the sanctifying power of the gospel, especially where it rises to a high degree, is a just, and effectual, and constraining conviction to them, that the gospel of Christ is true. *He that believes has the witness in himself;* 1 John v. 10. These christians, even though of the meaner and lower rank of understanding, arrive at such divine virtues as the deist with all his pretences to reason and knowledge never arrived at. Thus the great God honours the sacred religion, that he has given to men with the produce of that sincere piety, in plain, humble, and unlearned christians, which is not to be found amongst infidels; hereby their faith is confirmed, and hereby they are fitted for the heavenly felicity.

III. But, to cut off all other pretences at once, I think we may dare to affirm, as I have intimated before, that if any disbeliever of the gospel of Christ in Great Britain, with his utmost labour of soul, with great watchfulness, humility, and fervent prayer,

seeks after the knowledge of the truth by all proper means, and at the same time practises with an exact and careful conscience, all the duties that he can find out by the light of reason, he will certainly be led into *the belief of the truth:* He will have such abundant evidence of the gospel of Christ given to him, as shall turn him from an infidel into a christian, and I give these reasons for it:

Reason I. God himself has promised in his word, that a diligent, humble, and faithful enquirer after true wisdom, that is, religion, and the knowledge of God, shall not be disappointed, but shall obtain his end. This is the evident purport and intent of several scriptures cited before; Prov. ii. 4. *If thou searchest for wisdom as for hidden treasures, and liftest up thy voice* to the Lord *for understanding, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord.* Eccles. ii. 26. *For he giveth to those that are good in his sight, wisdom, understanding, and knowledge.* Luke xi. 9, 13. *Seek and ye shall find, ask and it shall be given you.* John vii. 17. *If any man will do the will of God, then shall he know concerning the doctrine of Christ, whether it be of God or no.* James i. 5. *If any man want wisdom, let him ask it of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.* The blessed God who makes such promises as these, remembers them well, and will not fail to accomplish them to the sincere enquirer, and the humble petitioner.

Reason II. God has confirmed the religion of his Son Jesus, with the awful sanction of a most dreadful curse, *He that believeth not shall be damned;* Mark xvi. 16. Now an infinitely gracious God will not suffer a humble, zealous, and honest enquirer after himself, in the midst of gospel-light, to run into such pernicious errors as to incur an eternal curse. His mercy therefore will certainly irradiate humble and sincere souls with a heavenly sun-beam, and effectually secure them from final unbelief and damnation. It is God himself has wrought in them this honesty of heart, this sincere zeal of enquiry, and he will fulfil the work of his own hands and lead them into truth and peace.

Reason III. The light of nature which the deist professes to take for his guide, if duly followed, will certainly lead him to believe the gospel: For it will powerfully incline a honest mind to believe, that a religion which is so worthy of all the perfections of God, and so suited to all the necessities of man, a religion so divinely attested by prophecies before, and by miracles afterward, and surrounded with other powerful arguments, must needs come from God; since the light of nature assures him, that the God of truth will never suffer such heavenly seals to be set to a falsehood or an imposture: For if it be an imposture it comes from hell, and God would never let it bear the manifest signatures of heaven. Upon this view of things, it appears to me pretty clear and conclusive, that a deist in Great Britain who is really sincere, and persevering in his enquiries after the truth, will sooner or later become a christian, and that the mercy of God will never suffer him to live and die an infidel.

Question VII. "Do all unbelievers in all ages, fall under that sentence of damnation?" If we had lived in Judea in the days of Christ, and had seen the miracles with our eyes which Christ is said to have wrought, we might have perhaps found evidence enough in them to have believed the gospel: Surely that dreadful curse which you speak of, can be pronounced only against those who resisted their eye-sight, and would not believe it: But the case is quite altered at this distance of time and place, when we have only an

account of these wonders delivered down to us in books which were said to be done almost seventeen hundred years ago.*

To this I answer, it must be granted, that as several of the miracles of Christ were performed in the sight of multitudes, so those persons who had the happiness to be eye and ear-witnesses of them, in that one respect, have some advantage for faith beyond those who live in distant ages: But if we should enter into a detail of this enquiry, it may be we should find that the men of letters in this nation, and in our day, are favoured with more advantages for faith, and several other springs of evidence which compensate the loss of that one: And upon the whole survey and just balance of things, comparing their times with ours, perhaps it would appear, that we in this age have equal or superior reasons for the belief of the gospel, beyond what most of them enjoyed, who lived in the time of Christ or his apostles. To this end let us attend to the following considerations:

Consideration I. Though there were several persons blessed with the actual sight of many of these miraculous works, yet there were also multitudes who lived in the age of miracles, who perhaps never had opportunity to be actual eye-witnesses of one single miracle wrought by Christ or his apostles. *Herod had long desired it*, and yet it was not granted him; *Luke* ix. 9. Many there were who asked our Saviour to *shew them a sign from heaven*, but he did not think proper to gratify their humour, nor was it fit that signs and wonders should be made too common: Sometimes he reproves their curiosity, and calls them *a wicked and adulterous generation*, probably because he knew their obstinate and cavilling temper, that they derided his preaching, and did not give due credit to the many undeniable reports that were made concerning his miracles, and therefore he would shew them no new ones. Observe further, that as there were many in the days of Christ, who never beheld one of his miracles actually wrought, so it is most probable there were multitudes who never saw above one or two of them: There were but comparatively few of the same persons, who happened to be often actually present, and were eye-witnesses of very many of these different wonders; for though they *were not done in a corner*, yet they were wrought in distant towns and villages, where not a quarter of the same persons could be present. As for their knowledge of the rest of these miracles, which their own eyes saw not, it must be conveyed to them by the report and testimony of others: And perhaps these reports might not be always so just, so exact, so authentic, as the narratives which we enjoy, because these were committed to writing by the apostles themselves who saw them.

It is probable also that few of those persons who lived in the days of our Saviour, had ever so large, so particular, and so complete an accomt, as we have of all the various miracles which are transmitted down to us in the histories of the gospel. If then many of them never saw one miracle, if those who saw one or two must come at the knowledge of the rest of the miracles of Christ the same way that we do, that is, by report, and if we have a much larger and more complete account of them, than most of the Jews were favoured with, and that by as sure and credible a report, that is, by the writing of eye-witnesses, I would humbly enquire whether this may not compensate, if not overbalance their advantage who lived in that age, even though they saw a miracle

* See an undeniable and convincing proof of the "Reasonableness of believing the History of the Gospel," though written so long ago, and the "Unreasonableness of Infidelity," in an excellent sermon lately published by Doctor William Harris.

or two with their own eyes. Surely all that collection of the miraculous works of Christ, and the gifts of the blessed Spirit to the apostles, whereby wonders were wrought in several nations for many successive years, which is conveyed down to us by early and authentic records, which are not charged with forgery, and which are the surest preservers of ancient facts, may at this distance of time, lay as strong a foundation for our faith, and give us as just an evidence to the gospel of Christ, as the two or three miracles, or perhaps some single one, which was the most that might be seen by a great part of their cotemporaries.

The same spirit of cavil and unbelief, which reigns now in the hearts of men, and makes so warm an opposition to the light which attends the gospel in our day, would, in all probability, have vented itself even under the very blaze and splendour of these divine operations. They could have found some philosophical contrivance for the solution of the heavenly wonder; they could find reasons to doubt of some of the circumstances of the fact; they could suspect that the blind or deaf, or dead person did not pass under sufficient scrutiny before he was healed or raised, that they might be assured he was really deaf, blind, or dead. And thus a miracle or two would not have convinced their own eye-sight. In short, it is too evidently true, in every age, what our blessed Saviour says in his age, that they *who will not hear Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rose from the dead;* Luke xvi. 31. But it is time to proceed to the second consideration, to shew that the men of enquiry in our day, have probably as strong an evidence of the truth of the gospel, as they might have had if they had lived in the days of Christ.

Consideration II. Let it be observed, that there were some predictions of the ancient prophets relating to the gospel, which have been fulfilled since our Saviour went to heaven: Particularly the unbelief of the Jews, and their being rejected out of God's favour, and the multitudes of gentiles flocking in to Christ. There have been some prophecies spoken by our Saviour himself which have been since accomplished in the destruction of Jerusalem, and the calling of the gentile church, the persecution of the apostles, the crucifixion of St. Peter, &c. There have been also other predictions of the apostles and apostolic men fulfilled since that time, *viz.* the nature, the principles, and the rise of anti-christ, which was foretold both by St. Paul and St. John, the binding of St. Paul at Jerusalem, the universal dearth in the days of Claudius Cæsar, both predicted by Agabus, &c. All which joined together, give an additional strength to the evidence of christianity in our day.

Consideration III. Reflect also on the amazing success of the gospel among the nations: How it gained surprizing victories over great men and philosophers, how it made its way through armies and palaces, how it triumphed over the opposition of enemies, the laws of princes, the torments and terrors of sword and fire, the utmost rage of men, and the spite of devils, over the craft of the heathen priests, the madness and superstition of the people; and all this without the force of arms, without the powers of human learning and rhetoric, without the baits and allurements of this life, and without any of those aids which are wont to be thought necessary among men, for the propagation of a new religion. Surely this prodigious success and victory of the gospel, can be imputed rationally to nothing else but the finger of God; and it diffuses a new brightness and evidence around the religion of Jesus beyond what those who lived in the days of Christ could see or know.

Consideration IV. Let it be remembered too, that this religion has now stood the test of the most severe and critical enquiries of its adversaries: It has been searched and tried by the men of learning and wit and reason in the several nations of the earth, for almost seventeen hundred years; and certainly a religion which has been brought to the test so often, and passed through sueh strict inquisitions, and yet still maintains its ground, and that not only among the lower part of mankind, but among men of unbiassed minds, freedom of thought, and equal sense and reason to the best of its enemies; such a religion, I say, may justly be supposed to have aequired some further strength of evidence hereby.

Consideration V. To all the other eonsiderations this may be added, that perhaps the internal and innate evidenees of the truth of the gospel, were never set in so powerful and convineing a light as in the present age: I mean such as arise from the exeellency of its doctrines and preeepts, rules and motives, from its perfeet eonformity to all the prineiples of natural religion, and from its supplying all the defeets thereof, from its happy eorrespondenee with all the perfections of God, and its all-suffieient relief of the wants and miseries of fallen man, from its manifest tendency to the honour of God, and the well-being of man both here and hereafter, above all the religions that ever were known, believed, or professed through all ages of the world. I ean hardly suppose that this sort of evidenee for christianity was ever displayed in any former age, in so large and full, so regular and harmonious a manner, as has been done by some of the ingenious ehristian writers of this age. And, in my opinion, this evidence may be accounted equal to the mere eye-sight of one or two lesser miracles, at least in the esteem of the men of elegant thought and refined reason, sueh as our modern unbelievers would fain appear.

Upon the whole, though it be granted, that the evidence of the gospel of Christ as it stands in our day, doth not arise quite so high, nor give quite so strong a foundation for our faith, as it did for the faith of the apostles, who saw most of his mighty works, and conversed with him, and of some of the Jews who had the best advantages in the days of Christ; yet I can hardly think its present evidenee to be inferior to what the generality of the Jews and gentiles enjoyed in primitive times.

But suppose I should not have exaetly adjusted those proportions of light and evidence, between former and later days, yet we must affirm this to the honour of ehristianity and the gospel, and we may do it with justice and truth, that wheresoever it is published with all its proper testimonials around it, it earries with it even in our day, a very sufficient evidence to every studious and faithful enquirer. For if it were possible for a humble and sineere soul, under all these advantages, not to see sufficient reason to believe the gospel, this would be a heavy impeachment of the evidenee and honour of christianity, and consequently of the eare of Christ, for the propagation and support of his ehureh; it would look as though he had not provided his own doctrine with sufficient proofs and arguments to enlighten and persuade a honest mind to embraee it; it would be an imputation upon the general goodness of God, as though he had appointed a religion, to continue through all ages to the end of the world, and yet had not furnished it with light and demonstration suffieient to convey it through the several suecessions of time.

I think therefore it may be maintained, that the dreadful curse whieh is so often repeated by the historians of the life of Christ, and whieh our Saviour prononnees,

when he was just leaving the world, upon those who should not believe his gospel, where it is published with proper evidence, is not confined merely to the days of miracles, but that it is a part of the great gospel-commission which he gave to his apostles, and which stands good so long as Christ promised to be with his ministers and followers, that is, *to the end of the world;* Matt. xxviii. 20. Mark xvi. 16. And the guilt of rejecting it must always, in the nature of things, bear a proportion to the light and evidence with which it is recommended, whether in the primitive or the modern ages. For as all that rejected the doctrine of Christ in the primitive times, did not lie under equal guilt, because they had not equal evidence, so there may be great variety, in the degrees of the guilt of those who reject the gospel in the present age, according to their various advantages of understanding and means of knowledge. But I fear those who renounce and deride the highest evidence of the gospel in this present day, have a dreadful account to give at last, nor do I know how they will screen themselves from the heavy and eternal weight of that solemn curse.

The great God is wise and righteous, and full of mercy, and he would never have pronounced such a painful and terrible sentence, as damnation upon unbelievers in so many parts of his word, if he had not well known that no man can utterly reject christianity, attended with its proper evidence, but he must indulge some criminal and perverse turn and temper of mind, he must be influenced by some very culpable prejudices, and such obstinacy as deserves death and vengeance.* Christ himself not only intimates this often, but plainly expresses it in that solemn denunciation from God; John iii. 18, 19. *He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation,* that is, this is the heinous guilt that deserves condemnation, *that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.* That God *who searcheth the hearts* of men, imputes it to a secret love to vice, that men are unwilling to be convinced of a religion, that reproves and forbids the practice of it. I would hope this is not always the case, but it is very plain that it is often so. However, it is a bold and dangerous thing for a creature to venture to expose himself to the curse of God, by renouncing the faith and religion of Jesus, his beloved Son, which is supported by such shining evidence, and guarded with so solemn and formidable a sanction.

But after all, if there can be found any such persons, that will still make pretences to a sincere enquiry after truth, and solemnly declare that they have been upright, honest, humble, and diligent, according to the descriptions of sincerity before given, and yet that they cannot believe the christian religion, because they have not been able to find sufficient evidence or conviction of the truth of it, we must leave them to that God, who is *the* only *searcher of hearts,* and who will make it appear that he is a righteous Judge, and not unmerciful to those who have any reasonable pretences to mercy.

But let them see to it, that their cause is good, and that their own hearts do not deceive them, in their pretences to sincere enquiry. *The heart is deceitful above all*

* Damnation is threatened to those who believe not the gospel; *Mark* xvi. 16. nor am I allowed to soften the threatening which the gospel has pronounced: It seems to me to be a very great reproach, which men cast upon Christ, to suppose that he should set forth a religion, to be received on pain of damnation, and yet that a sincere man may see no reason to believe it. I think every man should be cautious how he talks of sincerity against plain scripture, which he has opportunity to know and consider. Mr. J. B.

things, and desperately wicked, who can know it? Jer. xvii. 9. If the great God and Judge of all at last, shall make it appear to their consciences with dreadful evidence, that they have failed in their pretences, and been wofully insincere in their searches after truth, all their hope is lost and cut off for ever, for they have refused the gospel and promises of grace, *they have counted the blood of the Son of God an unholy thing*, and renounced the only atonement for sin.

Question VIII. But why must only one religion be the true? Why may there not be many true religions? May not the blessed God be well pleased with that great variety of worship and honours which are paid him by his creatures in this lower world, even as a master of a family, or prince is well pleased with variety of services paid him by his officers, subjects, and servants, in their different stations in the family or kingdom: Thus while every one endeavours to serve and please God his Creator, will he not accept them, though they practise religion in very different forms, and worship him even with contrary rites and ceremonies? Why may he not be best pleased with praise and homage offered by his intelligent creatures, in a vast variety of strains and modes, since he has made the irrational creation, on purpose to be honoured by their varieties of voice and action.

Answer I. Let us consider what are the greatest part of these different forms of worship and religion, which men practise, and we shall find very few of them are such as can lay any tolerable claim to God's favour. In all the four quarters of the world, except Europe, the bulk of mankind are heathens. All the large nations of Africa, except the north-east and the northern coasts, most of the northern and eastern parts of Asia, so far as we know, together with the natives of all America, worship idols, and not the one true God. They adore either the sun or moon, or the souls of their heroes and ancestors, or devils, or some fabulous deities, or strange images of the invention of their priests, or the appointment of their kings: And even the northern shores of Europe, where the Laplanders dwell, are filled with the same idolatry. Now can you think it becoming the great and blessed God, to accept that worship, where he himself is not the object of it? Will the jealous and dreadful God, who *will not give his name to another, nor his glory to graven images;* Isaiah xlii. 8. will he be pleased with abominable idolatries, and the worship of false gods: These religions are contrary to the very light of nature; for a moderate exercise of their reason, would shew them the one eternal God, *who made heaven, and earth, and all things, he is not far from every one of them*, yet they will not *seek and feel after him;* Acts xvii. 24, 27. but go on thoughtless in the way of their education, and persist in stupid and brutal ignorance: Surely that God, who hath made idolaters smart terribly under the rod of his jealousy and indignation in former nations and ages, *will be revealed in flaming fire, and take vengeance on them, who will not know him;* 2 Thess. i. 7, 8. *He will pour out his wrath on the heathens that know him not, and the families that call not upon his name;* Jer. x. 25.

I am well aware that those persons who plead for these idolaters, will excuse them by supposing they worship the true God, under various names, and in several shapes or forms, signifying his various attributes or powers, or the several benefits we receive from him.

But I reply, that this is not true in fact, concerning the greatest part of mankind: For howsoever some few of their wisest men might have this opinion, yet the bulk of

the heathen world always did, and do to this day worship the various idols themselves as so many gods, and disown the one true God. Ask the old Greek and Roman writers, ask the travellers of modern ages, they will agree to tell you, that the people generally worship and believe this variety of gods.

Perhaps, it will be said, that none of them could be so sottish, as to adore the very images of gold or silver, wood or stone, as their gods, but they adored some divine power, which they supposed to inhabit those images, after their fancied consecration of them. But the prophet Isaiah will answer, that the *smith and the carpenter* exert their labour and skill, they make *the figure of a man*, out of a mass of metal, or the *trunk of a tree, they fall down to it, and worship it, they pray to it, and say, deliver me, for thou art my god. They have not known nor understood* better, so brutish are they and ignorant; *Isaiah* xli. 6, 7. xliv. 17, 19. I add yet further, that others of them who were not so grossly stupid, as to worship the very metal, the wood or stone, yet, they paid adoration to Bacchus and Mars, to Juno and Venus, to fabulous deities or mere names, or to devils, whom they supposed to dwell in these images; but the only true God was far from their thoughts: And is this a religion worthy of the Majesty of heaven, or fit for him to accept at the hands of creatures whom he has endued with reason?

And as for those few among them, who have acknowledged the one true God, even their wise men and philosophers, they complied with national idolatries, *they held the truth in unrighteousness*, that is, they unrighteously restrained the truth, which was in their consciences, or concealed it amidst all their unrighteousness of practice. They acted contrary to the light and dictates of their own consciences, and yielded themselves servants to the vile and idolatrous customs of their country, in many of their ridiculous and impious rites and ceremonies; They *changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the images of birds, beasts*, and fishes, and worshipped creatures even while they knew the Creator. And can these men have any claim to the favour of God, who would not dare to bear a testimony to his name and glory, among idolaters? These men, who *when they knew God, they glorified him not as God*, but turned his glory into a lie; *Rom.* i. 21, 23. As for the nations who own the one true God, which are chiefly the Jews and the mahometans, the various ceremonies with which they now worship him, cannot be supposed to be agreeable to his majesty, or to render the worshippers the objects of his delight; let us consider them distinctly.

The nation of the Jews has had the gospel of Christ preached to them, but they have *put* the mercy of God *far from them*, and abandoned his salvation; *Acts* xiii. 46. Their forms of worship, though they were once appointed by God himself, yet their term and season is expired, and they are now divinely abolished. Besides, they practise to this day what their fathers were guilty of in the days of Christ, viz. *They make void the commandments of God, by* the multitude of *their own traditions;* Matt. xv. 3. and superstitious rites which they have invented. God has directly cast them off, and rejected them, because they rejected his Son Jesus; they were once his beloved people, but now are *not his people, nor beloved*, for they persist in their hatred of the beloved Son of God, and most of them have conceived the utmost aversion to the name of Jesus.

The mahometans own the true God, and practise many duties of morality: But how ridiculous and irrational is a great part of their religion or worship? What a silly book

is the "Alcoran," which is their bible? God requires a reasonable service; *Rom.* xii. 1. But how many absurd fooleries are mingled with their articles of faith and practice? Where shall we find any national religion besides the christian, that hath the countenance and support of reason? With what wild and impudent fables do the writings of Mahomet, and the tales of his followers, furnish and fill the minds of the Turks and Persians, in Europe and Asia, and the Moors and barbarians in Africa? And what numberless tenets and rites are found in their religion, which have no manner of evidence or defence, from the light of nature or common reason? After all, if there are any persons found among all these nations, that have been, or shall be accepted of God, it is not their various ceremonies, or superstitious fopperies, that are the objects of his delight. These are rather so many errors and faults in their religion, and stand in need of forgiveness. The only just ground of hope, that any of them can have of divine acceptance, arises not from their own ceremonies, but from their observance of some precepts of the light of nature, some broken traditions of divine revelation, some fragments of the gospel, and pardoning grace, delivered down from Noah, Abraham, or Moses, or derived from their acquaintance with the revealed religion of the Jews or christians, as I shall shew under the next question.

Answer II. If God had a mind to accept the various religions which men have invented, and would delight himself in their divers fantastic forms of worship, why did he ever reveal to men any peculiar religion at all? Why did he appoint sacrifices to Adam? Why further discoveries to Noah? Why circumcision to Abraham? Why a variety of rites to the Jews under Moses? And why did he manifest himself in the last place, by Jesus Christ his Son, and appoint a religion that surpasses them all, to be preached to all nations? I take these several revelations now for granted, since it would be too long to prove them here.

Now since he hath revealed peculiar ways of pleasing and honouring him, and obtaining his favour, and that to various ages and nations, it is evident, that he did not design to give a loose to the wild fancies of mankind, to contrive a religion, each for himself, and to resolve to be pleased with any superstitions which they should invent. If the servants of a family, or the subjects or officers of a kingdom, had special forms of service and duty assigned them, in order to please their superior, surely no prince, nor master, could be pleased with their humorous and fantastic pretences to please or gratify him in another way, under the neglect of his own appointments.

However, this is sufficient for us, that since we, in Great Britain, have a divine revelation so well attested, we are not left to our own fancy, to invent a worship for ourselves: Nor will the great God ever be pleased with those, who reject his divine contrivances, and counsels in the gospel, and pretend to find new ways of their own to obtain his favour. The very pretence is too assuming and presumptuous, for a creature ever to hope for acceptance by it, in the sight of God his Creator.

Question IX. But have not heathens and infidels been saved as well as Jews and christians? Did not Job and his four friends in Arabia, Melchisedec, king of Salem, and Jethro, the priest of Midian, and Cornelius, a heathen soldier, a centurion in Cesarea, all find acceptance with God, though they were gentiles or heathens, and worshipped him in a different way from Abraham and Moses, and the nation of the Jews? Did not God sufficiently shew his approbation of them and their religion, though some of them lived near enough to the families of Abraham and Israel, and might have

acquainted themselves with their instituted ways of worship? And doth not Peter's speech to Cornelius confirm this? Read the story; *Acts* x. 1, 2, 3, 31, 34, 35. *There was a certain man in Cesarea, called Cornelius, a centurion of the band, called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God, with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway. He saw in a vision, evidently, about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thy alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God. Then Peter* being sent for, *opened his mouth, and said, of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.* Why then may not a philosopher in China, a heathen in America, or a deist in Britain, if he follows the dictates of the light of nature, worshipping the true God, and practising the common duties of morality, find acceptance with God?

Answer. The last part of this question has, I think, a sufficient answer given to it under the former questions, when I proved that the mere light of nature is not sufficient to secure salvation to sinful and fallen man. What further force is added to this objection by the instances of Job, Jethro, Melchisedec, Cornelius, &c. I shall endeavour to answer in the following propositions, and herein declare my sentiments with freedom, "How far any of the heathens may hope for salvation, and how little hope there is for a modern deist enjoying the full light of christianity."

Proposition I. Since mankind have broken the laws of their Maker, and are become sinful creatures, and guilty before God, they have cut themselves off from all hope of obtaining his favour and final happiness, by the law of innocency. *There is none righteous, no not one:* They are all fallen short of glory and immortality: Their own consciences, upon a just enquiry, must lay them under condemnation, *every mouth is stopped, and all the world is become guilty before God;* Rom. iii. 19.

II. The light of nature, which informed innocent man, that he must obey God in all things, may reach so far, as to inform sinful man, that he must repent of his trangressions, that he must endeavour after new obedience, with a persevering constancy; and it may direct him to apply himself, to seek forgiveness and acceptance with God, by humble and fervent prayer: But this light of nature cannot teach him to make atonement for sin, nor could ever assure any man, that his repentance shall be accepted so far as to obtain forgiveness. * The utmost stretch of the light of nature, is well described in the practice and hope of the Ninevites, in the book of Jonah, chapter iii. verses 8, 9. *Let man neither eat nor drink, but be covered with sackcloth;* that is, let him abstain from his usual refreshments and pleasures, *and cry mightily unto God: yea, let them turn every one from his evil way: Who can tell, if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?* The hope of the light of nature, even in a repenting sinner, can reach no further than, a *who can tell,* whether God will accept it?

III. Since the light of nature and reason could not inform a guilty creature what is necessary and sufficient to atone for sin, or appease the just anger and resentment of God against it, nor assure him, that an offended God would ever be reconciled to him, notwithstanding his repentance, it pleased God in his infinite

* See the "Insufficiency of Natural Religion," proved at large, in Mr. Thomas Halyburton's excellent treatise on the subject, in quarto, and Mr. Nathanael Taylor's "Preservative against Deism," first and second part, octavo.

mercy, to make a revelation or discovery of pardoning grace to our first parents, in and by some glorious Mediator or Saviour, and to tell them that this Saviour should be *born of* the *woman*, *that he should destroy the works of the devil*, and relieve mankind from the curse and misery, in which the temptation of Satan, and their own guilt had involved them. This is the sense of the first promise, as it has been abundantly explained and proved by many writers, * wherein God foretold *that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent*, and that the serpent *should bruise his heel;* Gen. iii. 15. Upon this foot, sacrifices of beasts were instituted, to preserve those two notions in the memory of man, *viz.* that sin deserved death, and that God would provide a sufficient sacrifice in his own time, to expiate sin.

It is very probable, that God did not leave our first parents, without some clearer explication of this first promise, some plainer notices of his intended grace, and of this future Saviour. It is likely, that he acquainted them with the reason and nature, and design of bloody sacrifices, and taught them more particularly, in what manner to address him for mercy, and how to please him in other necessary parts of worship and duty: for we cannot suppose, that God left mankind for almost two thousand years, to live upon the mere words of *Gen.* iii. 15. nor can we reasonably believe that Moses, in so very short an abstract of the affairs of mankind before the flood, relates all the transactions that passed between God and man, nor all the revelations that God made to them of his grace, and the way of salvation by a Mediator.

IV. All the persons of the successive generations, which arose between Adam and Noah, might have learned the necessary lessons of duty and grace, from Adam and Eve, and from those of their posterity, who conversed with them; and this is very easy to be supposed, by reason of the length of life, with which mankind were favoured in that early age of the world.

V. As Noah had received, by tradition from Adam, these divine lessons, so doubtless, he had them as it were confirmed and renewed to him, by his frequent converses with God; wherein he received some further assurances of divine mercy, and further instructions in particular duties and privileges, *viz.* He was indulged to eat flesh, and to kill the beasts of the earth for his food: He had undoubted discoveries of what creatures were fit for food and sacrifice, by the clean beasts coming by sevens, and the unclean beasts by pairs, to be saved from the flood, if he did not know this before. Yet further, he received a command to eat no blood, and an order that the murderer of man should be put to death: And besides all this, he had God's covenant sealed to him and his posterity by the rainbow.

VI. Noah being the second great patriarch, or father of all mankind, it is evident that the covenant of grace, or God's dispensation of mercy to sinful man, was revealed to all mankind the second time in and by him: For Noah was the progenitor of all men after the flood; and as he was *a preacher of righteousness*, doubtless he diffused this useful and important knowledge to his sons, and committed it to their care, to be conveyed to his posterity. Note, I shall call this the patriarchal religion, to distinguish it from the Abrahamic, the jewish and christian.

* See Doctor William Harris's "Sermons on the Messiah," and his explication of this text; *Gen.* iii. 15. and Doctor Sherlock, now bishop of London, in his Discourses of the "Use and Intent of Prophecy." Discourse the third.

VII. Since the days of Noah, there has been no new or further revelation of the mercy of God, and the duty of men, made universally to all mankind.

The revelation of further duties, which was made to Abraham, belonged only to his posterity, and did not oblige the rest of the nations to circumcision, &c. The further requirements of various duties and ceremonies, that were given to the Israelites by Moses, obliged only that one nation to the observance of them: Though it must be acknowledged, the other nations who had any communication with the family of Abraham, and the nation of the Jews, had rich advantages for the knowledge, preservation, and practice of the religion of Noah, by their communication with the posterity of Abraham and Israel. The gospel of Christ, indeed, which was revealed near seventeen hundred years ago, requires the faith and obedience of all, to whom it is made known with clear evidence, whether Jews or gentiles; but I question whether it has been yet thus published to more than one half of mankind. So that this truth still abides firm, that the religion of Noah, was the last revelation made to the whole world.

VIII. From these considerations, it will follow, that whosoever among men, between the days of Adam and Noah, believed and practised the religion of Adam, if they had no further revelation given them, were accepted of God: and whosoever between the days of Noah and this day, have practised the religion of Noah, if they have had no further revelation brought to them, have a plain and evident interest in the favour of God, and the blessings of salvation, according to the promises made to Adam and Noah, and the religion which was severally prescribed to them. Now here come in the hopes of grace and salvation for Job and his four friends in Arabia, for Melchisedec, in the land of Canaan, for Jethro a priest or prince in Midian, for Cornelius a Roman soldier in Cesarea, and perhaps for several persons of other nations who have been accepted of God, though they were not of the seed of Abraham, of the nation of Israel, nor ever heard of the gospel of Christ: The religion prescribed to Noah, as the second father of all mankind, is certainly sufficient for their pardon, and acceptance with God, supposing it to be the only religion which was ever prescribed to them.

Here I ask leave to tarry a little, and answer two or three objections, before I proceed to the ninth proposition.

Objection I. Does not St. Peter tell the elders of Israel, when he had preached Christ to them; *Acts* iv. 12. That *there is not salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given amongst men, whereby we must be saved?* And thence, some persons may infer, that the actual knowledge of the name of Christ, and faith in him, since his religion was instituted, are absolutely necessary for the salvation of all men. To this I answer,

First, that the apostle in this place, does not assert the actual knowledge of Christ, to be necessary to all men, but only, that there is but one Saviour provided for all men under heaven, and that is Jesus Christ. Now as the patriarchs and the ancient Jews, were saved by *Jesus of Nazareth*, and by virtue of his atonement, without knowing his name, and before he came into the world, so might those gentiles, if they maintained the substance of the patriarchal religion, be saved by the atonement of Christ, without the actual knowledge of his name. But I answer in the second place, that if the gentiles might be saved, by observing the patriarchal religion before the coming of Christ, they might also be saved by the same religion, where the name of

Christ was never preached: for the coming, or not coming of Christ, can make no difference in the religion of those nations which never heard of it.

Objection II. But we do not read that Melchisedec or Cornelius, offered sacrifices as Noah did, or kept close in all the parts of faith and practice to the religion of Noah.

Answer I. We read that Job and Jethro offered sacrifices; *Job* i. 5. *Exod.* xviii. 12. And it is very probable that Melchisedec did so too; for though he was a priest of intercession, and prayed for Abraham, and blessed him, yet this does not at all forbid our belief of his receiving, and preserving the institution of sacrifices from his ancestor Noah: whether Cornelius offered sacrifices or no, the scripture is silent.

And as for the other parts of Noah's faith and practice, as they were derived partly from reason, and partly from revelation, though they were lost among several nations in a few ages, yet it is very probable that they were conveyed down through several ages in some other nations, and especially among those, who had any commerce with the Jews: For the chief thing, which the Jews themselves required of their proselytes of the gate, in order to their share of happiness in the world to come, was their conformity to the precepts of Noah. Those who practised them, were called the *devout* or *religious persons*, and the men *that feared God* in Acts xiii. 16, 43. and Acts xvii. 4, 17. among whom the apostles obtained the largest harvest of gentile converts in their first preaching the gospel. And probably, these are the same precepts in the main, which were enjoined by the apostles, in the xv. of *Acts*, to the converted gentiles, excepting only that sacrifices were omitted, since the great sacrifice of Christ was offered. Thus it is evident that Noah's religion was in the main, kept alive in some of the gentile nations, especially by such persons among them, as had most conversation with the Jews before their dispersions; and after their great dispersion, by many captivities; there were several other persons among the gentiles, who by this means got acquaintance with the true God, and the religion of the proselytes of the gate, which was the religion of Noah.

The expression of St. Peter concerning Cornelius; *Acts* x. 34. is very easily explained by this view of things; *Of a truth, I perceive God is no respecter of persons*, that is, I who was once involved in the common prejudices of my countrymen, and thought the Jews only were to be favoured with the blessings of the Messiah's kingdom, I am now convinced, that God does not respect men of one nation, more than another, *but in every nation*, whether Jew or gentile, *he that fears God, and works righteousness*, that is, he who practises the duties of that religion which is prescribed to him, *is accepted of* God. St. Peter does not say, a man may be accepted in every religion, but only in every nation; for Cornelius was probably a believer and practiser of the patriarchal religion, and was in a saved state, and reconciled to God, though he did not know the peculiar means which procured that reconciliation.

You will say then, why was St. Peter sent to *speak words to him whereby he should be saved?* The plain meaning is, that Peter was sent to teach him those particular transactions of divine grace, and the doctrine of the death and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, whereby God saves sinners; that by this means he might have clearer discoveries of his own acceptance, and be assisted in the ways of holiness, with incomparably more advantage and comfort, than ever he could have attained by following his imperfect notices of the patriarchal religion, and the precepts of Noah. As for the sacrifices and absti-

nence from blood, and things strangled, which were parts of Noah's religion, it is not certain, how far Cornelius knew, or complied with them; I therefore proceed to a second answer to the objection:

II. If through length of time, and the wide dispersion of some nations, and the negligence of their fathers, many of them lost some parts of the religion of their ancestor Noah, yet several of them might retain the most substantial and necessary articles of it. If they practised sincere love to God, and trust in his mercy, through some expected, but unknown methods of reconciliation, together with sincere repentance for their sins, and diligence in their endeavours after holiness, we have reason to hope, that a gracious and condescending God would accept of their hearty desires and endeavours to please him, while they believed and practised according to the utmost degrees of the discovery of grace and duty, that ever were conveyed down to them. It is God alone who is their Ruler and Judge: He knows how much doctrine and duty is necessary, for the salvation of every man, under the particular dispensations and advantages he enjoys: His mercy will make favourable allowances, for what parts of the patriarchal religion they never learned, because their fathers had lost or neglected, or forgot them: And he knows how far to make allowances of forgiveness also, for what tolerable follies and lesser superstitions, they or their fathers have added, if it has risen from an inward sincere and mistaken desire to please him. But God alone is a sufficient judge in this case, and we must leave them to his judgment.

Objection III. But in the New Testament the scripture does not seem to speak of the heathens, as having any knowledge of divine revelation, or as practising the religion revealed to Adam, or Noah, or Abraham, but as left to the light of nature, to *the law written in their hearts*, and to their own consciences, *accusing or excusing them*; Rom. ii. 15.

Answer. It is so indeed with the bulk of the heathen world, for most of them seemed by that time, when the New Testament was written, to have forgotten the religion of Noah: But then, consider what a wretched state or condition it is, in which the scripture represents the bulk of the gentile nations, because by their own and their forefathers' negligence, they had lost all the revelations of grace. They are *filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, full of envy, murder, malice, haters of God, without natural affection, covenant-breakers, implacable, unmerciful;* Rom. i. 29—31. *Given up to work uncleanness with greediness;* Eph. iv. 19. *Strangers to all the covenants of promise, without hope, and without God in the world;* chapter ii. 12. And if amongst this wretched herd of sinners, there should happen to be here and there one in a thousand, that humbly followed every glimmering track of divine light in his own conscience, and earnestly entreated the favour of God, I shall account for such a man's hopes in the tenth proposition.

IX. As for those families or nations, to whom God has made any new and further revelations of his mind and will, beyond the religion of Noah, and enjoined other duties upon them, they can have no hope of acceptance with God, unless they comply with these new revelations, and perform the duties enjoined. Let us consider them particularly: If the seed of Abraham, who received an evident and authentic account of Abraham's religion, utterly refuse circumcision, or renounced their faith in the seed of Abraham as a Saviour, they must account for it, to God their Judge, nor do I see how they can claim his favour. If the Jews, before the coming of their Messiah,

renounced the law of Moses, and rebelled against the discoveries of grace and duty, that were made to their nation, I see but little grounds for their hope. If the Jews or gentiles, who have ever heard the preaching of the gospel of Christ, in its clear light and evidence, renounce this gospel and this Saviour, and rebel against this grace, I cannot find any claim, that they can have to the forgiveness of sins, or to their acceptance with God and eternal life.

X. Where there is an entire and invincible ignorance of all God's appointed methods of grace, both patriarchal, jewish and christian, if there should be any person humbly asking forgiveness of God, and diligent in following every dictate of his own conscience, and longing after some further discoveries of divine grace and his own duty, I will not deny but that God may condescend to save him, through the extensive merits of the Mediator, by sovereign and unpromised mercy; though he cannot claim the pardon of his sins or acceptance with God, because he has no revelation of grace made to him. Or if God see it necessary to acquaint him, with any explicit methods of his grace, in order to his salvation, I am persuaded, wheresoever he finds such a sincere soul, he will inwardly illuminate him, by his own spirit of revelation, or will send an angel or an apostle to him, as he did to Cornelius, to *speak words to him, whereby he shall be saved;* Acts xi. 14. And I have given this as one reason of it before, *viz.* because, if there can be found any such humble sincere seeker after God, it is God himself has wrought this religious temper in the heart, and he will not forsake the work of his own hands.

XI. But the modern deists, who are obstinate in their infidelity, and the apostates in our age and nation, who have renounced their faith, can take no manner of sanctuary under the examples of these men, Job, Jethro, Melchisedec, and Cornelius; nor can they borrow a grain of ease to their consciences, nor one glimpse of hope from all the concessions I have made in favour of the heathen nations: for they have much clearer light manifested to them, than any of the persons I have been speaking of, either in ancient or modern times, and some of them at least, seek to wink against the sun-beams, content to dwell in darkness, and fond of heathenism. I would ask any of our English infidels this plain question, Whether Cornelius himself could have claimed or expected acceptance with God and salvation, if he had refused to believe, and obey the doctrines and duties of the new religion, which God revealed to him, by the means of an angel and an apostle? And if they themselves abuse so glorious a light, as shines among them in Great Britain, not only Job and Melchisedec, and Cornelius, but even the poor Muscovites and Laplanders, and all the blindest part of the heathen world, will rise up against them in the great day; even Sodom and Gomorrah, the negroes and hottentots of Africa, and the wild American savages, will stand in judgment against them, and condemn them. Those who have been, as it were, *exalted to heaven,* as Capernaum and Bethsaida were, in the discoveries of the gospel, and yet obstinately reject it, what can they expect but the fate and sentence of Capernaum and Bethsaida, that is, *to be thrust down to hell,* without pity or hope of pardon? Methinks, I feel a pain at my heart, when I am forced to use such language. But *knowing the* threatenings *and terrors of the Lord,* we endeavour to *persuade men;* 2 Cor. v. 11. that they would not oblige him to the terrible execution of them. O may divine light and preventing grace, overpower their chosen darkness, and lead them captive *to the obedience of faith,* and thereby to everlasting glory!

Question X. Suppose a man has taken great and sincere pains in searching into

the evidences of the christian religion, suppose him heartily desirous to receive conviction of the truth, attentive to the force of every argument, and engaged in daily supplications to God, to lead him into the right way of salvation; and yet, after all, he solemnly declares, that the evidences, at present, arise no higher in his judgment, than to a mere probability: Suppose he can get no further than just to say, "I do rather think the gospel true than false:" Is such a one bound to practise christianity?

Answer. Yes, by all means: And that for these three reasons:

I. In such sort of questions, where the truth and evidence depend much upon matters of fact, which were done in past ages, and distant nations, such as ancient miracles and prophecies, &c. we cannot arise to such a natural or mathematical certainty, as we may in questions about things present, which are the objects of our senses, or about propositions in geometry, where our reason sees the strongest proof and undeniable demonstration. In such questions, therefore, as the ancient prophecies and miracles, which support the truth of the jewish or the christian religion, we can arrive only at a moral certainty, by the use of our reasoning powers on these evidences: This moral certainty, is built on such a degree of evidence, that it is hardly possible in the nature of things, that the contested proposition should not be true. It is with this moral certainty, the generality of men in England believe there is a pope at Rome, that there is a king of Spain, or that they make fine silks in China, or that king George reigns in Great Britain. Now, if our evidence rises but to a probability, it ought certainly to influence our practice, since a moral certainty, which is all that I here plead for, is but the highest degree of this kind: We do not expect demonstrations in such a case, though the assent sometimes is so just and so strong, that, in many cases, it may be well called assurance. We may boldly and truly say, we are sure, that there is such a country as China, such a city as Rome; we are sure, there was such a man as king Henry the Eighth of England, and Alexander of Greece; we are sure there was such a person as Jesus Christ in Judea, that he wrought miracles to prove his divine mission, and that he taught a doctrine which came from God.

II. In a great part of the actions which we perform in human life, we go upon much lesser probability, and think we have sufficient ground to act without a full assurance: We go to visit our friends at an appointed hour, because it is probable we shall meet them at home: We travel from place to place, because it is probable we may find the persons we seek, and do the business we design: We send to market for food, because it is probable, that flesh and herbs are there waiting to be sold: We make bargains about goods which we never saw, because it is probable, these goods are worth our money, and will be conveyed to us: We run great risks by sea and land, we venture our substance, and even life itself, across the ocean, and through a thousand dangers, upon mere probabilities: If therefore, it be but a probable thing, that the christian religion be true, it is the undoubted duty and interest of every wise man, to endeavour to secure the salvation, which the christian religion proposes by the practice of all its appointments: For if we neglect it, even according to our own opinion, it is probable, we shall be for ever miserable; and if we practise it, it is probable we shall be saved: And the very probability of securing infinite happiness, and of escaping infinite distress, is sufficient to set a wise man heartily to work.

III. There is no doubt, but, in the primitive times, there were many, both Jews and heathens, who were not arrived at a complete certainty, and full assurance of the truth of the christian religion, at first, when they professed it; but the arguments, on the side of the gospel, seemed, in their judgment, to be stronger than those against it, and therefore they embraced the religion of Christ: This is manifest from several of the writings of the apostles, wherein they endeavour to establish young and doubtful converts in a firmer belief of the gospel, and to guard them against wavering. Many of these came afterwards to be firm and established christians, confessors, and martyrs for the truth, and sealed it with their blood. The light of evidence, which shines round the gospel, though it be great and glorious in itself, yet to a dim eye, or to a man but half awakened, may appear like the dusky twilight, or the faint and early dawn of the morning, but just discovering the path to happiness. Yet let the honest traveller to immortality, pursue his way by this feeble light; it is the best guide he has; let him not lie still or loiter, because he does not discern his path, with an indubitable assurance, nor see his way surrounded with meridian splendors.

It is sufficiently manifest, even to these doubting souls, that all other religions which pretend to revelation, fall vastly short of the excellencies of christianity; and that the gospel is far preferable to all of them, both as to its own inward worth, and to its outward evidences. If natural religion appear never so excellent in their eyes, this very religion of nature is all included in the religion of Christ. And if they have but a glimpse of evidence for the gospel, reason itself would require the practice of it; since it is an additional ground for their hope of divine favour, agreeable to reason and superadded to the light of nature. And if, after all, their belief of the gospel should prove a mistake, and the religion of nature be the only truth, yet they can never imagine the God of nature will condemn them for adding faith in Jesus Christ to the religion of nature, since it had probable evidences to support it. Let persons, therefore, who are in these circumstances, together with their practice of natural religion, trust in Christ, and obey the gospel. Let them proceed in their honest search into the evidences of christianity: Let them love and value this religion as far as they see it to be true: Let them pray earnestly for increasing light and conviction of the truth, and not nourish their doubts and multiply their scruples, by a wanton curiosity, or a cavilling spirit. Let them *do the will* of Christ, as far as they know it, that, according to his promise, they may know, more assuredly, *that this doctrine is of God;* John vii. 17. I can hardly suppose that such a humble, sincere supplicant, and zealous enquirer into the truth of God, shall be left to continue year after year, and to live and die, in so fluctuating and doubtful a state of mind.

If I had lived in this frame of soul, and should be suddenly seized with mortal sickness, I would not only trust in the infinite mercies of God, as I was passing into the unseen world, but I would keep fast the little hold that I had of Jesus, the Saviour. A merciful God, who has no where forbid sinners the use of a Mediator, would never abandon and condemn me, for my sense of my own unworthiness to appear in his holy presence, and for making use of the mediation of such a person, who has the best characters, and pretences to the honour of that blessed office. But on the other hand, if God has indeed appointed one only Mediator between himself and his sinful creature man, and if he has given me some feeble knowledge of his name and

office, and yet I refuse to accept of his interest, because I have not full assurance of it, and will venture into the immediate presence of God, without him, I should have just reason to fear a terrible repulse, and an everlasting exclusion from all the blessings of his love.

SECTION IV.

GENERAL EXHORTATIONS TO CHRISTIANS, DERIVED FROM THE FOREGOING DISCOURSE.

ALL our reasoning and argument should tend to practice. If we are christians, and profess the faith of Jesus, we must cheerfully receive *exhortations* as well as *doctrine*.

Exhortation I. Is it of such infinite importance, to know which is the true religion, whereby we may please God and obtain eternal happiness, "then christians, let our hearts be filled with gratitude, and our lips with praise, that God has brought us up in the knowledge of the truth." We are here in a state of probation for eternity: The race is set, the goal is fixed, the prize appointed, and the various rules are divinely prescribed, by which we must conduct ourselves in this important race. Happy are those mortals, to whom God has made known the nature of this contest, the appointed laws of it, and the glorious prize. We can never sufficiently adore and bless the name of our God, who has brought us into being, in such a nation, and in such an age, wherein the gospel of Christ is published, that gospel, which contains all these momentous discoveries.

What is it but rich and peculiar grace, that has appointed our birth in Great Britain, where the name of Christ and his gospel are known, while millions of our fellow-creatures, made of the same flesh and blood, are travelling onwards to eternity, with few or none of these advantages? O! why was not I born among the wild and brutal nations of Africa, where they know neither themselves, nor their Creator? Where they are not taught, nor have ever learned their own apostasy from God, and their necessity of a Saviour? Why was not my soul united to a human body, in the midst of the American wilderness? Why am not I one of those fierce and ignorant savages, who know nothing of the dignity of human nature, nor have any acquaintance with the true God, their Creator and their Judge? And yet they are hastening onward, as fast as days and hours can convey them into an invisible and eternal state, utterly ignorant of that heaven, or that hell, which awaits all that depart hence: Who is it that has made me to differ? What is it but divine sovereignty and rich mercy, that has appointed my station in the land of christian knowledge? Is it not all owing to the free and unmerited love of the great God, that he has made such an amazing distinction between me and others? They are making haste into eternity as well as I; but their way before them is all darkness, for they have lost the ancient divine light given to their ancestors of old: And when they pass from this world into another, they must venture in the dark, and without any clear and solid hope; for this is the character of the bulk of the heathen world, that they are *without God*, without Christ, and *without hope*, both in this world, and in that which is to come. What can I do but stand still and adore that rich mercy, that has conferred upon me so vast and so distinguishing a privilege that reaches into the eternal world?

Come, *bless the Lord with me*, all ye happy souls, and *highly-favoured* of God! who have been led into the knowledge of the gospel, from your younger years, and educated in the christian faith. Happy youths! who are not only born in such a land of light as Great Britain, but have enjoyed the blessing of religious parents, who have taken care to instruct you, in the great things of your salvation. You have had your tender minds impressed with christianity betimes, and stamped with the divine religion of Jesus. Like young Timothy, *from your very childhood, you have known the holy scriptures, which are able to make you wise to salvation;* 2 Tim. iii. 15. Favourite creatures! who have been nursed up, in the knowledge of your Creator, from your very cradles, and who have imbibed *the words of truth*, and *the doctrine according to godliness*. Happy souls, indeed, who have been preserved, by divine providence and grace, from sucking in those prejudices against the gospel of Christ, which have been the poison and the destruction of multitudes in our age! *O bless the Lord* with a joyful heart, *and* awake *all* the powers of nature *within you* to *bless* this God of grace, who *has cast your lot* in a pleasant situation, in a land of knowledge, in a family of divine light and mercy. He has taught you betimes his law and his gospel, his justice and his grace, he has let you see your guilt and misery, and your effectual relief. As for many other families and other nations, *they have not known them, praise ye the Lord;* Psalm cxlvii. 20.

Exhortation II. "Since you have been divinely favoured, with the knowledge of the right way to heaven, walk in it with all holy diligence and care." Since the rules of this sacred contest, for the prize of glory, have been revealed to you, and set before you, awaken all your powers into activity, and strive *that ye may obtain the crown.* It is not enough, that you know the right path which leads to heaven, if you are not engaged heartily in the christian race. A mere knowledge of the laws of it, will never bring you to the goal, nor entitle you to the heavenly prize. He that would be crowned must fight, must run, must strive, and exert all the powers of nature, according to the methods prescribed by divine grace, that he may be found an overcomer.

List yourselves, therefore, under the banner of Jesus, *the Captain of your Salvation*, by a most solemn profession of his name, and devotion of yourselves to him. Mortify all your irregular appetites; subdue your dear and darling sins; resist every temptation to iniquity; *keep under your bodies*, and every bodily inclination, that opposes the purity and perfection of the spirit. Let no pride or envy, no malice or revenge, no sensuality or intemperance, no cruel, or covetous, or selfish principles reign in you. *Abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul;* 1 Pet. ii. 11. *Every man that strives for the mastery, must be temperate in all things.* And if the ancient Grecians practised this self-denial *to obtain a corruptible* and withering crown, much more should christians, in their pursuit of one that is *incorruptible*, and which *never fades away;* 1 Cor. ix. 25. Run with such vigour in this holy race, as though there could but one of you obtain the prize, *forgetting the things that are behind*, stretch forward still, with the prize in your eye, till you lay hold of it; *Phil.* iii. 13. Let no hardships discourage you, no enemies or dangers sink your spirits. He that holds out *to the end, the same shall be saved;* Matt. xxiv. 13.

Since the gospel of happiness is set before you, in so clear a light, be zealous to comply with all the holy commands of it. Give yourselves up to Jesus, as your Saviour and your Lord. Trust in his atonement for the pardon of all your iniquities: Commit

your souls to the conduct of his word, and to the sanctifying influences of his Spirit: Imitate the blessed pattern of so great a Leader, and follow him who has marked out the way to life and immortality. *If the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience* against the law of Moses, *received a just recompence of reward, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which at first began to be spoken by the Son of God,* and has been published, and conveyed down to us *from those that heard it;* Heb. ii. 2, 3.

Let us not deceive ourselves with vain hopes, and make our knowledge of all the disputed points of christianity, and the mere orthodoxy of our opinions, the ground of our expectation of future glory. Let us not indulge so gross a mistake, as to put mere notions in the room of practice. An enlightened head was never designed to serve instead of a sanctified heart, neither in this world, nor that to come. No forms of religion, though they are divine, no doctrines, no articles of faith, no outward rites and ceremonies of worship, though revealed and prescribed by God himself, will answer for the defect of a holy life. Could you know the glories of the person of Christ, and discourse of all his offices with the exactness of an angel, or some unbodied spirit; could you practise all the forms of external christianity to perfection, yet all these would never recommend you to the divine favour, without an inward and sincere love to God and men: Without this, even the chiefest of the apostles would be but *sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal;* 1 Cor. xiii. 1. A christian of the brightest notions, and the most refined speculations, can make no just pretences to a heavenly hope, unless he has found the sweet influence of the doctrine of Christ reforming his heart, refining his inward temper, and fitting him for the business and blessedness of heaven. If we would be crowned, we must not only know the laws of this holy contest, but we must also run and strive, and fight and wrestle against all oppositions, and persevere to the end.

Exhortation III. "Be solicitous to *adorn the doctrine of God, your Saviour,* with a life of such piety and goodness, as may render your faith illustrious and amiable to the world, even to atheists and infidels." There is something in sublime virtue and pure religion, that strikes the eyes of men with a sacred light, and commands the veneration of the soul, and that sometimes in opposition to their own principles of sin and darkness. Disbelievers of the gospel, may first be won over to a good esteem of our religion, by the holy and heavenly behaviour of those who believe; and at last, they may be drawn to the knowledge and faith of what once they despised. The apostle Peter recommends this way of arguing to the pious women of his time; 1 *Pet.* iii. 1. and some of them perhaps were not able to dispute much for the truth. And divine life has powerful argument in it; it is a light that not only shines but burns. And on the other hand, set a severe guard on yourself, that by your unholy conduct and vicious indulgences, you never give occassion to the deist to blaspheme, and to estrange his heart farther from the gospel. What a dreadful thing would it be, if at the bar of Christ an infidel, a condemned infidel, in all the anguish and fury of despair should stand up and tell me, "It was your unchristian and unholy life tempted me first to think there was nothing in christianity; your crimes made me an apostate from the faith, and it is by your sins that I perish for ever."

Exhortation IV. If you have any solicitude for the honour and preservation of the gospel in the world, if you have any tender concern for the souls of posterity, and the

eternal happiness of the rising age, "use your utmost endeavours to plant the seeds of christianity in children, and to propagate the faith of Christ to the next generation." See that they learn to understand the principles of the christian religion betimes, and that they be not contented with words and syllables, and repeating terms and phrases by heart. Terms and phrases without understanding, will be but a poor defence against infidelity. Teach them the meaning of every thing in the catechisms which they treasure up in their memory, and let them know what it is they are taught to speak and believe. Lead them also into the reasons of their belief of the gospel: Give them some arguments why they are christians; furnish their minds with something to say in vindication of the religion they profess, that they be not baffled and beat out of it by every witty jest, or every cunning cavil of the adversary. But I forbear to enlarge here, because I shall speak more on this head in the next section. In general, remember that the gospel is entrusted with you for the next generation, and if they lose it and perish through your neglect, the blood of their souls may be dreadfully required at your hands.

Exhortation V. "Watch against every temptation to apostasy from the christian faith, and endeavour to guard and fortify your children and friends against seducers." Perhaps, in this dangerous age, you may have met with some allurements to infidelity, or your younger friends may meet with them. Satan has many busy emissaries, many subtle agents, who *with fair words* entice the souls of men away from the gospel of Christ. Or perhaps, you may have been attacked by the scoffs of wanton companions, and it may be, some of their impious cavils have hung about your imaginations, made too deep an impression upon your spirits, and entangled your thoughts with some of the artifices of infidelity. Oh! take heed of these dangerous snares, as you love your own souls; and let young christians be warned against them betimes! Hearken to the exhortation of your friends who love you tenderly, who have met with the same temptations, and have answered them all, by the just principles of reasoning, and by the strength of a holy faith. With utmost zeal and affection for your souls, we *exhort and testify, this is the true grace of God wherein ye stand;* 1 Pet. v. 12. We have found it so, and desire from our hearts, that you may find it so too. Hear the blessed apostle Peter expressing himself thus, to the christians to whom he wrote, who in those primitive days, were continually in danger of *being drawn away from their stedfastness* by the subtilty, or by the reproaches of the unbelievers of that age; 2 *Pet.* iii. 17. And may the following directions or advices, by the divine blessing, become effectual preservatives to your souls, against the danger and mischief of infidelity, which is a growing evil, and a spreading plague of the age wherein we live.

SECTION V.

PRESERVATIVES AGAINST APOSTASY FROM THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL.

Advice I. "Acquaint yourselves with the evidences of the truth of christianity, as far as your time, your capacity, and your circumstances of life will admit." Enquire into the true grounds and reasons of the christian religion. Endeavour to furnish your minds with such arguments as will justify your own conscience in the belief of the

gospel, and will firmly support your profession and practice of it as rational creatures. God requires that a creature of reason should be a reasonable worshipper.

Though it is an invaluable privilege to have enjoyed a christian education, and to be trained up in the principles and practices of the true religion, yet do not content yourselves to take up your religion only upon trust, and under the mere influence of the authority of your fathers. Dare not build all your faith and hope merely upon your education, in a land which professes the gospel of Christ. It is a very dishonourable thing, to have no more reason to give why you are a christian, than a young Turk has why he believes in Mahomet; for then if you had been born and brought up in Turkey, you had also been a mahometan. The doctrine of Christ, as it is in itself the best of religions, so it is built upon the brightest evidences and the most solid foundations, and such as are sufficient to convince the reason of every honest and sincere enquirer.

Think of the inward evidences that belong to our religion itself. Observe how completely it contains all the doctrines and duties of the light of nature, and exalts them all to a nobler perfection, than ever any of the ancient sages of heathenism could arrive at. Think how happily all the defects of natural religion are supplied by the gospel of Christ. Consider how honourably this religion answers all the ends and designs of God as a Creator and a Governor, and all the necessities and the desires of his intelligent and immortal creature man, since he is fallen from God, and cannot restore himself. And what more can be desired in a religion revealed from heaven?*

Meditate on the external proofs of the gospel of Christ. Count over the many divine wonders wrought by our blessed Saviour himself, and the amazing powers communicated to the apostles, in confirmation of their doctrine: Behold the exact accomplishment of many prophecies given to the world in ancient days, which have been fulfilled in Jesus the Messiah, and his followers.† Observe the sincere honesty of the first propagators of this religion, who were eye and ear-witnesses of the glorious facts upon which christianity is founded.‡ Think of the wondrous progress that this religion has made in the world, and triumphed over all the opposition of princes and philosophers, of men and devils; and you will find a divine power has gloriously attended it, and evinced its original to be divine.§

Endeavour to gain a "solid and rational satisfaction of the truth and divinity of the holy Bible." There are sufficient reasons to prove that this is a book of divine revelations, which God has made in divers ages of the world, and given to men upon special occasions, in order to lead them into the knowledge of himself, and the right way to obtain his favour and eternal life. Many of the writers of it wrought miracles, to confirm the truth of what they taught, and the rest of the sacred writings are authorized and confirmed by men who wrought miracles. Acquaint yourselves with some of those

* A treatise in quarto lately written by Mr. John Reynolds, and entitled "The Religion of Jesus Delineated," is a valuable book to shew the real inward excellence and glory of christianity.

† "See Miscellanea Sacra," Essay I. and Mr. Samuel Chandler's "Vindication of the Christian Religion."

‡ See Mr. John Reynolds', "Third letter to the Deists," which is an unanswerable management and improvement of this argument, for the truth of the christian religion.

§ See several of these arguments put together in a plain and convincing manner in the bishop of London's late "Pastoral Letter," 1728. Most of them are treated more largely in Doctor Samuel Clarke's "Discourses of the Certainty of the Christian Revelation."

books which have been written, especially within these last thirty years, to prove and establish the truth of the religion of Christ, in opposition to the deists and infidels of our age: And furnish yourselves with just and rational answers to the chief cavils of our adversaries,* that you may not be surprised on a sudden by *the subtilty of men, who lie in wait to deceive*, and be robbed of the richest treasure of your souls, and of your everlasting hope. Remember the sacred advice of the apostle; 1 *Pet.* iii. 15. *Be ready to render, to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you.* Be ready furnished to give every man an account why you are a christian.

Advice II. "Have a care of mingling the pure religion of Christ with any human additions, either of doctrine or duty: For this corrupt mixture will give the adversaries of our faith a vast advantage against you?" When you shall have framed or received such articles of faith, or rites of worship, as the gospel does not contain, and you call this the christian religion, you disgust an unbeliever, and tempt him to renounce the whole, because of the vanity, folly, or absurdity of your additions.

Doubtless, this has been the case frequently in some christian countries. The papists have added so large a medley of their own to the pure religion of Jesus, that the more rational and thinking men, in Italy, are generally supposed to be deists; for they can never think, that such sort of christianity, as is practised among them, can be a religion that came from God. And I wish there had never been any reason to complain in protestant nations, that such inconsistent schemes of doctrines, or of ceremonies, or both, have sometimes been vended for true christianity, as has given an unhappy occasion to infidels to suspect the truth of the gospel itself. Learn therefore to distinguish well, what is pure and simple christianity, from all the additional matters which have been mingled with it: For pure christianity will bear a much better defence, and you will stand more stedfast in the belief of it.

Now, to this end, I would advise you to converse much with *the word of God*, and especially with the New Testament, which is more eminently the rule of our holy religion. It is there you read the doctrines and duties of the gospel, free from all the additions of men, delivered in the language of unquestionable truth, and in the words of a divine teacher, even *the Holy Spirit*. There you learn the precepts and rules of piety and virtue, pure and unmingled with human *traditions*. Let this book be your constant counsellor, for it is an infallible guide. Learn your religion from this book, and see that you receive nothing, as an article of your faith or practice, but what is contained therein. Converse much with those parts of scripture, wherein the most important doctrines of christianity are written, and the greatest and the most necessary duties of it are plainly prescribed and taught. Particularly, acquaint yourselves with the history of the life and death of Christ, and his divine instructions, as they are recorded in the four gospels. Read the epistles of St. Paul to the Romans, and to the Ephesians, and value most those discourses and writings of men, which come nearest to those divine standards. Treasure up in your memory such passages of scripture as are best suited to teach and confirm the chief articles of your faith and practice, and let them *be written upon your heart*. The more instruction you get from the word of God in this

* Doctor Nichols in his "Conference with a Theist," in five parts, in two volumes octavo, has many solid solutions of their cavils, and their proposed difficulties, though perhaps, in order to humour the deists, and give them fair play, he has dressed up their arguments in a little too ludicrous or facetious a style: And he dwells too long and too learnedly on many of them for the use of common christians.

holy religion, the more you will love it, and be established in it: And you will not be so soon *shaken with every wind of doctrine*, as if you borrowed all your knowledge of christianity, merely from the forms and the lessons men have taught you.* Remember that *Christ Jesus is your only Master and Lord*, and he is *the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;* Heb. xiii. 8.

In all the momentous enquiries and concerns of your religion, whether they be points of faith or practice, run continually to this sacred touch-stone, the word of God, and try every thing by this unerring rule. Frame your belief and your conversation according to this divine model. All builders, whether they labour in wood or stone, take care to have their rule, their square, their plumb-line always at hand to direct their work, and to prove the truth of it. We are also builders of our heavenly hope *upon Christ* the divine *foundation*. Let all our belief and profession, all our labours and advances in this sacred work, be regulated by a perpetual recourse to the sacred rule that God has bestowed upon us, that our faith may stand the trial of men in a day of temptation, and that our work may stand the test, and approve itself to God at the last day, in the face of men and angels.

Advice III. " Ever maintain upon your spirits, an awful sense of the evil and guilt of your past sins, of the holiness and justice of the great God, who has threatened to punish sinners with everlasting misery, and then the gospel which discovers pardoning grace will be ever dear to you, and Jesus the Son of God, the Saviour, will appear so desirable, that you will never part with him." Be strict in the observation of your own heart and life, and compare it frequently with the perfect law of God: And then you will find such daily and continual returns of guilt upon your conscience, by the evil working of your passions, by the disorders of your spirits, by the frequent commission of sins, and the defects of your best duties, that you will highly value the gospel of Christ, the discoveries of divine grace, and the doctrine of reconciliation by the blood of atonement. Make use of every fresh commission of sin, as a means to awaken your first sense of the great and dreadful evil of it, and of your desert of death and hell, for the violation of God's holy law: This will make you love the doctrine of the priesthood of Christ: You will delight in contemplating the glory of his person, who could become an all-sufficient sacrifice to expiate the guilt of your iniquities, and to deliver you from everlasting death.

If we lose this tenderness of conscience, and look upon sin as a little or harmless thing, it is no wonder that the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ sinks in your esteem, and you will be easily *drawn away from the gospel of Christ*. A common cold and unaffecting complaint of the infirmities of human nature, and the general notion of the mercy of God, will be ready to make such a stupid conscience easy, and you will be tempted to run back from the gospel of grace to the religion of nature: But if you keep

* Perhaps, it may be necessary, in this place, to insert a caution, lest any should imagine I would here exclude catechisms, larger or smaller, and turn out systems of divinity from the use of the schools, churches or families. This is very far from my thoughts: I am a constant friend of, and advocate for those compendiums, or systematical writings: Their use and advantage is so great, that I think it hardly possible to teach any religion well, and particularly the christian without them. All that I advise here is, that children and youth should be led with all due speed, as their understandings admit, to see the articles of their catechisms contained in their Bibles, and proved plainly by the word of God: And that they should be led by degrees to derive their knowledge and faith, more immediately, from the Bible, and build their religion upon it.

upon your own hearts, a perpetual deep sense of the heinous evil and dreadful demerit of sin, the cavils of infidels against the gospel, will have but little force upon your souls, unless they could shew you a better way to obtain forgiveness, than the atonement of the Son of God.

Advice IV. Take all occasions to observe the inward corruption of your own nature, the sinful tendencies of your spirits, the evil passions which dwell in you, your natural aversion to strict holiness, and your weakness to fulfil those very duties which the light of nature requires. And at the same time, survey the temptations of a sinful world, which lie all around you, and attend you in every motion, to allure or affright you from God and goodness. While these things are fresh and lively upon the spirit, you will maintain a high esteem for the gospel of Christ, wherein there is so much relief given to the weakness of nature, by the force of divine motives, and by the influences of the Holy Spirit. There are rich treasures of grace provided to rectify the disorders of our degenerate nature, *and to make us conquerors* over the temptations of the world.

Meditate often on your own weakness, to practise what conscience dictates, and God and reason command. Think of the perfection of the law of God, that it reaches to your very thoughts, and then think what *a law* or evil principle *there is in your members, warring against the law of your minds*, and ready at every turn to *bring you into captivity;* Rom. vii. 23. Think how weak you are to subdue the sin that dwells in you, and to resist the temptations of a corrupt and degenerate age. Then you will highly esteem the gospel, which furnishes you with the most powerful assistances for this end, and you will find that no religion on earth pretends to any such valuable relief, under this distress and impotence. There is no salvation or remedy for ruined man, comparable to that contained in the blessed gospel.

Then you will value the powerful and heavenly motives, which the gospel proposes to awaken your hatred against sin, to turn your unwilling heart to strict holiness, and to change the corrupt inclinations of your souls. Such glorious motives are derived from the love of God, from the serenity and peace of conscience, from the fears of an eternal hell, and from the hopes of eternal happiness, as no other religion can furnish you with. You will then see how gloriously the gospel animates all the professors of it, to pursue great and exalted degrees of holiness, by the illustrious examples of the saints in all ages, and by the practice of Jesus the Son of God at the head of them. Heb. xii. 1. *We have a* blessed *cloud of witnesses* gone before us, who assure us from the experiments they have made, that sin may be subdued, that temptation may be resisted, that corrupt nature may be formed into the likeness of God, and that those attainments which seem *impossible to man*, when left to the mere principles of nature, have been possessed by the diciples of Christ, and the believers of his gospel. And above all remember the promised aids of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten our dark minds, to subdue our rebellious wills, to change our unholy natures, and bring them into a conformity to God and his Son. The aids of this Spirit, are promised and given to those who seek them in the right way, by addressing God the Father in the name of his Son Jesus Christ.

Advice V. Think now and then of the wretched and deplorable state of the heathen world, who have no knowledge of the gospel of Christ, and remember what you owe to this blessed gospel. Alas, for the heathen nations! In what gross darkness their souls are! How confused and absurd are their notions, even of the true God, and the

religion of nature? How ridiculous is their worship? How cruel and barbarous are many of their superstitions? How are they immersed in vice? How abominable are many of their practices, and how profligate are their lives? How few of them have either thought or acted agreeably to the principles of reason, or to the dignity of human nature, or to the last revelation that was given to their fathers, that is, the religion of Noah? What a dismal account does St. Paul give of them, who was the apostle of the gentiles, and knew them well! They were *filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful:* They *turn the truth of God into a lie, and his glory into the image of corruptible things, beasts and fishes, and worship the creature more than the Creator;* Rom. i. 25—30. They are enslaved to the devil, *the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that works in the children of disobedience, strangers from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world, they have their understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance and blindness of their heart, and give themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness;* Eph. ii. 17. iv. 18. I know I have cited several of these scriptures before, but I cannot help the repetition of them on this occasion. Several other such dismal and shameful accounts does the apostle give us of their state and practice. Travellers in modern ages, inform us of the same miserable corruptions, and impious manners of the savages in the wilds of Africa and America: And perhaps we had been in the same state to this day, if the light of the gospel had never shone on the British Islands.

It is true, there have been some few countries of the heathen world, a little reformed and polished by the light of nature, and by some commerce with the lands who have enjoyed revelation; but let it be remembered, that the greatest part of them have lost their traditional remains of the religion of Noah, and are over-run with brutish ignorance and impiety; many of them worship the devil instead of the true God. Let it be observed also, that it is concerning the learned and polite nations of Greece and Rome, that St. Paul brings in such a black catalogue of impious and abominable practices; it is the gospel that has refined the nations where it has been received, it is the gospel that has taken off the brutal character, and made them act like men. What were the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain? Their light of nature and reason lay buried under a heap of wild superstitions, and bloody practices, before the gospel appeared among them: Nor is there any reason to think, that we should have been wiser or better than our ancestors, if we had never heard of Christ and the Bible.

Our modern deists and apostates from christianity, are too vain and assuming, when they pretend to have spun out of their own understandings, any such schemes as they would give us for the religion of nature, as though they borrowed nothing from the prophets aed apostles. Why did not our infidel fathers in the days of Cassibellan and Arviragus*, frame as good a system of religion as their infidel sons pretended to do? It is the light of the gospel has opened the understandings of men, and awakened the natural light of reason, to display itself in fairer colours; and yet with a profane

* Two princes of Britain, one in the days of Julius Cæsar, and one in the time of Domitian.

ingratitude, they deride this divine light, and with strange vanity they boast of their pretences to a better religion, than the Bible has taught us. But let us who wear the honourable name of christian, give glory to the grace of our Saviour, while we survey and pity the heathen world immersed in wickedness, and in brutal follies. Let us remember and adore *the* rising *sun of righteousness*, that has scattered the clouds and thick darkness from amongst us, and has introduced *the light of life*. And then let us ask ourselves this plain question, " are we willing to part with this Bible, and renounce this gospel?"

Advice VI. " Meditate particularly, on the glorious and inestimable advantages that are derived to us from the religion of Christ, the blessed change of our state here in this life, the glorious *hope in death*, and the joyful expectation of future felicity." What an amazing difference between a blind heathen, who knows not the true God, nor loves him, nor performs his duty to him, and an enlightened christian, who knows and loves, who worships and obeys his Creator and his God! Between a pagan drenched in brutal vices, in shameful immorality and impiety, and a disciple of Christ cleansed from his sins in the blood of Jesus, *and renewed in the image* of his heavenly Father! What a glorious and joyful difference between the inhabitants of Corinth, when they were *fornicators, idolaters, adulterers, abusers of themselves by unnatural lusts, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortioners*, and the same persons when *they were washed, when they were justified, when they were sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God;* 1 Cor. vi. 9—11. What a surprising and blessed change among the other gentiles, when instead of *the works of the flesh, uncleanness, witchcraft, hatred, wrath, envyings, murders, drunkenness, and revellings*, they were blessed with *the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;* Gal. v. 19—23. If christianity hath not made this change every where conspicuous, it is because men take up with the mere name of a christian, and rest there contented, but neither seek nor desire the power and spirit, and life, of this divine religion in their hearts or their conversation.

But let us pass on from the scenes of life to a dying bed, and meditate the infinite advantages attending that important hour, which are derived from christianity and the gospel. Behold a heathen, whose course of life hath been made up of folly and guilt, now lying down in the dust, groaning and expiring, as a brute groans and expires, stupid and thoughtless of immortality. See another perhaps, deceiving himself with vain dreams and fables, of a sensual and luxurious paradise in some invisible regions: Think of these wretched creatures, laden with the guilt of all their past sins, entering into an unknown eternity, without Christ, without God, and without any just and solid hope.

Or come to the bed-side of a modern infidel, in his last moments, who in his days of health, apostatized from the faith of Christ, and renounced and derided the gospel: Perhaps, you will find him like a hardened sinner, obstinately deaf to all thoughts of God and religion, to all the monitions of his friends, and the remonstrances of his own conscience, unable to bear the reflections of his mind, and therefore subduing them all, resolved to plunge himself headlong into the abyss of futurity, and take an immense leap from one world to the other in the dark. Another of the same tribe, perhaps, with some difficulty has persuaded himself, that his sins have not been many nor great, because he has neither been guilty of theft, murder, or adultery; and therefore with

much ado he supports his spirits by a philosophic courage, and a laboured hope, that the infinite mercy of God will forgive his follies, though he has abandoned all the revelations of mercy, and the promises of pardoning grace. Behold a third, whose awakened conscience cries too loud for him not to hear it, and scourges his soul with cutting reproaches for his past crimes, while he lies on the edge of life, within the view of the judgment-seat of God: Now the little cavils against the Bible, that passed for arguments in his gay and healthy hours, appear to have no force in them: Those impious jests which he threw out wantonly against the gospel, afford him not the least glimpse of merriment, but pierce his heart with inward and sharp remorse: All his feeble and false pretences to sincerity, which once gave him a little thin shelter, now vanish, nor will make so much as the shadow of a screen from the dreadful presages of approaching vengeance: He groans, he dies, under the keenest anguish of despair, and leaves behind him a terrible warning to succeeding apostates.

But let us leave these dark scenes of infidelity and terror, and approach the dying bed of a christian, whose religion has been the business of his heart and life: See the holy man lying cheerful under the pains of dying nature, rejoicing in the hope of the pardon of sin, and a reconciled God, keeping fast his hold of the promises of mercy, and of Jesus the Saviour, by repeated exercises of faith and love, meeting *the last enemy* death, with a serene joy in his countenance, and with triumph in his soul, quitting flesh and blood, and all the scenes of mortality with a sacred delight, and entering into a new world of perfect holiness and perfect peace, to dwell for ever with his God and his Saviour. Upon such a comparison of things, such a survey and prospect as this, where is the man that would not say, *Let me die the death of a christian, and my last end be be like his!*

Come, let us dwell a little on the glorious discoveries of the heavenly world, which the gospel has made, till our desires are warmed, and our zeal kindled to pursue and enjoy these sacred and sublime felicities, which infinitely transcend all the fancies of a heathen paradise, and rise high above our own present ideas. It is the happiness provided for saints in a future state, to dwell with God; to see, know, and converse with him, even with that glorious infinite Spirit who made them; to receive everlasting impressions of his love, and to love him again with most intense delight and satisfaction of soul; to be for ever present with *Jesus the Son of God, the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person;* Heb. i. 3. to survey all his wondrous glories, and to learn the amazing transactions of his grace, his early counsels, his condescending labour and sufferings for the salvation of man; to be swallowed up in holy pleasure in the midst of those transporting wonders; to dwell in the midst of angels and archangels, blessed spirits of high rank and dignity creatures of penetrating intellectual powers, and of unsullied purity; to converse with fellow-saints, freed from all the infirmities of fleshly nature; and to maintain a holy intercourse of knowledge upon all things divine and human, upon every theme that is worthy of the notice of a blessed and immortal spirit.

This is part of the business of that heaven which separate souls enjoy: But *the resurrection of the body* makes a large addition to these scenes of felicity, when the soul shall be again furnished with corporeal powers, and shall be entertained with a rich variety of objects suited to those powers, all conspiring toward the more complete satisfaction of the indwelling spirit. There our whole nature shall take in such objects

as eye has not seen, as ear has not heard, nor the heart of man conceived; 1 Cor. ii. 9. and all with an intense relish of sacred pleasure. And above and beyond all this, the eternal duration of this holy and happy state, spreads a new satisfaction through all the inhabitants of that happy world: This completes our heaven indeed, when we shall feel ourselves in the midst of the possession of those joys which we are firmly assured shall have no interruption, no end.

Let us meditate on such a heaven as this is, which our Lord Jesus Christ proposes to all his disciples. There is no such recompence of virtue, no such refined and noble delights to be found among all the fables of the heathen poets and priests, or the dark reasonings of heathen philosophers. They are but very poor, imperfect and foolish stories, that the best of those philosophers tell us, concerning the happiness of souls in the future state: Mean and low pleasures some of them have proposed for virtuous minds in the other world: Others of them tell you, that these delights shall have an end by an universal revolution of all things, and the souls of the blessed coming to act their parts again, in this world, after a long distance of years: And the best of these reasoners have sometimes owned themselves at a loss, whether there be any state of futurity, or no; whether there be any reward for the righteous beyond the grave. It is *the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ*, that has not only discovered to us the eternal purposes of divine love, and the grace which was given us *in Christ Jesus, before the world began*, but it is he also, *who has abolished death, and has brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel.* And it is in the virtue of these things, that the apostle Paul rejoices in his present sufferings, and *is not ashamed of them;* 2 Tim. i. 9—12. *For I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded, he is able to keep that which I have committed to him, against that day.*

If we would stand fast in the faith of Christ, let us imitate this blessed man: Let us think much, and often, of the final prize of glory: Let this *incorruptible crown* be kept ever in our eye, and it will have a sweet and powerful influence upon us, to keep close to the rules of the sacred contest, in order to attain the crown and prize. The glories promised in the gospel to overcomers, will sweetly constrain us to run this holy race, and to *fight the good fight of faith*, till we obtain the crown.

Advice VII. "As God hath set forth the mediation of Christ, and the influences of the Spirit, for the life of our souls in his gospel, so let us daily live upon Christ and his Spirit, by holy dependence and resignation of soul." Let your trust in him be constant and explicit: Never address the great God in worship without a direct eye to the Mediator. Live upon his atoning sacrifice, and his powerful intercession under a continual sense of your sins and defects: Let the name of Christ be ever dear to your thoughts, and rest on it as the only foundation of your hope of acceptance: Apply yourselves constantly to seek the influences of the good spirit, under a sense of your own weakness and insufficiency.

I have been often thinking, that the great neglect of these two doctrines and blessings, *viz.* the proper atonement of Christ, and the promised assistances of the Spirit, among some of those who profess to believe the gospel, has been one considerable occasion of the growth of deism among us. For when christians themselves shall make these peculiar privileges, and chief glories of our revealed religion needless, a sceptical person is ready to fancy, that the light of nature is sufficient to teach us all the rest, and then, what need is there of revelation? Remember the sacred names, into which you are baptized: Surely the great and blessed offices of the Son and Spirit, are designed to run

through our holy religion in the practical parts of it, to the end of the world. Ever follow this method of access to God the Father, by the mediation, death, and intercession of his Son, and through the aids of the blessed Spirit. Let this form of religion be wrought into the very temper of your spirits, in a habitual manner, till you feel your soul *live by the faith of the Son of God*, and the grace of the Holy Spirit, as you feel and find the animal life of your body preserved by the constant repeated appetites of hunger and thirst, and the satisfaction of them, by proper meat and drink. St. Paul was in no danger of departing from the doctrine of the gospel, while he could speak from his own inward experience, and say, *the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who has loved me, and given himself for me;* Gal. ii. 20. And this naturally leads me to the next advice.

Advice VIII. "Though you have attained never so clear an evidence of the truth of christianity by reason and argument, yet, never rest satisfied without the power and pleasure of religion wrought deep in your hearts." Never content yourselves with the mere outward forms of a christian, and a cold round of duties according to the dictates of the gospel: Such a circle of formal practices, even of the best religion, will be but a poor drudgery, and a heavy task, which you will be ready to relinquish in an hour of temptation, if the power, the love, and delight of this religion, be not rooted in your souls. This is what the apostle means; *Eph.* iii. 13—19. when he entreats the Ephesians, *not to faint at the tribulations* which attend the gospel, and therefore, he prays for them thus, viz. *That God would grant according to the riches of his glory, that ye be strengthened with might by the Spirit, in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*

When you find your faith in Christ, as your High-Priest, giving a glorious relief to your soul, under a sense of guilt, and imperfections; when you feel the doctrines of his grace, speaking peace to your conscience, and pardon through the blood of the Son of God; when you experience a divine and universal change, wrought in the very temper of your spirit by the influence of the precepts and the promises of the Bible; when you find such a sacred love to God and men, as the gospel recommends, wrought in your hearts by this gospel; when your perverse appetites and sinful passions are mortified by the power of this religion, and your souls are made holy and heavenly, and fit for converse with God, you will then have an inward, settled and comfortable evidence within yourselves, that this is a divine religion indeed; 1 *John*, v. 10. *He that believes has the witness in himself:* And you will not easily be turned aside, from the belief and profession of this gospel, for you have felt it to be *the power of God* for the salvation of your souls.

Advice IX. "When you are satisfied of the truth of christianity, upon just and reasonable grounds, make it your constant prayer to God the Father of spirits, to establish you in this faith, and to preserve you from every temptation to infidelity." As we must invoke the divine assistance, to lead us into all truth, in our first enquiries in religion, so we must be constant addressers at the throne of grace, that the same divine Spirit, the enlightener and instructor may dwell with us, to establish our souls in the truth; and especially, in such a day of temptation as this is, we have need to be more constant and importunate in our petitions to heaven on this account. It is the Spirit of

God that enlightens us in the knowledge of the gospel, and he *seals our souls unto the day of redemption.* He continues the communications of his own light to those that seek it. He is promised *to abide* with the disciples of Christ for ever, and *to dwell in them* as a spring of light and holiness. If we begin to grow self-sufficient, we begin to depart from the gospel, and we lay ourselves open to the power of every temptation. Solomon, the wisest of men, assures us, *he that trusts in his own heart, is a fool;* Prov. xxviii. 26. And the man that presumes upon his own understanding, or his own strength, is very near to apostasy. Peter was a terrible instance of this folly: He boasted of his courage, above the rest of the disciples, and he was the only man that denied his Lord.

Advice X. "When you are once established upon just grounds, in the faith of the gospel, do not rashly expose yourselves to temptation." Do not run into free conversation with infidels and apostates, without a plain call of providence. A needless indulgence of dispute, and fondness of controversy, upon this subject, with subtle men, *who lie in wait to deceive,* has too often exposed young christians, and shaken their faith. Though there be various and abundant proof of the truth of the gospel, and it may well be defended upon the foot of right reason, yet every one is not fit to enter into these debates with men of wit and learning, who are engaged on the side of infidelity. Common plain christians should rather abstain from such sort of conferences, as will fill their minds with cavils against the scripture, and objections against the gospel. You know not what unhappy impressions a profane jest, or a shrewd cavil may make upon your spirits: And as the devil is an enemy to the doctrine and kingdom of Christ, so we have just reason to believe, that he is ever ready to assist the infidel party. Where the gospel is published with sufficient evidence, St. Paul tells us, that it *is the God of this world, that blinds the minds of those that believe not;* 2 Cor. iv. 4. And he is ever ready to help them to raise a dust, and to blind others.

A witty scoff thrown out against the truth, may pierce the mind deeper, and stick longer than a solid argument to support the truth. How well soever you fancy yourself settled in the principles of your holy religion, yet perhaps, you may hear some new subtle objections, or some witty turn upon the sacred history of the Bible, that may weaken your belief, when you have not an answer ready at hand, to ward off the force of it. Some have been taken and ruined in our age by these *snares of the devil,* who have thought themselves as safe as you. If the providence of God plainly call you into an infected house, and evident duty require you to venture your life in the midst of the pestilence, you may humbly hope for divine preservation and security: But if you venture without a call, you have reason to dread the event. A sincere and humble christian may be led by the course of his duty into such dangerous company, and he may hope for the assistance of the Spirit, and the grace of God, to *fill* his *mouth with arguments,* and enable him to defend his faith, with holy skill and courage: But if he mingle himself in such sort of conversation at every turn, without any evident call of providence, and out of a mere idle curiosity of spirit, or from a presumption of the strength of his own faith or arguments, he has but little reason to hope for divine protection from these dangerous and fatal snares.

Advice XI. "When you see just reason to believe the gospel of Christ, and have

your faith confirmed in it by solid evidence, let not every objection and cavil, which you cannot answer, shake your stedfastness, and cast you into doubts again." This is the common practice of infidels, whereby they deceive themselves, and it has been part of their craft, in all ages, in order to deceive others; they turn away their eyes from the bright evidence which is given to the gospel, and wink at the glorious lights that surround it, while they dwell on some little darknesses that attend it. They call off the eyes of others from the rational and convincing evidence, in order to fix them upon some of these obscurities and difficult passages in scripture, which are not so easy to be explained or accounted for, by reason of our great distance from the times, when those affairs were transacted, and those parts of scripture were written. And it is by these subtle methods, that they obtain their chief success, and deceive unwary and unstable souls. It is your safest way therefore, to keep your minds intent upon the plain force of argument, drawn from miracles and prophecies, and gifts of the Spirit, as well as from the inward excellencies of christianity, whereby it is sufficiently proved to be a divine religion; and let not any little cavils, which are raised against particular passages in the Bible, entangle your thoughts, or shake your faith, which is built upon such firm and rational foundations. While reason itself stands on the side of christianity, let not a few puzzling questions make you forget the force of that reason which establishes the gospel.

The venerable and pious Doctor Owen spake excellently well on this point, at the end of his little treatise on the "Doctrine of the Trinity." "It is a rule among philosophers, that if a man, on just grounds and reasons, had embraced any opinion or persuasion, he is not to desert it, merely, because he cannot answer every objection against it. For if the objections wherewith we may be entangled, be not of the same weight and importance with the reasons on which we embraced any opinion, it is a madness to forego it on the account thereof. And much more must this hold amongst the common sort of christians, in things spiritual and divine. If they will let go and part with their faith in any truth, because they are not able to answer distinctly, some objections that may be made against it, they may quickly find themselves disputed into atheism.

When we have taken a just survey of the arguments whereby the religion of Christ is supported, when we have seen and felt the united and convincing force of them, let us rest established in our faith: It is not an advisable thing for private christians, out of a curious or wanton humour, to hearken after the cavils of infidelity, no more than to frequent such company. It is unsafe for them to attend to the quarrels which the men of profane wit have raised against the word of God: Nor should they do it, unless divine providence calls them to it as part of their duty, and gives them time and leisure to enter anew into the controversy, to lay open the objections, and to search out sufficient answers to them. Where any of these objections hang about the mind of an humble christian, let him speedily propose his scruples to a skilful minister, or a learned friend, that he may get rid of them as soon as possible, by clear and just solution of the difficulty that perplexes them.

Avoid the first workings of apostasy in the bottom of your heart: *Take heed*, says the apostle to the converted Hebrews, *lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God, and lest you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin;* Heb. iii. 12, 13. While you give ear to the little criticisms and

sophistries of the adversary, remember you are upon slippery ground: Look well to your feet, lest you are betrayed on a sudden, and carried away into frightful lengths of doubt and darkness, for want of a helping hand near you. It is true, the gospel of Christ has strong and immovable foundations richly sufficient for the support of it: There are abundant vindications of it published in the world, against all the assaults of wit and reasoning. But a sly and perplexing sophism may be cast into the mind and seize the soul in an unguarded hour, when you may not have an answer ready at hand, and the poison may penetrate too far, and corrupt the mind before the antidote is found and applied.

Advice XII. "Maintain a solemnity of spirit, and a serious temper of mind in all your enquiries and discourses, on a theme of such everlasting importance." While our modern deists affect to shew themselves men of wit, and make a jest serve for an argument, they do not appear to be in good earnest, enquiring the way to please God, and save their own souls. God, and souls, and eternity, are no trivial ideas. It is no ludicrous matter to treat or discourse of them. Such jesters have no reason to hope for divine irradiations.

If you have occasion to speak of the obscure and difficult parts of scripture, do it not in a trifling humour, or with a licentious levity of spirit, nor indulge your lips to mix them with sneer and merriment. It is dangerous to jest with weapons that will wound the soul. When christians give themselves a loose, and venture at this rate upon the border of profaneness, they may be left of God, and be righteously given up to a spirit of unbelief. There are those, who once thought themselves believers in Christ, but by sporting on the borders of this precipice, with wanton and unwary feet, they have found themselves carried down strangely into the deeps of apostasy: They have at last learned roundly to renounce Christ, whom they worshipped, and ridicule the gospel, which they once revered; they have been plunged into vices, which they once abhorred: They have let go the name of Christ, and God has let them go out of his holy keeping, till at last they have become perfect heathens in every sense, without virtue, or truth, without hope and without God in the world. The Almighty Governor of the world has made some tremendous monuments of justice and vengeance; his warning-pieces demand our awful notice.

Advice XIII. "Think often how much safer you are in the profession and practice of christianity, than if you should relinquish the gospel, and change it for mere natural religion." And the reason is plain, for the doctrine of Christ contains every thing in it which natural religion pretends to discover. All that is necessary by the light of nature, for us to believe and practise, both with regard to God and man, is included in the Holy Bible. Therefore if the deist be in the right, the christian is certainly safe, for he worships the one true God, and fulfils his duty toward his neighbour; and there are none who pretend that God will damn or destroy men for entertaining a few other principles, which had so much evidence of coming from heaven to supply what was deficient in the light of nature, even if they should not at last be found to be true, since they are perfectly consistent with all our duty to God and man. But on the other hand, if the religion of Christ be divine, then the infidels, especially in Great Britain, or in London, who have such glorious advantages for knowledge, can hardly excuse themselves, or hope for acceptance: For they deny those very parts of christianity, which are necessary to supply the defects of the light of nature. They deny the atonement of

Christ, and the pardon of sin through the virtue of his atonement; they deny Jesus to be the great prophet, and the Saviour of mankind; whereas he himself has told us by commission from the Father, *If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins;* John viii. 24. They deny the special and necessary doctrines of that gospel, which was commanded to be *preached to the world,* with this threatening, *He that believeth not shall be damned;* Mark xvi. 16.

Advice XIV. "Consider, seriously, the dismal state of apostates who depart from the gospel of Christ, and renounce their faith in Jesus, the Saviour. Consider the threatenings, the dreadful threatenings of the word of God, pronounced against apostasy. Let such solemn words as those, with which the apostle warns the christian Hebrews, dwell ever upon your mind in all the sacred influence and divine terror of them; Heb. ii. 2—4. *If the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him; God also bearing them witness both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost,* according to his own will; Heb. vi. 4—6. For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, *and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.* Heb. x. 26—30. *If we sin wilfully,* that is, renounce the gospel of Christ, *after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful expectation of judgment, and of fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses's law died without mercy.—Of how much sorer punishment, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace? Vengeance is mine, I will recompense, saith the Lord. It had been better for them,* as St. Peter expresses it, *not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them;* 2 Pet. ii. 21.

Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon ungodly sinners; Jude, verses 14, 15. and to accomplish the terrors written against the fearful and the unbelieving, as well as the abominable and the murderers, and all liars? *Rev.* xxi. 8. against those who are afraid to profess his gospel, and those who deny the truth of it: Against those who sin against the truth, and turn it into a lie; against those who resist the bright evidence of christianity, and by "refusing to believe the record which God has given of his Son, make him a liar also." 1 John v. 10. *Behold he comes in the clouds, and in flaming fire, to take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and they shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.* 2 Thess. i. 8, 9. *The Judge is at the door,* he is ready to be *revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels,* to fulfil the curses, written in his book, against those who have renounced his doctrine, and rejected his salvation. How will the apostates from christianity be able to lift up their heads in that day, or endure the sight of his Majesty? What will you say, when ye shall see that illustrious and divine person arrayed in the robes of power and judgment, and attended with ten thousand flaming

ministers of justice, whose laws ye have refused to obey, and whose grace ye have disdained to receive? What will ye say for yourselves, who have known and rejected him, who have abandoned his grace and his laws together, after ye had once seen reason to receive them? What will they do in that day, who *have seen and yet hated* the Lord of glory? What an ecstasy of surprise and terror will seize your spirits, when ye shall behold him enthroned and frowning as a provoked Ruler of the world, whom ye once derided as a poor wild enthusiast, and made him the subject of your mirth and mockery, or ye called him a vile impostor, and treated him with impious indignities? What do ye think will become of you, if the day should come, when the Lamb of God shall appear as *the lion of the tribe of Judah,* and you shall be forced to call *to the rocks and mountains to fall upon you,* and cover you from this wrath ; *Rev.* vi. 16, 17. What screen, do ye think, can defend you from his avenging power? Or what mercy can ye expect from his hands, when you practised this iniquity in opposition to such light and evidence, as were diffused round about you in Great Britain?

Perhaps you may laugh at the solemnity of this representation, and despise these scenes of terror as a painted fire; but methinks, if there be but a possibility that these things should be true, it would be a point of wisdom to provide against the dangers of such a dreadful hour: One would think it should awaken you, at least, to be exceeding serious, sincere and diligent in surveying all the evidences of the gospel, before you dare reject such a Saviour, and expose yourselves to his indignation without hope. And where there are so many fair appearances of just and solid reasoning, as there are on the side of christianity, methinks you should not dare to give your lips a loose in profane ridicule and scorn: Nor should you suffer some little darknesses and difficulties in the books of the New Testament, to prevail against all the brighter discoveries of truth and argument, which support the religion of Christ. If you have any love to your souls, let me intreat you to consider, that however you may be disgnsted at some things, contained in the records of our holy religion, yet you can never prove, that the religion itself is false, in the main principles of it, as represented in those records: And remember this, that when your spirits are gone into the invisible world, if there you should find that Jesus, whom ye once derided, to be Lord and Judge of all, there is no more sacrifice for sin, no rectification of your obstinate errors, no repentance, no pardon there; but you must perish under his just indignation, and your souls are lost for ever. But I turn my discourse to the disciples of the blessed Jesus, who believe in his name, and obey his gospel.

Happy persons are you indeed, and special favourites of heaven, if you have not only learned the great truths of christianity, and furnished your heads with them, but have felt your hearts powerfully impressed with them betimes, and have this glorious salvation begun within you. You have been awakened out of your mortal slumbers, and being convinced of your sinful state, and your danger of eternal death, you have seen the necessity of the pardoning grace of God, and an universal change in your own natures, in order to prepare you for eternal felicity; you have learned your own utter insufficiency to make satisfaction to divine justice for your own sins, and your inability to sanctify your own hearts, and to change them into holiness: Therefore you *have fled for refuge, to the hope that is set before you,* and have found righteousness and grace in Christ Jesus. You have found the blood of atonement, and perfect righteousness in him, to answer for your guilt, and to justify you in the sight of God,

and the power of divine grace to work repentance in your hearts, to create your souls anew, and form you to a divine temper: You have felt the sweet and constraining influence of the love of a dying Saviour, and found your hearts melted into holy and divine affections, and impressed with his sacred image: You are become his sincere and devoted servants, zealous for his honour here on earth, and in some measure prepared for his enjoyment in heaven: Eternal life is begun within you, and you have *a witness in yourselves* that the gospel is true, *even the record which God has given of his Son*, viz. that *eternal life* is to be found in Christ, for you have found it in him; 1 John v. 10. *He that believes has the witness in himself:* and I trust the grace of God, who has wrought this glorious change in your natures, and *has begun* this divine salvation within you, *will carry it on, and fulfil it to the day of the Lord.*

You have entered in this sacred contest, and are daily striving for the mastery against the world, the flesh and the devil; you have learned the rules that belong to this holy strife, and while you thus go on to *strive lawfully*, you may *rejoice in hope* and assurance of being crowned: You have been early acquainted with the laws of the christian race, and you have seen the heavenly prize set before you in such a light, as that you are allured to wish and to run for it, as your highest hope and blessedness: You have set your faces toward heaven in the christian path, and have travelled on thus far in the way of faith, repentance and holiness: Hold on your way, maintain your ground; the crown is not far off, *the end of all things is at hand;* Jesus the Saviour, *the Judge* and the Rewarder *is at the door; see that no man take your crown;* Rev. iii. 11.

THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE

LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,

AND APPLIED TO THE

CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP.

LUKE XXiv. 44.

ALL THINGS MUST BE FULFILLED WHICH WERE WRITTEN IN — THE PSALMS CONCERNING ME.

HEB. xi. 32, 40.

DAVID, SAMUEL, AND THE PROPHETS—THAT THEY WITHOUT US SHOULD NOT BE MADE PERFECT.

THE PREFACE;

OR,

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE RIGHT WAY OF FITTING THE BOOK OF PSALMS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

THOUGH the Psalms of David are a work of admirable and divine composure, though they contain the noblest sentiments of piety, and breathe a most exalted spirit of devotion; yet when the best of christians attempt to sing many of them in our common translation, that spirit of devotion vanishes, and is lost, the psalm dies upon their lips, and they feel scarcely any thing of the holy pleasure of praise.

If I were to render the reasons of it, I would give this for one of the chief; namely, That the royal psalmist here expresses his own concerns in words exactly suited to his own thoughts, agreeable to his own personal character, and in the language of his own religion; this keeps all the springs of pious passion awake, when every line and syllable so nearly affects himself; this naturally raises in a devout mind, a more lively and transporting worship. But when we who are christians sing the same lines, we express nothing but the character, the concerns, and the religion of the jewish king; while our own circumstances, and our own religion (which are so widely different to his) have little to do in the sacred song; and our affections want something of property or interest in the words, to awaken them at first, and to keep them lively.

If this attempt of mine through the divine blessing, become so happy as to remove this great inconvenience, and to introduce warm devotion into this part of divine worship, I shall esteem it an honourable service done to the church of Christ.

It is necessary therefore that I should here inform my readers at large, what the title-page expresses in a shorter way; and assure them, that they are not to expect in this book an exact translation of the Psalms of David: for if I had not conceived a different design from all that have gone before me in this work, I had never attempted a service so full of labour, though I must confess it has not wanted its pleasure too.

In order to give a plain account of my present undertaking, I shall first represent the methods that my predecessors have followed in their versions; in the next place I hope to make it evident, that those methods can never attain the noblest and highest ends of christian psalmody; and then describe the course that I have taken, different from them all, together with some brief hints of the reasons that induced me to it.

First, I will represent the methods that my predecessors have followed. I have seen above twenty versions of the psalter, by persons of richer and meaner talents; and how various soever their professions and their prefaces are, yet in the performances they all seem to aim at this one point, namely, to make the Hebrew psalmist only speak English, and keep all his own characters still. Wheresoever the psalm introduces him as a soldier, or a prophet, as a shepherd, or a great musician, as a king on the throne, or as a fugitive in the wilderness, the translators ever represent him in the same circumstances. Some of them lead an assembly of common christians to worship God,

as near as possible in those very words; and they generally agree also to perform and repeat that worship in the ancient jewish forms, wherever the psalmist uses them.

There are several psalms indeed, which have scarcely any thing in them personal or peculiar to David or the Jews; such as psalm i. xix. xxv. lxvii. c. &c. and these, if translated into the plain national language, are very proper materials for psalmody in all times and places; but there are but a few of this kind, in comparison of the great number which have something of personal concerns, prophetical darknesses, hebraisms, or jewish affairs mingled with them.

I confess, Mr. Milbourn and Mr. Darby (though in very different verse) have now and then given an evangelic turn to the Hebrew sense; and Dr. Patrick hath gone so much beyond them in this respect, that he hath made use of the present language of christians in several psalms, and left out many of the judaisms. This is the thing that hath introduced him into the favour of so many religious assemblies; even those very persons that have an aversion to sing any thing in worship but David's Psalms, have been led insensibly to fall in with Dr. Patrick's performance by a relish of pious pleasure; never considering that his work is by no means a just translation, but a paraphrase; and there are scarcely any that have departed further from the inspired words of scripture than he hath often done, in order to suit his thoughts to the state and worship of christianity. This I esteem his peculiar excellency in those psalms wherein he has practised it: This I have made my chief care and business in every psalm, and have attempted at least to exceed him in this as well as in the art of verse, and yet I have often kept nearer to the text.

But, after all, this good man hath suffered himself so far to be carried away by custom, as to make all the other personal characters and circumstances of David appear strong and plain, except that of a Jew; and many of them he has represented in stronger and plainer terms than the original. This will appear to any one that compares these following texts in Dr. Patrick with the Bible, namely, *Psalm* iv. 2. and ix. 4, 5, and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx. 6, 7. and ci. 1. and cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and several others: So that it is hard to find, even in his version, six or eight stanzas together in any psalm (that has personal or national affairs in it) so fit to be assumed by a vulgar christian, or so proper to be sung by a whole congregation. This renders the due performance of psalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the verses; but it is extremely troublesome in those assemblies where the psalm is sung without reading it line by line, which yet is, beyond all exception, the truest and the best method; for in this way of singing there can be no omission of a verse, though it be ever so improper; but the whole church must run down to the next division of the psalm, and sing all that comes next to their lips, till the clerk puts them to silence. Or, to remedy this inconvenience, if a wise man leads the song, he dwells always upon four or five-and-twenty pieces of some select psalms, though the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow round still, for want of larger provision suited to our present circumstances.

I might here also remark, to what a hard shift the minister is put to find proper hymns at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, where the people will sing nothing but out of David's psalm book: How perpetually do they repeat some part of the xxiiid or the cxviiith psalm? and confine all the glorious joy and melody of that ordinance to a

few obscure lines, because the translators have not indulged an evangelical turn to the words of David? no, not in those very places where the jewish psalmist seems to mean the gospel; but as excellent a poet as he was, he was not able to speak it plain, by reason of the infancy of that dispensation, and longs for the aid of a christian writer. Though, to speak my own sense freely, I do not think David ever wrote a psalm of sufficient glory and sweetness, to represent the blessings of this holy institution of Christ, even though it were explained by a copious commentator; therefore it is my opinion, that other spiritual songs should sometimes be used, to render christian psalmody complete. But this is not my present business; and I have written on this subject elsewhere.

To proceed to the second part of my preface, which is, to shew how insufficient a strict translation of the psalms is to attain the designed end.

There are several songs of this royal author, that seem improper for any person besides himself; so that I cannot believe that the whole book of psalms (even in the original) was appointed by God for the ordinary and constant worship of the jewish sanctuary, or the synagogues, though several of them might be often sung; much less are they all proper for a christian church: Yet the way of a close translation of this whole book of Hebrew psalms for English and christian psalmody, has generally obtained among us.

Some pretend, it is but a just respect for the holy scriptures; for they have imbibed a fond opinion from their very childhood, that nothing is to be sung at church but the inspired writings, how different soever the sense is from our present state. But this opinion has been taken upon trust by the most part of its advocates, and borrowed chiefly from education, custom, and the authority of others; which, if duly examined, will appear to have been built upon too slight and feeble foundations; the weakness of it I shall shew more at large in another place: But it appears of itself more eminently inconsistent in those persons that scruple to address God in prose in any precomposed forms whatsoever: And they give this reason, because they cannot be fitted to all our present occasions; and yet in verse they confine their addresses to such forms as were fitted chiefly for jewish worshippers, and for the special occasions of David the king.

Others maintain, that a strict and scrupulous confinement to the sense of the original, is necessary to do justice to the royal author: But, in my judgment, the royal author is most honoured when he is made most intelligible: And when his admirable composures are copied in such language as gives light and joy to the saints that live two thousand years after him: Whereas such a mere translation of all his verse into English, to be sung in our worship, seems to darken our religion, by running back again to judaism; it damps our delight, and almost forbids the christian worshippers to pursue the song. How can we assume to ourselves all his words in our personal or public addresses to God, when our condition of life, our time, place, and religion, are so vastly different from those of David.

I grant it is necessary and proper, that in translating every part of scripture for our reading or hearing, the sense of the original should be exactly and faithfully represented; for there we learn what God says to us in his word. But in singing, for the most part, the case is altered: For as the greatest number of the psalms are devotional; and there the psalmists express their own personal or national concerns; so we are taught by their example, what is the chief design of psalmody, namely, that we should

represent our own sense of things in singing, and address ourselves to God expressing our own case; therefore the words should be so far adapted to the general state of the worshippers, as that we might seldom sing those expressions in which we have no concern: Or at least our translators of the psalms should observe this rule, that when the peculiar circumstances of ancient saints are formed into a song for our present and public use, they should be related rather in an historical manner, and not retain the personal pronouns *I* and *We*, where the transactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be applied to our persons, churches, or nation.

Moses, Deborah, and the princes of Israel; David, Asaph, and Habakkuk, and all the saints under the jewish state, sung their own joys and victories, their own hopes and fears, and deliverances, as I hinted before; and why must we, under the gospel, sing nothing else but the joys, hopes and fears of Asaph and David? Why must christians be forbid all other melody, but what arises from the victories and deliverances of the Jews? David would have thought it very hard to have been confined to the words of Moses, and sung nothing else on all his rejoicing days, but the drowning of Pharaoh, in the fifteenth of Exodus. He might have supposed it a little unreasonable when he had peculiar occasions of mournful music, if he had been forced to keep close to Moses's prayer in the ninetieth psalm, and always sung over the shortness of human life; especially if he were not permitted the liberty of a paraphrase: And yet the special concerns of David and Moses were much more akin to each other than ours are to either of them; and they were both of the same religion; but ours is very different.

It is true, that David has left us a richer variety of holy songs than all that went before him; but, rich as it is, it is still far short of the glorious things that we christians have to sing before the Lord; we and our churches have our own special affairs as well as they: Now, if by a little turn of their words, or by the change of a short sentence, we may express our own meditations, joys, and desires in the verse of those ancient psalmists, why should we be forbidden this sweet privilege? Why should we, under the christian dispensation, be tied up to forms more than the Jews themselves were, and such as are much more improper for our age and state too? Let us remember, that the very power of singing was given to human nature chiefly for this purpose, that our own warmest affections of soul might break out into natural or divine melody, and that the tongue of the worshipper might express his own heart.

I confess it is not unlawful, nor absurd, for a person of knowledge and skill in divine things to sing any part of the jewish psalm-book, and consider it merely as the Word of God; from which, by wise meditation, he may draw some pious inferences for his own use; for instruction is allowed to be one end of psalmody. But where the words are obscure hebraisms, or where the poet personates a Jew, a soldier, or a king, speaking to himself, or to God, this mode of instruction in a song seems not so natural or easy, even to the most skilful christian; and it is almost impracticable to the greatest part of mankind. And both the wise and the weak must confess this, that it does by no means raise their own devotions so well as if they were speaking in their own persons and expressing their own sense. Besides that, the weaker christian is ready to chime in with the words he sings, and use them as his own, though they are ever so foreign to his purpose.

Now, though it cannot be, that a large book of lively devotions should be so framed as to have every line perfectly suited to all the circumstances of every worshipper; but,

after the writer's utmost care, there will still be room for christian wisdom to exercise the thoughts aright in singing, when the words seem improper to our particular case: yet, as far as possible, every difficulty of this kind should be removed, and such sentences should by no means be chosen, which can scarcely be used, in their proper sense, by any that are present.

I could never persuade myself, that the best way to raise a devout frame in plain christians, was to bring a king or a captain into their churches, and let him lead and dictate the worship in his own style of royalty, or in the language of a field of battle. Does every menial servant in the assembly know how to use these words devoutly? namely, *When I receive the congregation, I will judge uprightly;* Psalm lxxv. 2. *A bow of steel is broken by mine arms.—As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me;* Psalm xviii. 34, 44. Would I encourage a parish-clerk to stand up in the midst of a country church, and bid all the people join with his words, and say, *I will praise thee upon a psaltery;* or, *I will open my dark saying upon the harp:* When even our cathedrals sing only to the sound of an organ, most of the meaner churches can have no music but the voice; and others will have none besides? Why then must all who will sing a psalm at church, use such words as if they were to play upon the harp and psaltery, when thousands never saw such an instrument, and know nothing of the art?

You will tell me, perhaps, that when you take these expressions upon your lips, you mean only, "That you will worship God according to his appointment now, even as David worshipped him in his day, according to God's appointment then." But why will you confine yourselves to speak one thing and mean another? Why must we be bound up to such words as can never be addressed to God in their own sense? And since the heart of a christian cannot join herein with his lips, why may not his lips be led to speak his heart? Experience itself has often shewn, that it interrupts the holy melody, and spoils the devotion of many a sincere good man or woman, when, in the midst of the song, some speeches of David have been almost imposed upon their tongues, where he relates his own troubles, his banishment, or peculiar deliverances; where he speaks like a jewish prince, a musician, or a prophet; or where the sense is so obscure, that it cannot be understood without a learned commentator.

Here I may with courage address myself to the heart and conscience of many pious and observing christians, and ask them whether they have not found a most divine pleasure in singing, when the words of the psalm have happily expressed their frame of soul? Have you not felt a new joy spring within you, when you could speak your own desires and hopes, your own faith, love, and zeal, in the language of the holy psalmist? Have not your spirits taken wing and mounted up near to God and glory, with the song of David on your tongue? But on a sudden, the clerk has proposed the next line to your lips, with dark sayings and prophecies, with burnt-offerings or hyssop, with new moons and trumpets, and timbrels in it, with confessions of sins which you never committed, with complaints of sorrows which you never felt; cursing such enemies as you never had; giving thanks for such victories as you never obtained; or leading you to speak, in your own persons, of things, places, and actions, that you never knew. And how have all your souls been discomposed at once, and the strings of harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the song with your hearts; and your lips have sunk their joy, and faltered in the tune; you have been balked and ashamed, and knew not whether it were best to be silent, or follow on with the clerk and the multi-

tude, and sing with cold devotion, and perhaps in darkness too, without thought or meaning.

Let it be replied here—That, to prevent this inconvenience, "such psalms or sentences may be always omitted by him that leads the song, or may have a more useful turn given in the mind of those that sing." But I answer, since such psalms or sentences are not to be sung, they may be as well omitted by the translator, or may have a more useful turn given in the verse, than is possible for all the singers to give on a sudden in their minds. And this is all that I contend for.

I come therefore to the third thing I proposed; and that is, to explain my own design, which, in short, is this; namely, to accommodate the book of Psalms to christian worship. And in order to this, it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c. of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense of a christian.

Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted some whole psalms, and large pieces of many others; and have chosen, out of all of them, such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to christian affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion; that in words, prepared for public worship, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere christians, whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

Where the psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, sin, Satan, and temptation. Where the flights of his faith and love are sublime, I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary christian. Where the words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation, I have given an historical turn to the sense. There is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the Psalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase, according to the words of Christ, or his apostles. And surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the holy scripture. Where the psalmist describes religion by the fear of God, I have often joined faith and love to it. Where he speaks of the pardon of sin through the mercies of God, I have added the blood or merits of a Saviour: Where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks, I rather choose to mention the sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God. When he attends the ark with shouting into Zion, I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his church on earth. Where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal; which are brought to light by the gospel, and promised in the New Testament: And I am fully satisfied, that more honour is done to our blessed Saviour, by speaking his name, his graces, and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the jewish forms of worship, and the language of types and figures.—All men will confess this is

just and necessary in preaching and praying; and I cannot find a reason why we should not sing praises also in a manner agreeable to the present and more glorious dispensation. No man can be persuaded, that to read a sermon of the royal preacher out of the book of Ecclesiastes, or a prayer out of Ezra or Daniel, is so edifying to a christian church (though they were inspired), as a well-composed prayer or sermon delivered in the usual language of the gospel of Christ. And why should the very words of the sweet-singer of Israel be esteemed so necessary to christian psalmody, and the jewish style so much preferable to the evangelical, in our religious songs of praise.

Now, since it appears so plain that the Hebrew psalter is very improper to be the precise matter and style of our songs in a christian church; and since there is very good reason to believe that it is left us not only as a most valuable part of the word of God, for our faith and practice, but as an admirable and divine pattern of spiritual songs and hymns under the gospel; I have chosen rather to imitate than to translate; and thus to compose a psalm-book for christians, after the manner of the jewish psalter.

If I could be persuaded that nothing ought to be sung in worship but what was of immediate inspiration from God, surely I would recommend anthems only; namely, the psalms themselves, as we read them in the Bible, set to music as they are sung by choristers in our cathedral churches, for these are nearest to the words of inspiration; and we must depart far from those words, if we turn them into rhyme and metre of any sort. And upon the foot of this argument, even the Scotch version, which has been so much commended for its approach to the original, would be unlawful as well as others.

But since I believe that any divine sentence, or christian verse, agreeable to scripture, may be sung, though it be composed by men uninspired, I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the ancient sense and meaning of David; but have rather expressed myself, as I may suppose David would have done, had he lived in the days of christianity: And by this means, perhaps, I have sometimes hit upon the true intent of the spirit of God in those verses, farther and clearer than David himself could ever discover, as St. Peter encourages me to hope, 1 *Peter* i. 11, 13, where he acknowledges that the ancient prophets, who foretold *of the grace that should come to us*, were, in some measure, ignorant of this great salvation; for though *they testified of the sufferings of Christ and his glory*, yet they were forced to search and enquire after the meaning of what they spake or wrote. In several other places, I hope my reader will find a natural exposition of many a dark and doubtful text, and some new beauties and connections of thought discovered in the jewish poet, though not in the language of a Jew. In all places I have kept my grand design in view; and that is, to teach my author to speak like a christian. For why should I now address God my Saviour in a song, with burnt-sacrifices of fatlings, and with the fat of rams? Why should I pray to be sprinkled with hyssop, or recur to the blood of bullocks and goats? Why should I bind my sacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar, or sing the praises of God to high-sounding cymbals, when the gospel has shewn me a nobler atonement for sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual worship? Why must I join with David in his legal or prophetic language, to curse my enemies, when my Saviour, in his sermons, has taught me to love and bless them? Why may not a christian omit all those passages of the jewish psalmist, that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming sorrows, despairing thoughts, or bitter personal resentments; none of which are well

suited to the spirit of christianity, which is a dispensation of hope, and joy, and love? What need is there that I should wrap up the shining honours of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy language of a religion that is now for ever abolished; especially when christians are so vehemently warned, in the epistles of St. Paul, against a judaizing spirit, in their worship as well as doctrine? And what fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more useful subjects in the style of the gospel, where the psalm gives any occasion, since the whole religion of the Jews is censured often in the New Testament as a defective and imperfect thing?

Though I have aimed to provide for a variety of affairs in the christian life, by the different metres, paraphrases, and divisions of the psalms (of which I shall speak particularly), yet, after all, there are a great many circumstances that attend common christians, which cannot be agreeably expressed by any paraphrase on the words of David; and for these I have endeavoured to provide in my book of Hymns, that christians might have something to say in divine worship, answerable to most or all their occasions. In the preface to that book, I have shewn the insufficiency of the common versions of the psalms, and given further reasons for my present attempt.

I am not so vain as to expect, that the few short hints I have mentioned in that preface, or in this, should be sufficient to justify my performance in the judgment of all men, nor to convince and satisfy those who have long maintained different sentiments. All the favour, therefore, that I desire of my readers, is this, that they would not censure this work till they have read my Discourse of Psalmody, which I hope will shortly be published; but let them read it with serious attention, and bring with them a generous and sincere soul, ready to be convinced, and to receive truth wheresoever it can be found. In that treatise I have given a large and particular account how the psalms of jewish composure ought to be translated for christian worship; and justified the rules I lay down by such reasons, as seem to carry in them most plentiful evidence, and a fair conviction.

If I might presume so much, I would intreat them also to forget their younger prejudices for a season, so far as to make a few experiments of these songs, and try whether they are not suited, through divine grace, to kindle in them a fire of zeal and love, and to exalt the willing soul to an evangelic temper of joy and praise. And if they shall find, by sweet experience, any devout affections raised, and a holy frame of mind awakened within them by these attempts of christian psalmody, I persuade myself, that I shall receive their thanks, and be assisted by their prayers towards the recovery of my health, and my public labours in the church of Christ. Whatsoever sentiments they had formerly entertained, yet surely they will not suffer their old and doubtful opinions to prevail against their own inward sensations of piety and religious joy.

Before I conclude, I must add a few things concerning my division of the psalms, and my manner of versifying.

OF THE DIVISION OF THE PSALMS.

In many of these sacred songs, it is evident that the psalmist had several distinct cases in view at the same time: As psalm lxv. the first four or five verses describe the temple-worship of prayer and praise; the following verses represent the providence of God in the seasons of the year. So in psalm lxviii. the first six verses declare the

majesty and mercy of God; and from the 7th verse to the 16th, Israel is brought from Egypt to fix divine worship at Jerusalem; the 17th and 18th are a prophecy of the ascension of Christ; ver. 24, &c. describes a religious procession, &c. The like may be observed in many other psalms, especially such as represent some complicated sorrows or joys of the psalmist.—Now it is not to be supposed that christians should have all the same distinct occasion of meditation, complaint, or praise, much less all at the same time, to be mentioned before God; therefore I have divided many psalms into several parts, and disposed them into distinct hymns on those various subjects that may be proper matter for christian psalmody.

Besides, the excessive long tone of voice that stretches out every syllable in our public singing, allows us neither time nor spirits to sing above six or eight stanzas at once, and sometimes we make use of but three or four; therefore I have reduced almost all the work into hymns of such a length, as may suit the usual custom of the churches, that they may not sing broken fragments of sense, as is too often done, and spoil the beauty of this worship; but may finish a whole song and subject at once.

For this end I have been forced to transpose, or omit, some of the verses; and by this means (some will object) that I have left out some useful and significant lines. Perhaps so; but if I had not, the clerk would have left them out, to save the time for other parts of worship; and I desire but the same liberty that he has to choose which verses shall be sung. Yet I think it will be seldom found that I have omitted any useful psalm, or verse, whose sense is not abundantly repeated in other parts of the book; and what I have left out in one metre I have often inserted in another.

When the occasion or subject are much the same throughout a long psalm, I have either abridged the verses or divided the psalm by pauses, after the French manner (where the sense would admit an interruption), that the worship may not be tiresome.

OF THE VERSE.

I RESIGN to Sir John Denham the honour of the best poet, if he had given his genius but a just liberty; yet his work will ever shine brightest among those that have confined themselves to a mere translation. But that close confinement has often forbidden the freedom and glory of verse, and by cramping his sense, has rendered it sometimes too obscure for a plain reader and the public worship, even though we lived in the days of David and judaism. These inconveniences he himself suspects and fears in the preface.

I am content to yield to Mr. Milbourn the preference of his poesy in several parts of his psalms, and to Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady, in some of theirs; but in those very places their turns of thought and language are too much raised above a vulgar audience, and fit only for persons of a higher education.

I have not refused, in some few psalms, to borrow a single line or two from these three authors; yet I have taken the most freedom of that sort with Dr. Patrick; for his style best agrees with my design, though his verse be generally of a lower strain. But where I have used three or four lines together of any author, I have acknowledged it in the notes.

In some of the more elevated psalms, I have given a little indulgence to my genius; and if it should appear that I have aimed at the sublime, yet I have generally kept within the reach of an unlearned reader. I never thought the art of sublime writing

consisted in flying out of sight; nor am I of the mind of the Italian, who said, "Obscurity begets greatness." I have always avoided the language of the poets, where it did not suit the language of the gospel.

In many of these composures, I have just permitted my verse to rise above a flat and indolent style; yet I hope it is every where supported above the just contempt of the critics: though I am sensible that I have often subdued it below their esteem; because I would neither indulge any bold metaphors, nor admit of hard words, nor tempt the ignorant worshipper to sing without his understanding.

Though I have attempted to imitate the sacred beauties of my author in some of the sprightly psalms, such as psalm xliv. xlvi. xlix. lxv. lxxii. xc. xci. civ. cxiv. cxv. cxxxix. &c. yet if my youthful readers complain, that they expected to find here more elegant and beautiful descriptions with which the sacred original abounds, let them consider that some of those pieces of descriptive poesy are the flowery elegancies peculiar to eastern nations and antique ages; and are much too large also to be brought into such short christian sonnets as are used in our present worship; almost all those psalms I have contracted and fitted to more spiritual devotion, as psalm xviii. lxviii. lxxiii. lxxviii. cv. cvi. cix. &c.

OF THE METRE AND RHYME.

I HAVE formed my verse in the three most useful metres to which our psalm-tunes are fitted; namely, the common metre; the metre of the old xxvth psalm, which I call short metre; and that of the old cth psalm, which I call long metre. Besides these, I have done some new psalms in stanzas of six, eight, or twelve lines, to the best of the old tunes. Many of them I have also cast into two or three metres, not by leaving out or adding two syllables in a line, whereby others have cramped or stretched their verse to the destruction of all poesy; but I have made an entire new song, and oftentimes, in the different metres, I have indulged those different senses, in which commentators have explained the inspired author. And if in one metre I have given the loose to a paraphrase, I have confined myself to my text in the other.

If I am charged by the critics for repeating the same rhymes too often, let them consider, that the words which continually recur in divine poesy, admit exceeding few rhymes to them fit for sacred use; these are, *God*, *world*, *flesh*, *soul*, *life*, *death*, *faith*, *hope*, *heaven*, *earth*, &c. which I think will make sufficient apology; especially since I have coupled all my lines by rhymes, much more than either Mr. Tate or Dr. Patrick have done; which is certainly most musical and agreeable to the ear, where rhyme is used at all.

I must confess I have never yet seen any version, or paraphrase of the Psalms, in their own jewish sense, so perfect as to discourage all further attempts. But whoever undertakes the noble work, let him bring with him a soul devoted to piety, an exalted genius, and withal a studious application; for David's harp abhors a profane finger, and disdains to answer to an unskilful or a careless touch. A meaner pen may imitate at a distance; but a complete translation, or a just paraphrase, demands a rich treasury of diction, an exalted fancy, a quick taste of devout passion, together with judgment strict and severe to retrench every luxuriant line, and to maintain a religious sovereignty over the whole work. Thus the psalmist of Israel might arise in Great Britain in all his Hebrew glory, and entertain the more knowing and polite christians of our age. But

still I am bold to maintain the great principle on which my present work is founded; and that is, That if the brightest genius on earth, or an angel from heaven, should translate David, and keep close to the sense and style of the inspired author, we should only obtain thereby a bright or heavenly copy of the devotions of the jewish king; but it could never make the fittest psalm-book for a christian people.

It was not my design to exalt myself to the rank and glory of poets; but I was ambitious to be a servant to the churches, and a helper to the joy of the meanest christian. Though there are many gone before me, who have taught the Hebrew psalmist to speak English, yet I think I may assume this pleasure of being the first who hath brought down the royal author into the common affairs of the christian life, and led the psalmist of Israel into the church of Christ, without any thing of a Jew about him. And whensoever there shall appear any *Paraphrase of the Book of Psalms* that retains more of the savour of David's piety, or discovers more of the style and spirit of the gospel, with a superior dignity of verse, and yet the lines as easy and flowing, and the sense and language as level to the lowest capacity, I shall congratulate the world, and consent to say, " Let this attempt of mine be buried in silence."

Till such a work arise, I must attend these *Evangelic Songs* (which have been the labour of so many years) with a devout wish.

May that God, who has favoured me with life and capacity to finish this work for the service of his churches, after so many years of tiresome sickness and confinement, accept this humble offering from a thankful heart! May the Lord, who dwelt of old amidst the praises of Israel, encourage and bless this essay to assist christians in the work of praise! and may his churches exalt him here on earth in the language of his gospel, and his grace, till they shall be called up to heaven, and the noble society above! There David and Asaph have changed their ancient style, and the song of Moses and of the Lamb are one: There the Jews join with the nations, to exalt their God and Redeemer in the language of angels, and in the strains of complete glory. *Amen.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READERS.

THE chief design of this work was to improve psalmody, or religious singing, and to encourage the frequent practice of it in public assemblies and private families, with more honour and delight; yet the author hopes the reading of it may also entertain in the parlour and the closet, with devout pleasure and holy meditations. Therefore he would request his readers, at proper seasons, to peruse it through, and among three hundred and forty sacred hymns, they may find out several that suit their own case and temper, or the circumstances of their families and friends; they may teach their children such as are proper for their age, and by treasuring them in their memory, they may be furnished for pious retirement, or may entertain their friends with holy melody.

OF CHOOSING OR FINDING THE PSALM.

THE perusal of the whole book will acquaint every reader with the author's method, and by consulting the Index, or Table of Contents at the end, he may find hymns very proper for many occasions of the christian life and worship, though no copy of David's Psalter can provide for all.

Or if he remember the first line of any psalm, the Table of the First Lines at the end will direct where to find it.

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the psalms in order, in churches or families, it may be done with profit; provided those psalms be omitted that refer to special occurrences of nations, churches, or single christians.

OF NAMING THE PSALM.

Let the number of the psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular metre, and particular part of it: As for instance, Let us sing the 33d psalm, 2d part, common metre; or, let us sing the 91st psalm, 1st part, beginning at the pause, or ending at the pause; or, let us sing the 84th psalm as the 148th psalm, &c. And then read over the first stanza before you begin to sing, that the people may find it in their books, whether you sing with or without reading line by line.

OF DIVIDING THE PSALM.

If the psalm be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are pauses in many of them at which you may properly rest; or you may leave out these verses which are included in crotchets [ ], without disturbing the sense; or in some places, you may begin to sing at a pause.

Do not always confine yourself to six stanzas, but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the sense and abuse the psalm in solemn worship.

OF THE MANNER OF SINGING.

It were to be wished that all congregations and private families would sing as they do in foreign protestant countries, without reading line by line. Though the author has done what he could to make the sense complete in every line or two, yet many inconveniences will always attend this unhappy manner of singing; but where it cannot be altered, these two things may give some relief:—

First, Let as many as can do it, bring psalm-books with them, and look on the words while they sing, so far as to make the sense complete.

Secondly, Let the clerk read the whole psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the lines, that the people may have some notion of what they sing; and not be forced to drag on heavily through eight tedious syllables without any meaning, till the next line comes to give the sense of them.

It were to be wished also, that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent, with a constant uniformity of time; which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas: Whereas, if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed in pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm with less expence of time and breath; and our psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.

THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE

LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM 1. (C.M.)

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

II.

But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

III.

[He like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

IV.

Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

V.

Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

VI.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

VII.

His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

In this work I have often borrowed a line or two from the New Testament; that the excellent and inspired composures of the jewish psalmist may be brightened by the clearer discoveries of the gospel.
Stanza vi. *He shall set the sheep at his right hand, &c.* Matt. xxv. 33.

PSALM 1. (S.M.)

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

I.

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorners' place;

II.

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

III.

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

IV.

Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

V.

How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

VI.

He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM 1. (L.M.)

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

II.
He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.
III.
He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.
IV.
But sinners find their counsels erost;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
V.
In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge with stern command
Divides him to a different place.
VI.
'Straight is the way my saints have trod,
'I blest the path and drew it plain;
'But you would choose the crooked road,
'And down it leads to endless pain.'

Stanza i. line 2. and stanza vi. line 4. *Broad is the way that leads to destruction,* Matt. vii. 13, 14.
Stanza iv. line 4. *At the last trump, &c.* 1 Cor. xv. 52.

PSALM 2. (S. M.)

Translated according to the Divine Pattern, Acts iv. 24, &c.

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning.

I.
[MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.
II.
The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]
III.
Why did the gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?
IV.
Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.
V.
The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

VI.
Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.
VII.
He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.
VIII.
The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.
IX.
[Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.
X.
If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

Stanza i. line 1. *Lord, thou art God, who hast made heaven—Who, by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, &c.* Acts iv. 24, &c.
Stanza i. line 3. *To do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined to be done, &c.* verse 28. and several other lines of this version are evidently borrowed from the fuller discoveries of Christ in the New Testament.
Stanza viii. *Shall rule the nations with a rod of iron, even as I received of my Father,* Rev. ii. 27.

PSALM 2. (C. M.)

I.
WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?
II.
The Lord that sits above the skies
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.
III.
'I call him my eternal Son,
'And raise him from the dead;
'I make my holy hill his throne,
'And wide his kingdom spread.
IV.
'Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
'The utmost heathen lands:
'Thy rod of iron shall destroy
'The rebel that withstands.'

V.

Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

VI.

With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2. (L.M.)

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

I.

WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their powers engage
His dear anointed to destroy?

II.

'Come, let us break his bands,' they say,
'This man shall never give us laws;'
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the cross.

III.

But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

IV.

'I will maintain the King I made
'On Zion's everlasting hill,
'My hand shall bring him from the dead,
'And he shall stand your sovereign still.'

V.

[His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly birth,
'This day have I begot my Son.

VI.

'Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
'There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
'The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
'To thee the northern isles shall bow.']

VII.

But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease
As potters' earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

VIII.

Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb,
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

IX.

With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

X.

His storms shall drive you quick to hell,
He is a God, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

Stanza v. *Declared to be the Son of God with power, by his resurrection from the dead,* Rom. i. 4.

PSALM 3. (C.M.)

Doubts and Fears suppress; or, God our Defence from Sin and Satan.

I.

MY God how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

II.

The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

III.

But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

IV.

[I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear,
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

V.

He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

VI.

What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.

VII.

Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

VIII.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

In this psalm I have changed David's personal enemies into the spiritual enemies of every christian, namely, sin, Satan, &c. and have mentioned the serpent, the tempter, the guilt of sin, and the sting of death; which are words well known in the New Testament.

PSALM 3. *v.* 1—5, 8. (L. M.)

A Morning Psalm.

I.

O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

II.

Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

III.

Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

IV.

But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

In the third and fourth psalm there is a verse or two that shews the one to be writ in the morning, the other in the evening; wherefore I have chosen out those parts that seem most easily applicable, and have turned them into a morning and evening song.

PSALM 4. *v.* 1—3, 5—7. (L. M.)

Hearing of Prayer; or, God our portion, and Christ our Hope.

I.

O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

II.

Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

III.

Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd.

IV.

When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

V.

Let the unthinking many say,
'Who will bestow some earthly good?'
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

VI.

Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favours so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn, and all their wine.

Though this psalm may not directly intend the Messiah, yet I have taken occasion to apply some expressions in it to Christ and his gospel, I hope with some advantage, and without offence.

PSALM 4. *v.* 3—5, 8, (C. M.)

An Evening Psalm.

I.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

II.

And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

III.

I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

IV.

Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. (C. M.)

For the Lord's Day Morning.

I.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

II.

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

III.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

IV.

But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court
And worship in thy fear.

V.

O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

VI.

My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

VII.

Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

VIII.

The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

This psalm begins with the mention of Morning Prayer, and proceeds to the worship of God in his temple; which inclined me to intitle it, for a Lord's Day Morning.

Stanza ii. and v. Where any just occasion is given to make mention of Christ, and the Holy Spirit, I refuse it not; and I am persuaded David would not have refused it, had he lived under the gospel; nor St. Paul, had he written a psalm book.

PSALM 6. (C. M.)

Complaint in Sickness; or, Diseases healed.

I.

IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

II.

My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain opprest;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

III.

Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

IV.

Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief?

V.

He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercy's sake
And heals our broken bones.

VI.

The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

Vexation by personal enemies is not a constant attendant of sickness; therefore in this version, I have omitted it as a peculiar circumstance of David's. In the next version I have changed these enemies for temptations and despairing thoughts.

The fifth verse of this psalm, which is a plea in the prayer, may be naturally transposed to the end, as a ground of praise.

PSALM 6. (L. M.)

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

I.

LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

II.

Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

III.

See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

IV.

Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

V.

I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

VI.

Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

Part of the first three stanzas I have borrowed from Dr. Patrick, being pleased with the agreeable turn he gives to David's sense.

PSALM 7. (C. M.)

God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

I.

MY trust is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

II.
With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.
III.
If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.
IV.
If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.
V.
Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

VI.
[Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?
VII.
He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.
VIII.
For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]
IX.
That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

In this psalm I have not exactly followed every single verse of the psalmist, but have endeavoured to contract the substance of it into fewer lines; yet not without a regard to the literal sense and words also, as will appear by the comparison.

PSALM 8. (S.M.)

God's Sovereignty and Goodness; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

I.
O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
II.
When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies:
III.
When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
A-kin to dust and worms?
IV.
Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.
V.
Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
VI.
How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.
VII.
[Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.
VIII.
O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

Stanza vii. The transposing of the second verse of this psalm, towards the end, will not appear offensive, since the connection of it with the other parts of the psalm appears so much more visible.

PSALM 8. (C.M.)

Christ's Condescension and Glorification; or, God made Man.

I.
O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
II.
When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;
III.
Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

IV.

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

V.

[Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.

VI.

The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

VII.

These lesser glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

VIII.

Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

IX.

Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name?
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Stanza iv. If the citation of part of this psalm by the apostle, *Heb.* ii. 5. be but a mere allusion, yet it affords ground enough for the turn I have given it in this version, and the application of it to Christ.

Stanza vi. line 1. *Jesus went to them walking on the sea,* Matt. xiv. 25.

Line 2. *He said to Simon, launch out, &c. and they enclosed a great multitude of fishes.* Luke v. 4, 6.

Line 4. *Cast an hook, and take up the fish—thou shalt find a piece of money, &c.* Matt. xvii. 27.

PSALM 8. *v.* 1, 2. *Paraphrased.* First Part. (L. M.)

The Hosanna of the Children; or, Infants praising God.

I.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

II.

To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

III.

Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

IV.

Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

V.

The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

The two first verses are here paraphrased and explained by the history of the children crying hosanna to Christ, *Matt.* xxi. 15, 16. where our Saviour cites and applies those words of the psalmist.

PSALM 8. *v. 3, &c. Paraphrased.* Second Part. (L. M.)

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and the New Creation.

I.

LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

II.

That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

III.

But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn
Who condescended to be born!

IV.

See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

V.

The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

I am persuaded the true meaning of the apostle, in citing the words of this psalm, and applying them to our Saviour, *Heb.* ii. 5, &c. is to shew that Christ, the second Adam, must have dominion over the new world, as Adam, the first man, had over the old; and that he is truly and really man, because the first Adam is the figure and type of him in this his dominion.

PSALM 9. First Part. (C. M.)

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

II.
I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
III.
Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor opprest,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
IV.
The men, that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
V.
Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. *v.* 12. Second Part. (C.M.)

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

I.
WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.
II.
He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.
III.
His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.
IV.
Thus by thy judgments mighty God!
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

V.
The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.
VI.
Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
VII.
[Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.
VIII.
Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10. (C.M.)

Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, Pride, Atheism, and Oppression punished.

For a Humiliation Day.

I.
WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
II.
Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?
III.
They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height
That they shall fall no more.
IV.
Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

V.
Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
'The God of heaven will ne'er engage
'To fight on Zion's side?'
VI.
But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.
VII.
Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.
VIII.
Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. (L. M.)

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

I.

MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
'Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
'To distant woods or mountains fly?'

II.

If government be all destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

III.

The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits thro'.

IV.

If he afflicts his saints so far
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

V.

On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.

VI.

The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12. (L. M.)

The Saint's Safety and Hope in Evil Times; or, Sins of the Tongue complained of; viz. Blasphemy, Falsehood, &c.

I.

LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man, amongst us here,
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

II.

The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

III.

But lips, that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

IV.

'Yet shall our words be free,' they cry;
'Our tongues shall be control'd by none:
'Where is the Lord will ask us why?
'Or say, our lips are not our own?'

V.

The Lord who sees the poor oppress,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

VI.

Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

VII.

Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Tho' when the vilest men have power
On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM 12. (C. M.)

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners; or, the Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to Judgment.

I.

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

II.

Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

III.

If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
'Are not our lips our own,' they cry,
'And who shall be our Lord?'

IV.

Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of power and pride
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

V.

Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

VI.

Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not given this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

VII.

'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'now will I rise,
'And make oppressors flee;
'I shall appear to their surprise,
'And set my servants free.'

VIII.

Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

Stanza iv. The last verse of this psalm may naturally be inserted here.

Stanza v. The signs of Christ's coming, mentioned in the New Testament, Matt. xxiv. 12. Luke xviii. 8. *are abounding iniquity, love waxing cold, and faith scarce to be found;* and seem very much akin to the sense of this psalm.

PSALM 13. (L. M.)

Pleading with God under Desertion; or, Hope in Darkness.

I.

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide?
And I still pray and be deny'd?

II.

Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

III.

How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

IV.

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

V.

How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

VI.

Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM 13. (C. M.)

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

I.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

II.

How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

III.

See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

IV.

Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

V.

How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

VI.

But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

VII.

Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

PSALM 14. First Part. (C. M.)

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

I.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
'That all religion's vain,
'There is no God that reigns on high,
'Or minds th' affairs of men.'

II.

From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

III.

The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

IV.

By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

V.

Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

VI.

Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

Several verses of this psalm are cited by the apostle, *Rom* iii. 10, &c. to shew the universal corruption of human nature; wherefore I have brought more of the apostle's words, there used, into the fourth and fifth stanzas here, and concluded this part of the psalm agreeable to Saint Paul's design.

Note, The second part of this psalm speaks only of persecutors and the enemies of the church; therefore I have divided it from the former.

PSALM 14. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Folly of Persecutors.

I.

ARE sinners now so senseless grown
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

II.

Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

III.

Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God, confound their pride.

IV.

O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15. (C. M.)

Characters of a Saint; or, a Citizen of Zion; or, the Qualifications of a Christian.

I.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

II.

The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

III.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

IV.

The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

V.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 15. (L. M.)

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth; or, Duties to God and Man; or, the Qualifications of a Christian.

I.

WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

II.

Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

III.

[Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

IV.

[Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

V.

[He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

VI.

He loves his enemies and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

VII.

Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord with thee.

Since our blessed Saviour, in the New Testament, has so much explained the duties of the law and published the gospel, I could not pass over this psalm of the characters of the jewish saint, without inserting some brighter articles that must belong to the christian: Such as, alms and charity to the poor, love to enemies, blessing those that curse us, doing to others as we would have them do to us, and hope of acceptance only through divine grace.

I thought it necessary also to leave out the mention of usury, *verse* 5. which though politically forbidden by the Jews among themselves, was never unlawful to the gentiles, nor to any christians, since the Jewish polity expired.

PSALM 16. First Part. (L. M.)

Confession of our Poverty, and Saints the best Company; or Good Works profit Men, not God.

I.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

II.

Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

III.

Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

IV.

Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heavenly birth
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16. Second Part. (L. M.)

Christ's All-sufficiency.

I.

HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

II.

My God provides a richer cup,
A nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus his best beloved Son.

III.

His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

IV.

I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

From the psalmist's mention of drink-offerings of blood, I take occasion to allude to the sacrifice of Christ. *His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed,* John vi. 55.

PSALM 16. Third Part. (L. M.)

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

I.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

II.

Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

III.

My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

IV.

There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys thro' all the place.

The last verses of this psalm are applied only to Christ, *Acts* xiii. 36. and ii. 23, &c. yet since they contain so fair a view of the resurrection, which is so seldom found in this book, I have formed these four stanzas into such expressions as may be assumed by christians, and applied to themselves.

PSALM 16. *v.* 1—8. First Part. (C. M.)

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

I.

SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe,
In thee my trust I place,
Tho' all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

II.

Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't;
The saints the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

III.

Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is east
Where the true God is known.

IV.

His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

V.

God is my portion and my joy,
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

VI.

My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM 16. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

I.

'I SET the Lord before my face,
'He bears my courage up;
'My heart and tongue their joys express,
'My flesh shall rest in hope.

II.

'My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
'Where souls departed are;
'Nor quit my body to the grave
'To see corruption there.

III.

'Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
'And raise me to thy throne;
'Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
'Thy presence joys unknown.'

IV.

[Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

V.

Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold he lives again!

VI.

When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

In this version I have applied the three last verses of this psalm to Christ alone, as St. *Peter* applies them, *Acts* ii. 23. yet instead of the fourth line of the second stanza, To see corruption there, you may read thus, To dwell for ever there. And then the first three stanzas may be sung alone, and applied to every christian.

Stanza ii. It is now agreed by the learned, that שְׁאוֹל Sheol, which is rendered hell, signifies only the state of the dead; that is, the grave for the body, and the separate state for the spirit.

PSALM 17. *v.* 13, &c. (S. M.)

Portion of Saints and Sinners; or, Hope and Despair in Death.

I.

ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

II.

Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

III.

Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

IV.

I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

V.

There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

Stanza v. The heaven which souls enjoy in the separate state, is so much increased by the resurrection of the body, that it may be called a New Heaven, the heaven of the body as well as of the soul.

PSALM 17. (L. M.)

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or, the Heaven of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.

I.

LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

II.

Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

III.

What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

IV.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

V.

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

VI.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

The sense of a great part of this psalm occurs so frequently in the Book of Psalms, that I thought it necessary to translate no more than these few verses of it; namely, ver. 3. *Thou hast proved my heart, thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing.* Ver. 13. *The wicked are thy sword.* Ver. 14. *The men of the world have their portion in this life, whose belly thou fillest: They leave the rest of their substance to their babes.* Ver. 15. *I shall behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.*

I confess I have indulged a large exposition here, but I could not forbear to give my thoughts a loose upon this divine description of complete blessedness in the 15th verse; this bright abridgment of heaven.

From the word Awake, I have taken occasion to represent the departing soul's awaking into the world of spirits, as well as the body's awaking from the grave.

PSALM 18. *v.* 1—6, 15—18. First Part. (L. M.)

Deliverance from Despair; or, Temptations overcome.

I.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

II.

Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

III.

I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to despair.

IV.

In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

V.

[With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

VI.

Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

VII.

Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars that devils wage.

VIII.

My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

I have divided this long psalm into three parts, and accommodated the several verses of it to our spiritual warfare and victory through grace, as being of more frequent and general use to christians; yet there are so noble expressions of triumph in God, and thanks for victory over temporal enemies scattered up and down, that persuaded me to form them afterwards in common metre also, agreeable to their original design.

PSALM 18. *v.* 20—26. Second Part. (L. M.)

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

I.

LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

II.

Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

III.

What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin:

IV.

That sin which close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

V.

[With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

VI.

The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM 18. *v.* 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c. Third Part (L. M.)

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

I.

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

II.

'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

III.

He lives (and blessed be my rock!)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my father gives.

IV.

Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

V.

To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM 18. First Part. (C. M.)

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

I.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

II.

We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

III.

When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?

IV.

He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

V.

He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

VI.

He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

VII.

[He arms our captains to the fight,
(Tho' there his name's forgot:
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)

VIII.

Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own church's sake:
The powers that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.]

Stanza vii. Isaiah xlv. 1, 5. *Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus,—I girded thee, though thou hast not known me.*

PSALM 18. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Conqueror's Song.

I.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

II.

'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

III.

How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

IV.

In vain to idol-saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

V.

The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

VI.

On kings that reign as David did
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports the crown.

PSALM 19. First Part. (S. M.)

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

II.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

III.

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

IV.

Ye British lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

V.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands
Where our salvation lies.

VI.

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

VII.

[Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace past
So much allures the sight.

VIII.

While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my king,
In my Redeemer's name.]

The psalmist here, and in other psalms, uses the word Law, to express the five books of Moses, or all the divine Revelation that he had in his time; yet Christ and the apostles so frequently distinguish the law and the gospel, that I have chosen to imitate their language, and have often introduced the words gospel, truth, and promise, instead of statutes, testimonies, &c. as being more agreeable to the style of the New Testament.

Stanza viii. I have here inserted the last verse of the psalm with an evangelical turn, as a proper conclusion of this first part; the whole being too long to be sung at once, according to our present custom.

PSALM 19. Second Part. (S. M.)

God's Word most excellent; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

II.

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

III.

How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

IV.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

V.

I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

VI.

O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

VII.

Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

VIII.

While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM 19. (L. M.)

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared; or, the Glory and Success of the Gospel.

I.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

II.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

III.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth begun its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

IV.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

V.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

VI.

Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Though the plain design of the psalmist is to shew the excellency of the book of Scripture above the book of Nature, in order to convert and save a sinner, yet the apostle Paul, in *Rom.* x. 18. applies or accommodates the fourth verse to the spreading of the gospel over the Roman empire, which is called the whole world in the New Testament: And in this version I have endeavoured to imitate him.

PSALM 19. To the Tune of the 113th Psalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

I.

GREAT God the heaven's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

II.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

III.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

IV.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to shew thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

V.

I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

VI.

From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw,
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

VII.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

VIII.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM 20. (L. M.)

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in time of War.

I.

NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

II.

The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength, when Zion calls.

III.

Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

IV.

In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

V.

Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

VI.

[O! may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

VII.

Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. (C. M.)

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

I.

THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice:
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.

II.

Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.

III.

Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.

IV.

But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.

V.

When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

VI.

Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

I have borrowed almost all these stanzas from Mr. Tate's version, and they seem very applicable to his present majesty King George, 1716.

PSALM 21. *v.* 1—9. (L. M.)

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

I.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

II.

How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

III.

Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

IV.

Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

V.

Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows,
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22. *v.* 1—16. First Part. (C. M.)

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

I.

WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

II.

Tho' 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

III.

Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

IV.

Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
'In vain he trusts in God,' they cry,
'Neglected and forlorn.'

V.

But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

VI.

Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

VII.

Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

VIII.

From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

IX.

Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

X.

My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

XI.

My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

XII.

Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM 22. *v.* 20, 21, 27—31. Second Part. (C. M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.

I.

'NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
'O Lord, protect thy son;
'Nor leave thy darling to engage
'The powers of hell alone.

II.

Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

III.
Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

IV.
A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reekon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

V.
The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

VI.
The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22. (L. M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

I.
NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood
As one forsaken of his God.

II.
The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;
'He reseu'd others from the grave,
'Now let him try himself to save.

III.
'This is the man did once pretend
'God was his Father and his friend;
'If God the blessed lov'd him so,
'Why doth he fail to help him now?'

IV.
Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

V.
They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And moek the pangs in which he dy'd.

VI.
But God, his Father, heard his ery;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

In this version I have abridged the whole psalm, and chosen only those verses of it which are cited or explained in the New Testament, namely, 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 29, 31.

PSALM 23. (L. M.)

God our Shepherd.

I.
MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providenee and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

II.
In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

III.
My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace
And leads me, for his mercy's sake
In the fair paths of righteousness.

IV.
Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

V.
Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my eomfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

VI.
The sons of earth and sons of hell,
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

VII.
[How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

VIII.
Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

PSALM 23. (C. M.)

The Same.

I.
MY shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

II.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

III.
When I walk through the shades of death.
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

IV.
Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

V.
The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise!

VI.
There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Stanza iv. The oil or ointment that was used of old to anoint and perfume the head, in the sense and language of the New Testament, must signify the *communications of the Holy Spirit*, which is called *the anointing*, 1 John ii. 20, 27. as I have explained it in the long metre; and Psalm xiv. 7. with John iii. 34. approves it.

PSALM 23. (S. M.)

The same.

I.
THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd,
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

II.
He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

III.
If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

IV.
While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My shepherd's with me there.

V.
In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

VI.
The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. (C. M.)

Dwelling with God.

I.
THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

II.
But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart his right with God.

III.
This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

IV.
Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near.

V.
The King of glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM 24. (L. M.)

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

I.
THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds:
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

II.
But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker God?

III.
He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

IV.
These are the men, the pious race
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

V.
Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

VI.

Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqueror comes with God to dwell.

VII.

Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

If this psalm was written at the ascent of the ark of God into Zion the city of David, it is not unnatural to apply it to the presence of Christ with his church in worship, as in the common metre; or to the ascension of Christ to Heaven, as in this metre. In this, and other parts of the psalm, I have endeavoured to make the connexion plain and easy, which is very obscure in the text.

PSALM 25. *v.* 1—11. First Part. (S. M.)

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

II.

Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

III.

From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy Salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

IV.

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

V.

The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

VI.

For his own goodness sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. *v.* 12, 14, 10, 13. Second Part. (S. M.)

Divine Instruction.

I.

WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

II.

The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

III.

The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

IV.

Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25. *v.* 15—22. Third Part. (S. M.)

Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

I.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

II.

Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

III.

When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

IV.

The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

V.

With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

VI.

Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

VII.

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

VIII.

With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
'Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
'He sought the Lord in vain.'

PSALM 26. (L.M.)

Self-examination; or, Evidences of Grace.

I.

JUDGE me O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

II.

I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

III.

Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well-wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

IV.

I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

V.

Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27. *v.* 1—6. First Part. (C.M.)

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

I.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

II.

One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

III.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

IV.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

V.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. *v.* 8, 9, 13, 14. Second Part. (C.M.)

Prayer and Hope.

I.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children seek my grace,'
My heart reply'd without delay,
'I'll seek my Father's face.'

II.

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

III.

Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want, or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

IV.

My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

V.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

The xxviiith psalm has scarcely any thing new, but what is repeated in other psalms.

PSALM 29. (L.M.)

Storm and Thunder.

I.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

II.

The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

III.

He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighful hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

IV.
To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
V.
The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
VI.
In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. First Part. (L. M.)

Sickness healed and Sorrow removed.

I.
I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
II.
Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
III.
His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. *v.* 6. Second Part. (L. M.)

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

I.
FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
'Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.'
II.
But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
III.
I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
'What canst thou profit by my blood?
'Deep in the dust can I declare
'Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?
IV.
'Hear me, O God of grace,' I said,
'And bring me from among the dead:'
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.
V.
My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.
VI.
My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiven.

PSALM 31. *v.* 5, 13—19, 22, 23. First Part. (C. M.)

Deliverance from Death.

I.
INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.
II.
The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.
III.
'My times are in thy hand,' I cry'd,
'Though I draw near the dust;'
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
IV.
O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

V.
['Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
'I must despair and die,
'I am cut off before thine eyes;'
But thou hast heard my cry.]
VI.
Thy goodness how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!
VII.
O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. *v.* 7—13, 18—21. Second Part. (C.M.)

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

I.

MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

II.

'My life is spent with grief,' I cry'd,
'My years consum'd in groans,
'My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
'And sorrow wastes my bones.'

III.

Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

IV.

Slander and fear, on every side,
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

V.

How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!

VI.

Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

VII.

Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

I have much transposed the parts of this psalm, that I might unite the verses of the same sense and subject nearer together, and contract them into two divine hymns.

PSALM 32. (S.M.)

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

I.

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

II.

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

III.

While I conceal'd my guilt
I felt the fest'ring wound,
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

IV.

Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32. (C.M.)

Free Pardon and sincere Obedience; or, Confession and Forgiveness.

I.

HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

II.

Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And, from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

III.

His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

IV.

While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

V.

Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

VI.

This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32. First Part. (L.M.)

Repentance and free Pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

I.

BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

II.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

III.
From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
IV.
How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

The first two verses of this psalm being cited by the apostle in the fourth chapter of Romans, to shew the freedom of our pardon and justification by grace without works, I have in this version of it enlarged the sense, by mention of the blood of Christ, and faith and repentance; and, because the psalmist adds, a spirit in which is no guile, I have inserted that sincere obedience, which is a scriptural evidence of our faith and justification.

PSALM 32. Second Part. (L.M.)

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

I.
WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!
II.
I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thine holy Spirit seals the grace.
III.
For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.
IV.
How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33. First Part. (C.M.)

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.
REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!
II.
His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
III.
His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
IV.
He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
V.
Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
VI.
He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33. Second Part. (C. M.)

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

I.
BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
II.
His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
III.
Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of an horse
Can the bold rider save.
IV.
Vain is the strength of beasts or men
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
V.
God is their fear, and God their trust;
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.
VI.
Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 33. First Part. As the 113th Psalm.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.
YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

II.

Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast store-house of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

IV.

Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands;
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33. Second Part. As the 113th Psalm.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

I.

O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

II.

Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

III.

The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

IV.

In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34. First Part. (L. M.)

God's Care of the Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer.

I.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

II.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

III.

I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

IV.

To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

V.

His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace and trust his word.

VI.

The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 34. *v.* 11—22. Second Part. (L. M.)

Religious Education; or, Instructions of Piety.

I.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

II.

If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

III.

The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

IV.

To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

V.

He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34. *v.* 1—10. First Part. (C. M.)

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

I.

I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise!

II.

Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

III.

When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

IV.

I told the Lord my sore distress
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

V.

[O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

VI.

He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

VII.

[O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly bless'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

VIII.

Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

PSALM 34. *v.* 11—22. Second Part. (C.M.)

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

I.

COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

II.

Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

III.

His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

IV.

What tho' the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

V.

Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

VI.

When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM 35. *v.* 1—9. First Part. (C. M.)

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints; or, Imprecations mixed with Charity.

I.

NOW plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood
Who fight against my life.

II.

Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
'I am thy Saviour God.'

III.

They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

IV.

Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

V.

They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

VI.

They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

VII.

But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace.

VIII.

Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

Stanza vi. Among the imprecations that David uses against his adversaries in this psalm, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of some of them away from personal enemies against the implacable enemies of God in the world.

Stanza vii. viii. Agreeably to the spirit of the gospel, I have here further molified these imprecations by a charitable distinction and petition for their souls; which spirit of evangelic charity appears so conspicuous in the 12, 13, and 14th verses of the psalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a short distinct hymn, enlarging on that glorious character of a christian, *love to our enemies*, commanded so particularly, and so divinely exemplified by Christ himself.

PSALM 35. *v.* 12—14. Second Part. (C.M.)

Love to Enemies; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners typified in David.

I.

BEHOLD the love, the generous love
That holy David shows;
Hark how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

II.

When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

III.

How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

IV.

They groan'd; and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

V.

O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

VI.

He, the true David, Israel's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

See the notes on the first part of this psalm. Stanza i. *Sounding of the bowels* is a scriptural metaphor, *Isaiah* lxiii. 15.

PSALM 36. *v.* 5—9. (L.M.)

The Perfections and Providence of God; or, general Providence and special Grace.

I.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

II.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

III.

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

IV.

My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

V.

From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

VI.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36. *v.* 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. (C.M.)

Practical Atheism exposed; or, the Being and Attributes of God asserted.

I.

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
'Their thoughts believe there's none.'

II.

Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

III.

What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there's an hast'ning hour
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy power.

IV.

Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

V.

Above the heavens created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

VI.

Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

VII.

[From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

VIII.

Tho' all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36. *v.* 1—7. (S.M.)

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or, practical Atheism exposed.

I.

WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
'He hath no faith of God within,
'Nor fear before his eyes.'

II.

[He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd
Expose his hateful name.]

III.

His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

IV.

He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practise all that's ill.

V.

But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.

VI.

His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

VII.

How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

PSALM 37. *v.* 1—15. First Part. (C.M.)

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief; or, the Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked; or, the World's Hatred, and the Saint's Patience.

I.

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies?

II.

As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

III.

Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

IV.

I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

V.

Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

VI.

The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

VII.

Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Tho' providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

VIII.

Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam:
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

IX.

They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord
And bring the righteous low.

X.

My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

I have turned the divine instructions at the beginning of this psalm into the form of holy purposes, as more affecting and lively.

PSALM 37. *v.* 16, 21, 26—31. Second Part. (C.M.)

Charity to the Poor; or, Religion in Words and Deeds.

I.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

II.

The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

III.

His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

IV.

His lips abhor to talk prophane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

V.

The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

VI.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. *v.* 23—37. Third Part. (C.M.)

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Tho' they should fall they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

II.

The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

III.

The heavenly heritage is their's,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

IV.

Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

V.

The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

VI.

And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

VII.

But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

This long psalm abounds with useful instructions and encouragements to piety, but the verses are very much unconnected and independent; therefore I have contracted and transposed them, so as to reduce them to three hymns of a moderate length, and with some connection of the sense.

PSALM 38. (C.M.)

Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance, and Prayer for Pardon and Health.

I.

AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

II.
Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

III.
My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

IV.
My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

V.
Lord, I am weak, and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

VI.
All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh, and every groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

VII.
Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

VIII.
[My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see 't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

IX.
But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin,
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

X.
My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39. *v.* 1—3. First Part. (C. M.)

Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, Prudence and Zeal.

I.
THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
'Now will I watch my tongue,
'Lest I let slip one sinful word,
'Or do my neighbour wrong.'

II.
And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

III.
I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

IV.
Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overaw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

I have not confined myself here to the sense of the psalmist, but have taken occasion, from the three first verses, to write a short hymn on the government of the tongue.

PSALM 39. *v.* 4—7. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

I.
TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

II.
A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

III.
See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

IV.
Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

V.
What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

VI.
Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. *v.* 9—13. Third Part. (C. M.)

Sick-bed Devotion; or, pleading without repining.

I.

GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

II.

Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.

III.

Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.

IV.

Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

V.

[This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.]

VI.

I'm but a sojourner below
As all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.

VII.

But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. *v.* 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First Part. (C. M.)

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I.

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

II.

He rais'd me from a horrid pit
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

III.

Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

IV.

I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

V.

How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

VI.

When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. *v.* 6—9. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

I.

THUS saith the Lord, 'Your work is vain,
'Give your burnt offerings o'er,
'In dying goats and bullocks slain
'My soul delights no more.'

II.

Then spake the Saviour, 'Lo, I'm here,
'My God, to do thy will;
'Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
'Thy servant shall fulfil.

III.

'Thy law is ever in my sight,
'I keep it near my heart;
'Mine ears are open'd with delight
'To what thy lips impart.'

IV.

And see, the bless'd Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

V.

Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

VI.

His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

VII.

No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

VIII.

Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
The serpent's head was broke.

If David had written this psalm in the days of the gospel, surely he would have given a much more express and particular account of the sacrifice of Christ, as he hath done of his preaching, *verse* 9, 10. and enlarged as Paul doth in *Heb.* x. 4, &c. where this psalm is cited. I have done no more therefore in this paraphrase, than what I am persuaded the psalmist himself would have done in the time of christianity.

The scriptures which I have used here on this occasion, are, Heb. x. 4. *It is not possible the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin.* verse 5. *A body hast thou prepared me.* John vii. 18. *I seek the glory of him that sent me.* Heb. x. 26. *He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.* Gen. iii. 15. *The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.*

PSALM 40. *v.* 5—10. (L. M.)

Christ our Sacrifice.

I.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

II.

No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

III.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

IV.

'Behold, I come,' (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
'I come to bear the heavy load
'Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

V.

''Tis written in thy great decree,
''Tis in thy book foretold of me,
'I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
'And lo! thy law is in my heart!

VI.

'I'll magnify thy holy law,
'And rebels to obedience draw,
'When on my cross I'm lifted high,
'Or to my crown above the sky.

VII.

'The Spirit shall descend, and show
'What thou hast done, and what I do;
'The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
'Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.'

Besides some of the scriptures mentioned under the former metre, I have here made use of these also, 1 John iii. 5. *The Son of God was manifested, &c.* 1 Pet. ii. 24. *He bore our sins.* Isaiah xlii. 21. *He will magnify the law, and make it honourable.* John xii. 32. *If I be lifted up, I will draw all men to me.* John xvi. 14. *The Spirit shall receive of mine, and shew it unto you.*

PSALM 41. *v.* 1—3. (L.M.)

Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

I.

BLEST is the man whose bowels move
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

II.

His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

III.

His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

IV.

Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

The last ten verses of this psalm are of quite another subject, relating to David's personal enemies, which being so frequently repeated, I have often omitted.

The positive blessings of long life, health, recovery, and security, in the midst of dangers, being so much promised in the Old Testament, and so little in the New, I have given a turn at the end of this hymn, to discourage a too confident expectation of these temporal things, and led the soul to heavenly hopes, more agreeable to the gospel.

PSALM 42. *v.* 1—5. First Part. (C.M.)

Desertion and Hope; or, Complaint of Absence from Public Worship.

I.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

II.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

III.

Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
'And where's your God at last?'

IV.

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

V.

But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

VI.

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42. *v.* 6—11. Second Part. (L.M.)

Melancholy Thoughts reproved; or, Hope in Afflictions.

I.

MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

II.

Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

III.

Yet will the Lord, command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

IV.

I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, 'My God, my heavenly rock,
'Why doth thy love so long forget
'The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?'

V.

I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.

VI.

Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

The 43d Psalm is so near akin to this, that I have omitted it, only borrowing the third and fourth verses to conclude this hymn.

PSALM 44. *v.* 1—3, 8, 15—26. (C.M.)

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

I.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

II.

How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

III.

In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

IV.

But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

V.

Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given;

VI.

Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

VII.

We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

VIII.

Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

IX.

Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

X.

Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

XI.

Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. (S.M.)

The Glory of Christ; the Success of the Gospel; and the Gentile Church.

I.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

II.
Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
III.
Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.
IV.
Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.
V.
[Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]
VI.
[Behold, at thy right hand
The gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]
VII.
Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.
VIII.
O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

This psalm is a description of the personal glories of Christ, and the success of his gospel; and probably it refers to the gentile Church, because she is bid to *forget her Father's house;* all under the type of Solomon's marriage to Pharoah's daughter.
Stanza v. John iii. 34. *God giveth not the spirit by measure unto him.*

PSALM 45. (C. M.)

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ.

I.
I'LL speak the honours of my king,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.
II.
Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
III.
Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.
VI.
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.
V.
Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45. First Part. (L. M.)

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

I.
NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour-king,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
II.
O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
III.
Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.
IV.
Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
V.
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.
VI.
God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45. Second Part. (L. M.)

Christ and his Church; or, the Mystical Marriage.

I.
THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
II.
At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

III.
He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

IV.
So shall the King the more rejoice;
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

V.
O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

VI.
Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

See the *Notes* on the Short Metre.

PSALM 46. First Part. (L. M.)

The Church's Safety, and Triumph among national Desolations.

I.
GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints
Behold him present with his aid.

II.
Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

III.
Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

IV.
There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy, still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.

V.
That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

VI.
Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

PSALM 46. Second Part. (L. M.)

God fights for his Church.

I.
LET Sion in her king rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

II.
The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!

III.
From sea to sea, thro' all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

IV.
He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

V.
'Be still, and learn that I am God,
'I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
'I will be known and fear'd abroad,
'But still my throne in Sion stands.'

VI.
O Lord of hosts, almighty king,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47. (C. M.)

Christ ascending and reigning.

I.
O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

II.
Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

III.
While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honour sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

IV.
Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

V.

In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

VI.

The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known,
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

The ascent of Christ into heaven is typified in this psalm, by the ark brought up to Zion, 2 *Sam.* vi. 15. And the kingdom of Christ among the gentiles, is here represented by David's victory over the nations, verse 3. I have chosen to omit the type, and do honour to my ascending and reigning Saviour in more express language.

PSALM 48. *v.* 1—8. First Part. (S. M.)

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

I.

[GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

II.

These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

III.

In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

IV.

When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

V.

When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

VI.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

VII.

In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 48. *v.* 10—14. Second Part. (S. M.)

The Beauty of the Church; or, Gospel Worship and Order.

I.

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

II.

With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

III.

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

IV.

The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

V.

How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

VI.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. *v.* 6—14. First Part. (C. M.)

Pride and Death; or, the Vanity of Life and Riches.

I.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

II.

[Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]

III.

Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

IV.

[Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold
That man may never die.]

V.

He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

VI.

Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,—
'My house shall ever stand;
'And that my name may long abide,
'I'll give it to my land.'

VII.

Vain are his thoughts his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies!
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

VIII.

This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

IX.

Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.

X.

[Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep
In terror and despair.]

PSALM 49. *v.* 14, 15. Second Part. (C. M.)

Death and the Resurrection.

I.

YE sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

II.

The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

III.

God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave
To raise my bones afresh.

IV.

Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49. (L. M.)

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

I.

WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

II.

They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

III.

There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

IV.

Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

V.

His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

VI.

My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM 50. *v.* 1—6. First Part. (C. M.)

The last Judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.

I.

THE Lord, the Judge before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

II.

No more shall bold blasphemers say,
'Judgment will ne'er begin,'
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

III.

Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

IV.

Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

V.

'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God,
'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
'And seal'd it with his blood.

VI.

'Their faith and works brought forth to light
'Shall make the world confess
'My sentence of reward is right,
'And heaven adore my grace.'

PSALM 50. *v.* 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. Second Part. (C. M.)

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

I.

THUS saith the Lord, 'The spacious fields,
'And flocks and herds, are mine;
'O'er all the cattle of the hills
'I claim a right divine.

II.

'I ask no sheep for sacrifice
'Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
'To hope and love, to pray and praise,
'Is all that I require.

III.

'Call upon me when trouble's near,
'My hand shall set thee free;
'Then shall thy thankful lips declare
'The honour due to me.

IV.

'The man that offers humble praise,
'He glorifies me best;
'And those that tread my holy ways
'Shall my salvation taste.'

PSALM 50. *v.* 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. Third Part. (C. M.)

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

I.

WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

II.

'Not for the want of bullocks slain
'Will I the world reprove;
'Altars and rites and forms are vain,
'Without the fire of love.

III.

'And what have hypocrites to do
'To bring their sacrifice?
'They call my statutes just and true,
'But deal in theft and lies.

IV.

'Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
'And sin without control?
'But I shall bring your crimes to light,
'With anguish in your soul.'

V.

Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.

PSALM 50. Third Part. (L. M.)

Hypocrisy exposed.

I.

THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

II.

Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

III.

They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

IV.

To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

V.

And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

VI.

O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

This psalm having a plain reference to the *Last Judgment*, I have in the first part, omitted every thing that might obscure the sense of it.

The latter part of this psalm being designed to expose and terrify all formal worshippers and hypocrites, I have formed two or three hymns on that subject, with some transposition and paraphrase of the verses; but I have kept the same introduction still, by repeating the first verse of the psalm.

PSALM 50. To a new Tune.

The last Judgment.

I.

THE Lord, the Sovereign sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sounding orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

II.

Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth and hell draw near: let all things come
To hear his justice and the sinners doom:
'But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

III.

'Behold! my covenant stands for ever good,
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new,
'There's no distinction here: come spread their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my sons.

IV.

'I their almighty Saviour and their God
'I am their judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
'Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
'I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

V.

'Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
'Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
'Without the flames of love: in vain the store
'Of brutal offerings that were mine before;
'Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
'Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

VI.

'If I were hungry would I ask thee food?
'When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks blood?
'Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
'Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
'Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
'Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold?

VII.

'Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
'A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
'While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
'Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;
'In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
'Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

VIII.

'Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
'But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
'And cherish such an impious thought within,
'That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
'Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,
'And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.'

IX.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

In this metre, as in some of the former, I have taken evident occasion from this psalm to represent the *Last Judgment*; and have therefore left out those verses which seem to interrupt that sense.

Stanza iii. All the saints have made a covenant with God by sacrifice, (as in the text) and, as it were, set their names to God's Covenant of Grace, ratified by the sacrifice of Christ, of eternal virtue; though the Jews did it in the ancient forms of worship, and the gentiles in the new.

Stanza vi. vii. As the jewish formal worshippers contented themselves with burnt-offerings, &c. and trusted in them: So hypocrites in christianity buil I their hopes upon outward forms, gay ceremonies, rigid austerities, fanciful vows, &c.

PSALM 50. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

I.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

II.

No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him:

III.

'Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
'To hear my justice and the sinners doom;
'But gather first my saints,' the Judge commands,
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands:'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

IV.

'Behold my covenant stands for ever good,
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new;'
There's no distinction here: join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

V.

'Here,' saith the Lord, 'ye angels, spread their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my sons:
'Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
'Ere time began! 'tis your divine reward:'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE I.

VI.

'I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
'I am the judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:'
When God appears all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

VII.

'Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and profane,
'Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings vain;
'Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,
'I doom the painted hypocrite to fire:'
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

VIII.

'Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
'Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
'Without the flames of love: in vain the store
'Of brutal offerings that were mine before:'
Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

IX.

'If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
'When did I thirst? or drink thy bullocks blood?
'Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
'Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed:'
All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

X.

'Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
'Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
'Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
'Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?'
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE II.

XI.

'Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
'A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?
'While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
'Thou lovest deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?'
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices:

XII.

'In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
'Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends;
'While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
'His harden'd soul divine instruction hates:'
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

XIII.

'Silent I waited with long-suffering love;
'But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
'And cherish such an impious thought within,
'That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?'
See, God appears; all nature joins t'adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

XIV.

'Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
'And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
'Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
'Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near:'
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

XV.

'Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
'Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
'Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
'Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend:'
Then join the saints: wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

If the former heroic metre do not fit the old proper tune of the fiftieth psalm, for want of double rhymes at the end of every stanza, I have here altered the form of it much, in order to fit it exactly to the old proper tune; adding a chorus, or (as some call it) the burden of the song, betwixt every four lines. I hope it will not be displeasing to the more musical part of my readers, to be entertained with such a variety.

PSALM 51. First Part. (L.M.)

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

I.

SHEW pity Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

II.

My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

III.

O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

IV.
My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
V.
Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
VI.
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51. Second Part. (L. M.)

Original and actual Sin confessed.

I.
LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
II.
Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.
III.
[Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
IV.
Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
V.
No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
VI.
Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No jewish types could cleanse me so.
VII.
While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

Stanza iv. v. Since the psalmist seems to refer to the *branch of hyssop, sprinkling the blood of the bird, and the running water*, Lev. xiv. 51. I have here enlarged upon the insufficiency of all those rites, for the cleansing of sin, which is the *leprosy* of the soul.

Stanza vi. Such a glorious occasion of introducing the *blood of a Saviour* could not be omitted here with justice to David, or to Christ his Son.

PSALM 51. Third Part. (L. M.)

The Backslider restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

I.
O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
II.
Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
III.
I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
IV.
Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
V.
A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
VI.
My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
VII.
Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
VIII.
O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

The 17th verse, concerning the sacrifice of a broken heart, I have here transposed, to make an easier connection.

PSALM 51. v. 3—13. First Part. (C. M.)

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

I.
LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

II.
Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

III.
I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean:
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.*

IV.
Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

V.
Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O, make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

VI.
Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

VII.
Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

* Or it may be read, *My nature prone to sin.*

PSALM 51. *v.* 14—17. Second Part. (C. M.)

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

I.
O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

II.
Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

III.
No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

IV.
A soul opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 53. *v.* 4—6. (C. M.)

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

I.
ARE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

II.
They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

III.
In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

IV.
O for a word from Sion's King
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

The first part of this psalm is the same with the fourteenth.

PSALM 55. *v.* 1—8, 16—18, 22. (C. M.)

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

I.
O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

II.
Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

III.
With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

IV.
O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

V.
Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

VI.

Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

VII.

By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

VIII.

God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

IX.

I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word
That saints shall never fall.

X.

My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

I have left out some whole psalms, and several parts of others that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming sorrows, or sharp resentment; neither of which are so well suited to the spirit of the gospel, and therefore the particular complaints of David against Achitopel here are entirely omitted.

PSALM 55. *v.* 15—17, 19, 22. (S. M.)

Dangerous Prosperity; or, Daily Devotions encouraged.

I.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

II.

My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

III.

Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

IV.

Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

V.

But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

VI.

His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 56. (C. M.)

Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood; or, God's Care of his People, in answer to Faith and Prayer.

I.

O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace!

II.

The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise
My refuge is thy word.

III.

In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

IV.

They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

V.

Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

VI.

God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

VII.

When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

VIII.

In thee most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

IX.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, 'How faithful is thy word!
'How righteous all thy ways!'

X.

Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57. (L. M.)

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

I.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

II.

Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

III.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

IV.

My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

V.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

VI.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

I.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stand?
Dare you condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

II.

Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

III.

A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

IV.

Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

V.

Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births, that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

VI.

Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
'Sure there's a God that rules on high,
'A God that hears his children cry,
'And will their sufferings well repay.'

PSALM 60. *v.* 1—5, 10—12. (C. M.)

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

I.

LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

II.

The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

III.

Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threatening hand;
O heal the island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land.

IV.
Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.
V.
Go with our armies to the fight
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.
VI.
Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM 61. *v.* 1—6. (S. M.)

Safety in God.

I.
WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
II.
O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
III.
Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
IV.
Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62. *v.* 5—12. (L. M.)

No Trust in the Creatures; or, Faith in divine Grace and Power.

I.
MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
II.
Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
III.
False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
IV.
Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke?
V.
Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
'All power is his eternal due;
'He must be feared and trusted too.'
VI.
For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. *v.* 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. First Part. (C. M.)

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

I.
EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
II.
So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
III.
I've seen thy glory and thy power
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
IV.
Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
V.
Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.
VI.
Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. *v.* 6—10. Second Part. (C. M.)

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

I.
'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

II.

My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

III.

My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

IV.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

V.

But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

VI.

Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM 63. (L.M.)

Longing after God; or, the Love of God better than Life.

I.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

II.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

III.

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

IV.

With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

V.

Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Not all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

VI.

My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

VII.

Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

VIII.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63. (S.M.)

Seeking God.

I.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

II.

My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

III.

Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

IV.

For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

V.

To thee I'll lift mine hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

VI.

In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

VII.

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

VIII.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my father leads,
And he supports my steps.

After I had finished the Common Metre of this psalm, I observed several pious turns of thought in Dr. Patrick's Version, which I have copied in this Metre, though with some difficulty, because of the shorter lines.

PSALM 65. *v.* 1—5. First Part. (L. M.)

Public Prayer and Praise.

I.

THE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

II.

O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

III.

Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

IV.

Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee,
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

V.

Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel, prepare for long distress
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

VI.

With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

VII.

Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord:
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65. *v.* 5—13. Second Part. (L. M.)

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea; or, the God of Nature and Grace.

I.

THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

II.

On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

III.

Sailors that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

IV.

He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

V.

Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand
Firm on their old foundations stand.

VI.

Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze and lightnings fly,
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

VII.

At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

VIII.

Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.

IX.

'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

X.

The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
The neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

XI.

The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

XII.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine,
Thro' every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. First Part. (C. M.)

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

I.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

II.
Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

III.
Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house
To feast upon thy grace.

IV.
In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

V.
Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

VI.
They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and Sea; or, the Blessings of Rain.

I.
'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

II.
Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

III.
Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

IV.
Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

V.
The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. Third Part. (C. M.)

The Blessings of the Spring; or, God gives Rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

I.
GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

II.
The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

III.
The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

IV.
The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

V.
The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

VI.
The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66. First Part. (C. M.)

Governing Power and Goodness; or, our Graces tried by Afflictions.

I.
SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.

II.
Say to the power that shakes the sky,
'How terrible art thou!
'Sinners before thy presence fly,
'Or at thy feet they bow.'

III.
[Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

IV.

He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

V.

He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel-mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

VI.

O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

VII.

Lord, thou has prov'd our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.

VIII.

Thro' watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. *v.* 13—20. Second Part. (C. M.)

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

I.

NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

II.

My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear,
The wonders he has done.

III.

When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell
And death's eternal shade.

IV.

If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

V.

But God, (his name be ever blest)
Hath set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. (C. M.)

The Nation's Prosperity and the Church's Increase.

I.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

II.

[Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favourite land.]

III.

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

IV.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

V.

He the great Lord, the sovereign judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love.

VI.

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

VII.

God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Having translated the scene of this psalm to Great Britain, I have borrowed a devout and poetical wish for the happiness of my native land, from *Zech.* ii. 5. and offered it up in the second stanza. *I will be a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.*

PSALM 68. *v.* 1—6, 32—35. First Part. (L. M.)

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

I.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

II.

[He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

III.
He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
IV.
The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress:
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.
V.
He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

VI.
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.
VII.
He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
VIII.
Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68. *v.* 17, 18. Second Part. (L.M.)

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

I.
LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
II.
Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
III.
How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
IV.
Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

The 17th and 18th verses of this psalm are applied to the ascension of Christ, *Eph.* iv. 8. and the promised spirit was then given to men, *Acts* ii. 33.

PSALM 68. *v.* 19, 9, 20—22. Third Part. (L.M.)

Praise for temporal Blessings; or, common and special Mercies.

I.
WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
II.
He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
III.
'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
IV.
He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.
V.
The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
VI.
But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

The verses marked in the title afforded me several hints to form a divine song on the subject there expressed.

PSALM 69. *v.* 1—14. First Part. (C.M.)

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

I.
'SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
'Break in upon my soul:
'I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
'Like mighty waters roll.
II.
'I cry till all my voice be gone,
'In tears I waste the day:
'My God, behold my longing eyes,
'And shorten thy delay.
III.
'They hate my soul without a cause,
'And still their number grows
'More than the hairs around my head,
'And mighty are my foes.

IV.

'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
'That men could never pay,
'And gave those honours to thy law
'Which sinners took away.'

V.

Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

VI.

'Now shall the saints rejoice and find
'Salvation in my name,
'For I have borne their heavy load
'Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

VII.

'Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
'And sackcloth was my dress,
'While I procur'd for naked souls,
'A robe of righteousness.

VIII.

'Amongst my brethren and the Jews
'I like a stranger stood,
'And bore their vile reproach, to bring
'The gentiles near to God.

IX.

'I came in sinful mortal's stead
'To do my Father's will;
'Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
'They scandaliz'd my zeal.

X.

'My fasting and my holy groans
'Were made the drunkard's song;
'But God, from his celestial throne,
'Heard my complaining tongue.

XI.

'He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
'Nor let my soul be drown'd;
'He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
'On well establish'd ground.

XII.

'Twas in a most accepted hour
'My prayer arose on high,
'And for my sake my God shall hear
'The dying sinner's cry.'

Stanza vii. I borrow the *robe of righteousness* from *Isaiah* lxi. 10. to answer the *garment of sackcloth*, ver. 11.

PSALM 69. *v.* 14—21, 26 29, 32. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

I.

NOW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing
The sufferings of our great High-Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

II.

He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

III.

'Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
'Nor hide thy shining face;
'Why should thy favourite look like one
'Forsaken of thy grace?

IV.

'With rage they persecute the man
'That groans beneath thy wound,
'While for a sacrifice I pour
'My life upon the ground.

V.

'They tread my honour to the dust,
'And laugh when I complain;
'Their sharp insulting slanders add
'Fresh anguish to my pain.

VI.

'All my reproach is known to thee,
'The scandal and the shame;
'Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
'And lies defil'd my name.

VII.

'I look'd for pity, but in vain;
'My kindred are my grief;
'I ask my friends for comfort round,
'But meet with no relief.

VIII.

'With vinegar they mock my thirst,
'They give me gall for food:
'And sporting with my dying groans,
'They triumph in my blood.

IX.

'Shine into my distressed soul,
'Let thy compassion save;
'And though my flesh sink down to death,
'Redeem it from the grave.

X.

'I shall arise to praise thy name,
'Shall reign in worlds unknown;
'And thy salvation, O my God,
'Shall seat me on thy throne.

PSALM 69. Third Part. (C. M.)

Christ's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified, and Sinners saved.

I.

FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

II.

His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

III.
His dying groans, his living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats or bullocks blood.
IV.
This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
V.
Let heaven, and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.
VI.
Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thy own Israel waits.

PSALM 69. First Part. (L.M.)

Christ's Passion, and Sinner's Salvation.

I.
DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.
II.
In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.
III.
Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
IV.
The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
V.
O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69. *v.* 7, &c. Second Part. (L.M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

I.
'TWAS for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

II.
The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
III.
'[My Father's house,' said he, 'was made
'A place for worship, not for trade;'
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
IV.
[Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
V.
[His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
VI.
His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.
VII.
[Wretches with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans:
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]
VIII.
But God beheld; and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

In both the metres of this psalm, I have applied it to the sufferings of Christ, as the New Testament gives sufficient reason, by several citations of this psalm: From which places I have borrowed the particulars of his *sufferings for our sins*, his *scourging the buyers and sellers out of the temple*, his *crucifixion*, &c. But I have omitted the dreadful imprecations on his enemies, except what is inserted in this last stanza, in the way of a prediction or threatening.

Stanza v. The false judge is the high-priest, not Pilate.

PSALM 71. *v.* 5—9. First Part. (C.M.)

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

I.
MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
II.
My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

III.
Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
IV.
Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.
V.
Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALM 71. *v.* 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. Second Part. (C. M.)

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

I.
MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
II.
Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.
III.
My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.
IV.
When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
V.
How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
Shall thy salvation sing.
VI.
[My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.
VII.
Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

If these verses of the psalmist do not directly intend, that in *God our Saviour is our righteousness and strength*, as *Isaiah* xlv. 21—25. yet there is a fair occasion given in the words for this evangelical turn of thought.

PSALM 71. *v.* 17—21. Third Part. (C. M.)

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or, old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.

I.
GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
II.
Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart!
III.
Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
IV.
The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

V.
Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.
VI.
Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.
VII.
By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.
VIII.
When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

So fair a profession and faith of the resurrection in verse 20, I could not omit without injury to the psalmist, and to my own design.

PSALM 72. First Part. (L. M.)

The Kingdom of Christ.

I.
GREAT God whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

II.
Thy seeptre well beeomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his eommands;
His justiee shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
III.
With power he vindieates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.
IV.
As rain on meadows newly mown
So shall he send his influence down;
His graee on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
V.
The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
VI.
The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peaee like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72. Seeond Part. (L. M.)

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

I.
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his sneeessive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
II.
[Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.
III.
There Persia glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]
IV.
For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to erown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning saerifiee.
V.
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voiees shall proelaim
Their early blessings on his name.
VI.
Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his ehains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
VII.
[Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the eurse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
VIII.
Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels deseend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.]

PSALM 73. First Part. (C. M.)

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

I.
NOW I'm eonvine'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sineere,
Yet onee my foolish thonghts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.
II.
I griev'd to see the wieked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
'How pleasant and profane they live!
'How peaceful is their death!
III.
'With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
'They lay their fears to sleep;
'Against the heavens their slanders rise,
'While saints in silenee weep.
IV.
'In vain I lift my hands to pray,
'And eleanse my heart in vain,
'For I am ehasten'd all the day,
'The night renews my pain.'
V.
Yet while my tongue indulg'd eomplaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
'Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
'And grieve the men I love.'
VI.
But still I found my doubts too hard,
The eonfliet too severe,
Till I retir'd to seareh thy word,
And learn thy seerets there.
VII.
There, as in some prophetie glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery plaee
Beside a fiery pit.
VIII.
I heard the wreteh profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.
IX.
Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspeet thy promis'd graee,
And think the wieked blest.

X.

Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM 73. *v.* 23—28. Second Part. (C. M.)

God our Portion here and hereafter.

I.

GOD my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

II.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat
To dwell before thy face.

III.

Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

IV.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

V.

Behold, the sinners' that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

VI.

But to draw near to thee my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73. *v.* 22, 3, 6, 17—20. (L. M.)

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

I.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!

II.

But oh their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

III.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

IV.

Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

V.

Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 73. (S. M.)

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

I.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

II.

I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.

III.

[Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

IV.

Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

V.

Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

VI.

But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
'Is there a God that sees or hears
'The things below the skies?']

VII.

The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

VIII.

Thy word with light and power
Did my mistake amend;
I view'd the sinners life before,
But here I learnt their end.

IX.

On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go,
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below.

X.

Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

This psalm is a most noble composure; the design and model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable pattern for a poet to copy; but it being one single scheme of thought, I was obliged to contract it, that it might be sung at once; though the dignity and beauty of the ode suffers much by this means.

PSALM 74. (C.M.)

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecutions.

I.

WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

II.

Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

III.

Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

IV.

Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes prophanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

V.

How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

VI.

With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
'Come let us burn at once,' they cry,
'The temple and the priest.'

VII.

And still to heighten our distress
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

VIII.

No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

IX.

How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

X.

Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

XI.

What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

XII.

Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

XIII.

Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

XIV.

Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

XV.

And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name?

XVI.

Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

XVII.

Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75. (L.M.)

Power and Government from God alone.

Applied to the Glorious Revolution by King William, or the happy Accession of King George to the Throne.

I.

TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee, we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

II.
Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.

III.
He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And sware to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

IV.
Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

V.
Such honours never come by chance
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

VI.
No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
God the great sovereign of the earth
Will rise and make his justice known.

VII.
[His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

VIII.
Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM 76. (C.M.)

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.

I.
IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat.

II.
Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

III.
From Sion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

IV.
What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

V.
'Twas Sion's king that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

VI.
At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

VII.
What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

VIII.
When God in his own sovereign ways
Comes down to save the oppress,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

IX.
[Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown;
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.

X.
The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Sion still.]

PSALM 77. First Part. (C.M.)

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

I.
TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.

II.
Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

III.
Still I complain'd, and still oppress,
My heart began to break;
My God; thy wrath forbid my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

IV.
My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

V.
I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.

VI.
I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

VII.
Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

VIII.
But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

IX.
I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

X.
Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. Second Part. (C.M.)

Comfort derived from Ancient Providence; or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

I.
'HOW awful is thy chastening rod?'
(May thy own children say)
'The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
'How holy is his way!'

II.
I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

III.
Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

IV.
The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

V.
Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bid them venture thro' the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

VI.
The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood
To make thine armies room.

VII.
Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wonderous way
That brings thy mercies down.

VIII.
[Thy voice with terror in the sound
Thro' clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

IX.
Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

X.
He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM 78. First Part. (C.M.)

Providences of God recorded; or, pious Education and Instruction of Children.

I.
LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

II.
He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' every rising race.

III.
Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

IV.
Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM 78. Second Part. (C. M.)

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, the Sins and Chastisements of God's People.

I.

O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

II.

They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

III.

They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his revenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

IV.

They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

V.

A wonderous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

VI.

He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

VII.

Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
'Can he with bread our host supply
'Amidst this desert land?'

VIII.

The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. Third Part. (C. M.)

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance; or, Chastisement and Salvation.

I.

WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.

II.

He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

III.

The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere angels meat.

IV.

But they in murmuring language said,
'Manna is all our feast;
'We loathe this light, this airy bread;
'We must have flesh to taste.'

V.

'Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,'
The Lord in wrath reply'd,
And sent them quails like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.

VI.

He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

VII.

When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

VIII.

Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78. *v.* 32, &c. Fourth Part. (L. M.)

Backsliding and Forgiveness; or, Sin punished and Saints saved.

I.

GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love?
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

II.

How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

III.

The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march through unknown ways
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

IV.

Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought their Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

V.

Their prayers and vows before him rise
As flattering words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.

VI.

Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who not deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

VII.

He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 80. (L.M.)

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, the Vineyard of God wasted.

I.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

II.

Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

III.

Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament, and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

IV.

Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

V.

Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

VI.

How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

VII.

Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

VIII.

Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

IX.

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wast its strength and glory too:
Attack'd in vain by all its foes
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose;

X.

Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

XI.

'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

XII.

O! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. *v.* 1, 8—16. (S.M.)

The Warnings of God to his People; or, spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

I.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour-God;
Let Israel hear his voice.

II.

'From vile idolatry
'Preserve my worship clean;
'I am the Lord who set thee free
'From slavery and sin.

III.

'Stretch thy desires abroad,
'And I'll supply them well;
'But if ye will refuse your God,
'If Israel will rebel,

IV.

'I'll leave them,' saith the Lord,
'To their own lusts a prey,
'And let them run the dangerous road;
''Tis their own chosen way.

V.

'Yet, O! that all my saints
'Would hearken to my voice!
'Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
'And bid their hearts rejoice.

VI.

'While I destroy their foes,
'I'd richly feed my flock,
'And they should taste the stream that flows
'From their eternal rock.'

PSALM 82. (L.M.)

God the Supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.

I.

AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

II.

Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

III.

They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

IV.

Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

The last verse of this psalm may not improperly be applied to Christ; for he is that God who must *judge the earth*, Psalm xcvi. and xcviii. and have the *nations for his inheritance*, Psalm ii. 8.

PSALM 83. (S.M.)

A Complaint against Persecutors.

I.

AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

II.

Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening head.

III.

Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

IV.

The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

V.

'Come let us join,' they cry,
'To root them from the ground,
'Till not the name of saints remain,
'Nor memory shall be found.'

VI.

Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

VII.

Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

VIII.

Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84. First Part. (L.M.)

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

I.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

II.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

III.

The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest:
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

IV.

Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

V.

Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

VI.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

VII.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84. Second Part. (L. M.)

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

I.

GREAT God, attend while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

II.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

III.

God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

IV.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

V.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. *v.* 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. Paraphrased. (C. M.)

Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God present in his Churches.

I.

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

II.

There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

III.

With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

IV.

There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

V.

My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

VI.

The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

VII.

To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

VIII.

Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

IX.

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the House of God.

I.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

II.

The sparrow, for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

III.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

IV.

They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

V.

To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

IV.

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

VII.

The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM 85. *v.* 1—8. First Part. (L. M.)

Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, Deliverance begun and completed.

I.

LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.

II.

Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

III.

Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

IV.

We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85. *v.* 9, &c. Second Part. (L. M.)

Salvation by Christ.

I.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

II.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

III.

Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

IV.

His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

If some readers should suppose the English verse here to mistake the Hebrew sense, yet perhaps these evangelical allusions to the words of the jewish psalmist, may be as agreeable and useful to the christian worshippers.

PSALM 86. *v.* 8—13. (C. M.)

A general Song of Praise to God.

I.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

II.

The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wonderous things,
For thou art God alone.

III.

Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And my poor scattered thoughts unite
In God my father's praise.

IV.

Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. (L. M.)

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

I.

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

II.

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

III.

What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

IV.

Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

V.

When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

I have explained the second verse at large, and transposed the last. For singers and players on instruments, I have introduced angels with men.

PSALM 89. First Part. (L. M.)

The Covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.

I.

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven establish'd by his hand.

II.

Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
'With thee my covenant first is made;
'In thee shall dying sinners live,
'Glory and grace are thine to give.

III.

'Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
'Thy children shall be ever blest;
'Thou art my chosen king; thy throne
'Shall stand eternal like my own.

IV.

'There's none of all my sons above
'So much my image or my love;
'Celestial powers thy subjects are,
'Then what can earth to thee compare?

V.

'David, my servant whom I chose
'To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
'And rais'd him to the jewish throne,
'Was but a shadow of my Son.'

VI.

Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King:
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89. First Part. (C. M.)

The Faithfulness of God.

I.

MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

II.

The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

III.

How long the race of David held
The promis'd jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

IV.

His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

V.

Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. *v.* 7, &c. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Power and Majesty of God; or, reverential Worship.

I.

WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

II.

How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd to thine?

III.

The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

IV.

Thy words the raging wind control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

V.

Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel!

VI.

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy face.

I have here transposed the verses a little, to make the connexion plainer.

PSALM 89. v. 15, &c. Third Part. (C. M.)

A blessed Gospel.

I.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

II.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

III.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. v. 19, &c. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

Christ's mediatorial Kingdom; or, his divine and human Nature.

I.

HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
'Sinners, behold your help his laid
'On my almighty Son.

II.

'Behold the man my wisdom chose
'Among your mortal race;
'His head my holy oil o'erflows,
'The Spirit of my grace.

III.

'High shall he reign on David's throne,
'My people's better King;
'My arm shall beat his rivals down,
'And still new subjects bring.

IV.

'My truth shall guard him in his way,
'With mercy by his side,
'While in my name thro' earth and sea
'He shall in triumph ride.

V.

'Me for his Father and his God
'He shall for ever own,
'Call me his rock, his high abode;
'And I'll support my Son.

VI.

'My first-born Son array'd in grace
'At my right hand shall sit;
'Beneath him angels know their place,
'And monarchs at his feet.

VII.

'My covenant stands for ever fast,
'My promises are strong;
'Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
'His seed endure as long.'

PSALM 89. v. 30, &c. Fifth Part. (C. M.)

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, Afflictions without Rejection.

I.

'YET,' saith the Lord, 'if David's race,
'The children of my Son,
'Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
'And tempt mine anger down;

II.

'Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
'And make their folly smart;
'But I'll not cease to be their God,
'Nor from my truth depart.

III.

'My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
'But keep my grace in mind;
'And what eternal love hath spoke
'Eternal truth shall bind.

IV.

'Once have I sworn (I need no more)
'And pledg'd my holiness
'To seal the sacred promise sure
'To David and his race.

V.

'The sun shall see his offspring rise
'And spread from sea to sea,
'Long as he travels round the skies
'To give the nations day.

VI.

'Sure as the moon that rules the night
'His kingdom shall endure,
'Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
'Shall be observ'd no more.'

PSALM 89. *v.* 47, &c. Sixth Part. (L.M.)

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

I.

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

II.

Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
'Must death for ever rage and reign?
'Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

III.

'Where is thy promise to the just?
'Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?'
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

IV.

That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89. *v.* 47, &c. Last Part.

As the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

I.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

II.

Lord, shall it be for ever said,
'The race of man was only made
'For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?'
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just.

III.

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair;
For ever blessed be the Lord
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

IV.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

PSALM 90. (L.M.)

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

I.

THRO' every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

II.

Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

III.

But man, weak man is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
'Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'

IV.

[A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

V.

Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale; a morning flower
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]

VI.

[Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

VII.

But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

VIII.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. *v.* 1—5. First Part. (C.M.)

Man frail, and God eternal.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

II.
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

III.
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

IV.
Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return, ye sons of men:'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

V.
A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

VI.
[The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

VII.
Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

VIII.
Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

IX.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 90. *v.* 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. Second Part. (C. M.)

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or, Life, old Age, and Preparation for Death.

I.
LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

II.
Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

III.
Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

IV.
'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

V.
[Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

VI.
Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

VII.
Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90. *v.* 13, &c. Third Part. (C. M.)

Breathing after Heaven.

I.
RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face?

II.
Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

III.
Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete,
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

IV.
Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90. *v.* 5, 10, 12. (S. M.)

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

I.
LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

II.
Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

III.
Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

IV.
Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

V.
They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91. *v.* 1—7. First Part. (L.M.)

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

I.
HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

II.
Then will I say, 'My God, thy power
'Shall be my fortress and my tower;
'I that am form'd of feeble dust
'Make thine almighty arm my trust.'

III.
Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

IV.
Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

V.
If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.

VI.
If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

VII.
What tho' a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

VIII.
So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

IX.
But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

X.
The sword, the pestilence or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire,
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

See the notes on the xlist psalm.

PSALM 91. *v.* 9—16. Second Part. (C.M.)

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

I.
YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

II.
No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

III.
He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

IV.
Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

V.
Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

VI.
'Because on me they set their love
'I'll save them,' saith the Lord;
'I'll bear their joyful souls above
'Destruction and the sword.

VII.

'My grace shall answer when they call;
'In trouble I'll be nigh;
'My power shall help them when they fall,
'And raise them when they die.

VIII.

'Those that on earth my name have known,
'I'll honour them in heaven;
'There my salvation shall be shown,
'And endless life be given.'

PSALM 92. First Part. (L. M.)

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

I.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

II.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

III.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

IV.

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

V.

But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

VI.

Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

VII.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Stanza vi. Rejoicing in the destruction of our personal enemies is not so evangelical a practice; therefore I have given the 11th verse of this psalm another turn. See the notes on the third psalm.

PSALM 92. *v.* 12, &c. Second Part. (L. M.)

The Church is the Garden of God.

I.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In garden's planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

II.

There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

III.

The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

IV.

Laden with fruits of age they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. First Metre. As the 100th Psalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world created by his hands
Still on its first foundation stands.

II.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

III.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

IV.

For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93. Second Metre. As the old 50th Psalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

I.

THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and stablish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

II.
God is the th' eternal King: Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

III.
Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93. Third Metre. As the old 122d Psalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

I.
THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

II.
Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

III.
In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

IV.
Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky,
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

V.
Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the old tune.

PSALM 94. *v.* 1, 2, 7—14. First Part. (C. M.)

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed; or, instructive Afflictions.

I.
O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

II.
They say, 'The Lord nor sees nor hears;'
When will the fools be wise!
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

III.
He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

IV.
But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

V.
Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

VI.
But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94. *v.* 16—23. Second Part. (C. M.)

God our Support and Comfort; or, Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.

I.
WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

II.
Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

III.
'Alas! my sliding feet,' I cry'd;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

IV.
While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

V.
Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

VI.
Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. (C.M.)

A Psalm before Prayer.

I.
SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

II.
With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

III.
Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

IV.
Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

V.
Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

VI.
Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

Stanza iii. Angels and magistrates are those אלהים Elohim, or gods, above which the true God is so often exalted in this Book of Psalms.

PSALM 95. (S.M.)

A Psalm before Sermon.

I.
COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

II.
He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

III.
Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

IV.
To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

V.
But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

VI.
The Lord in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear,
'You that despise my promis'd rest
'Shall have no portion there.'

PSALM 95. *v.* 1, 2, 3, 6—11. (L.M.)

Canaan lost through unbelief; or, a Warning to delaying Sinners.

I.
COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

II.
Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

III.
Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

IV.
Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood
That tir'd the patience of their God.

V.
Thus saith the Lord, 'How false they prove!
'Forget my power, abuse my love;
'Since they despise my rest, I swear,
'Their feet shall never enter there.'

VI.
[Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

VII.

Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

In the third and fourth chapter to the Hebrews several verses of this psalm are cited, and given for a caution to christians. I have applied them the same way in the two last stanzas.

PSALM 96. *v.* 1, 10, &c. (C. M.)

Christ's First and Second Coming.

I.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

II.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

III.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

IV.

Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink, ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

V.

Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

VI.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

In this and the two following psalms, the first coming of Christ into the world is represented in a prophetic style, as though he were coming the second time to the last judgment: But that Christ's incarnation, his setting up his gospel kingdom to judge or rule the gentiles, and the judgment and destruction of the heathen idols, is the true design of these three psalms, is evident from several expressions in them: And particularly because the earth, the fields, the sea, &c. are called to rejoice; whereas the final judgment of the world is represented dreadful to all nature, and to the nations of the earth. See *Rev.* xvii. and *Rev.* xx. 11. and 2 *Pet.* iii. 7, 10. Yet, since this last coming has something in it parallel to his first, I have in the different parts of the psalms referred to both.

Stanza iv. Mountains sinking, and vallies rising; that is, pride humbled, and the humble raised, are the preparations of Christ's kingdom, *Luke* iii. 4, 5.

PSALM 96. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

I.

LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

II.

The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word,
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

III.

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

IV.

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. *v.* 1—5. First Part. (L. M.)

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

I.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

II.

Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

III.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

IV.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Though the kingdom of Christ, in the two first stanzas, be matter of joy to all nations, yet his coming to judgment in the two last, is joy only to the saints. As this psalm introduces Zion and Judah rejoicing, verse 8. so Christ bids his apostles *lift up their heads*, &c. Luke xxi. 28.

PSALM 97. *v.* 6—9. Second Part. (L.M.)

Christ's Incarnation.

I.

THE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

II.

All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour liès:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

III.

Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

This psalm foretels the incarnation of Christ. For the words of the seventh verse, *worship him all ye gods*, are translated, Heb. i. 6. *Let all the angels of God worship him.* By this divine hint I was directed to compose this Hymn, and to introduce the star that shone at his birth as a part of the proclamation of him in the heavens, verse 6. See more, notes on *Psalm* xcv. common metre.

PSALM 97. Third Part. (L.M.)

Grace and Glory.

I.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

II.

O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

III.

Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

IV.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97. *v.* 1, 3, 5—7, 11. (C.M.)

Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

I.

YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

II.

His presence sinks the proudest hills
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

III.

The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

IV.

Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

V.

His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.

VI.

The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

See the notes on Psalm xcvi.

PSALM 98. First Part. (C.M.)

Praise for the Gospel.

I.

TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addrest;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

II.

He spake the word to Abraham first,
His truth fulfils the grace:
The gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

III.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

In these two hymns which I have formed out of the xcviiith psalm, I have fully expressed what I esteem to be the first and chief sense of the holy scriptures, both in this and the xcvith psalm, whose conclusions are both alike.

PSALM 98. Second Part. (C.M.)

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

I.

JOY to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

II.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

III.
No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
IV.
He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. First Part. (S. M.)

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

I.
THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
II.
Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
III.
In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
IV.
How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

As the three foregoing psalms refer to the incarnation of Christ, and the setting up his kingdom among the gentiles, because the *nations* are required to rejoice in all of them; so this psalm seems chiefly to pay honour and reverence to God, as the God of the Jews, God dwelling in the ark between the cherubims; for *the people*, or gentiles, are bid to *tremble:* Yet I have ventured to transfer the scene a little down to christian times and churches, and I hope without offence.

PSALM 99. Second Part. (L. M.)

A Holy God worshipped with Reverence.

I.
EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
II.
When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.
III.
Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.
IV.
Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. First Metre. A plain Translation.

Praise to our Creator.

I.
YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
II.
The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.
III.
Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
IV.
The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. Second Metre. A Pharaphrase.

I.
SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.
II.
Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
III.
His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
IV.
We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
V.
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

VI.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101. (L. M.)

The Magistrate's Psalm.

I.

MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous king,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

II.

If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

III.

Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

IV.

No sons of slander, rage and strife
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall near abide.

V.

[I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and favourites still.]

VI.

In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

VII.

The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppress.

The first stanza represents the *mercy* and *judgment* which the Psalmist sings, as the due qualities of good government, which is the proper sense of them in this psalm; and according to the double character of David in this psalm, I have applied the first metre to magistrates, the second to householders.

The fifth stanza can be sung only by the superior rank of magistrates, and not the inferior.

PSALM 101. (C. M.)

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

I.

OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

II.

Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

III.

The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

IV.

I'll seek the faithful and the just
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

V.

The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

VI.

I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM 102. *v.* 1—13, 20, 21. First Part. (C. M.)

A Prayer of the Afflicted.

I.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?

II.

My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

III.

My spirits flag like withering grass
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

IV.

As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

V.

My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

VI.

Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

VII.
My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

VIII.
Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

IX.
My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are
That vanish into night.

X.
But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God:
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

XI.
Thou wilt arise and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

XII.
He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102. *v.* 13—21. Second Part. (C.M.)

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

I.
LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

II.
Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

III.
The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

IV.
He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

V.
He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, 'That praying breath
'Was ever spent in vain.'

VI.
This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. *v.* 23—28. Third Part. (L.M.)

Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity; or, Saints die, but Christ and the Church live.

I.
IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

II.
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

III.
Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
'Our Father and our Saviour live;
'Christ is the same thro' every age.'

IV.
'Twas he this earth's foundations laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

V.
The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm on high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

VI.
Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

Several verses at the end of this psalm, are directly expounded concerning Christ, *Heb.* i. which inclined me to form a distinct hymn on those verses, applied to the same subject.

PSALM 103. *v.* 1—7. First Part. (L.M.)

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

I.
BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

II.
Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

III.
'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom; and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
IV.
The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
V.
Our youth decay'd his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
VI.
He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.
VII.
[His power he shew'd by Moses' hands
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
VIII.
Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM 103. *v.* 8—18. Second Part. (L.M.)

God's gentle Chastisement; or, his tender Mercy to his People.

I.
THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
II.
Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
III.
Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
IV.
How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
V.
Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
VI.
So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

VII.
The mighty God, the wise, and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
VIII.
He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
IX.
But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. *v.* 1—7. First Part. (S.M.)

Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies.

I.
O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
II.
O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
III.
'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
IV.
He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
V.
He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.
VI.
His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. *v.* 8—18. Second Part. (S. M.)

Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

I.

MY soul repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

III.

High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

IV.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

V.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

VI.

He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

VII.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

VIII.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. *v.* 19—22. Third Part. (S. M.)

God's universal Dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

I.

THE Lord the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

II.

Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

IV.

While all his wondrous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104. (L. M.)

The glory of God in Creation and Providence.

I.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise:
When cloth'd in his celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, namely,

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.

II.

The heavens are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

III.

Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

IV.

The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

V.

When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd; and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

VI.

The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

VII.

He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

VIII.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

IX.

God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

X.

He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

XI.

What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

XII.

O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

XIII.

Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

XIV.

To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

XV.

He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

XVI.

Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

XVII.

Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift; that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

XVIII.

How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

XIX.

Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

XX.

There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

XXI.

Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

XXII.

While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

XXIII.

But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath and spirit, all is thine.

XXIV.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

XXV.

His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

XXVI.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

XXVII.

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet:
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

XXVIII.

While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I, to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

Several lines in this psalm I have borrowed of Sir John Denham, if I have made the connexion more evident, and the sense more easy and useful to an ordinary reader, I have attained my end; and leave others to judge whether I have dishonoured his verse or improved it.

Stanza v. Though I am persuaded the psalmist speaks here of the *first formation of the sea and mountains*, when the waters of the *chaos* were separated from the earth, yet the people more easily understand it of Noah's flood; and therefore I have indulged such a paraphrase as is capable of both senses.

PSALM 105. Abridged. (C. M.)

God's Conduct of Israel, and Plagues of Egypt.

I.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

II.

His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

III.

He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

IV.

'Thy seed shall make all nations blest,'
(Said the Almighty voice)
'And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
'The type of heavenly joys.'

V.

[How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

VI.

Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

VII.

'Touch mine anointed, and my arm
'Shall soon revenge the wrong;
'The man that does my prophets harm
'Shall know their God is strong.'

VIII.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

IX.

When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

X.

He call'd for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

XI.

He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Thro' the whole country spread;
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

XII.

Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

XIII.

Then by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt dy'd;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

XIV.

Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

XV.

Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

XVI.

The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

XVII.

They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert thro'.

XVIII.

O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderness.

XIX.

Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
The chosen tribes possest
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

XX.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be the Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. *v.* 1—5. First Part. (L. M.)

Praise to God; or, Communion with Saints.

I.

TO God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest:
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

II.
Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

III.
Remember what thy merey did
For Jaeob's raee, thy ehosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy graee.

IV.
O may I see thy tribes rejoiee,
And aid their triumphs with my voiee!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. *v.* 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. Seeond Part. (S. M.)

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable Love.

I.
GOD of eternal love,
How fiekle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy eonstaney of graee!

II.
They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

III.
Now they believe his word,
While roeks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he redue'd them low.

IV.
Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own eovenant to his thoughts,
And eall'd them still his sons.

V.
Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

VI.
Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their aneient raee;
And ehristians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

The chief design of this whole psalm I have expressed in the title, and abridged it in this form, having enlarged much more on this same subject in the lxxviith, lxxviiith, and cvth psalms.

Though the Jews now seem to be cast off, yet the Apostle Paul assures us, that God *hath not cast away his people whom he foreknew*, Rom. xi. 2. Their unbelief and absence from God is but for a season; for they shall be recalled again, verse 25, 26.

PSALM 107. First Part. (L. M.)

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

I.
GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His merey ages past have known,
And ages long to eome shall own.

II.
Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his graee reeord;
Israel, the nation whom he ehose,
And reseu'd from their mighty foes.

III.
[When God's almighty arm had broke
There fetters and the Egyptian yoke,
They trae'd the desert wandering round,
A wild and solitary ground.

IV.
There they eould find no leading road,
Nor eity for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.

V.
In their distress to God they ery'd
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

VI.
Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome plaee.

VII.
He feeds and elothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

VIII.
O let the saints with joy reeord
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounee his praise.

PSALM 107. Seeond Part. (L. M.)

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

I.
FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his graee are still the same;
He fills the hungry souls with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

II.
But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they rejeet his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

III.
He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

IV.
Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

V.
He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners thro'
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

VI.
O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. Third Part. (L.M.)

Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, a Psalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.

I.
VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

II.
The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

III.
The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppress,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

IV.
Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

V.
No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.

VI.
O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107. Fourth Part. (L.M.)

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or the Seaman's Song.

I.
WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

II.
They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God command, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.

III.
Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

IV.
When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

V.
He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

VI.
O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM 107. Fourth Part. (C.M.)

The Mariner's Psalm.

I.
THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record
Who trade in floating ships.

II.
At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

III.
[Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

IV.
Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

V.

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

VI.

Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

VII.

'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

VIII.

O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 107. Last Part. (L. M.)

Colonies planted; or, Nations blest and punished.

A Psalm for New England.

I.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

II.

His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

III.

[Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

IV.

They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

V.

Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands.

VI.

Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

VII.

Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

VIII.

The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

IX.

How few, with pious care, record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

If this hymn be too long to sing at once, the two first and two last stanzas of it may be sung together, and the five middle stanzas by themselves, as another hymn; for I could not find any other convenient division of it.

The cviiith psalm is formed out of the lviith and lxth; therefore I have omitted it.

PSALM 109. *v.* 1—5, 31. (C. M.)

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Christ.

I.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

II.

When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

III

Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

IV.

Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

V.

Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine
To love my enemies.

VI.

The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
Who slander and condemn.

That this psalm foretels the sufferings, the patience, and love of Christ to enemies, is universally agreed; but the curses on Judas and the priest, &c. I have chosen to leave where they stand in the sacred language of prophesy.

PSALM 110. First Part. (L.M.)

Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted; or, the Success of the Gospel.

I.

THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son, 'Ascend and sit
'At my right hand. till I shall make
'Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

II.

'From Zion shall thy word proceed,
'Thy word, the seeptre in thy hand,
'Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
'And bow their wills to thy eommand.

III.

'That day shall shew thy power is great,
'When saints shall flock with willing minds,
'And sinners erowd thy temple-gate,
'Where holiness in beauty shines.'

IV.

O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large vietory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy graee obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Stanzas iii. iv. It is generally supposed the third verse of this psalm describes the numerous conversions that followed the ascension of Christ. The beauty of holiness is but a periphrasis for the temple. That the whole psalm is a prophecy of Christ in his kingdom and priesthood, is abundantly evident from *Matt.* xxii. 44. *Heb.* vii. &c.

PSALM 110. Seeond Part. (L.M.)

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

I.

THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'And ehange from hand to hand no more.

II.

'Aaron and all his sons must die;
'But everlasting life is thine,
'To save for ever those that fly
'For refuge from the wrath divine.

III.

'By me Melehisedek was made
'On earth a king and priest at once;
'And thou, my heavenly priest shalt plead,
'And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.'

IV.

Jesus the priest aseends his throne,
While eounsels of eternal peaee,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and sueeess.

V.

Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

VI.

Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
He drink the eup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

The priesthood of Christ, after the order of Melchisedek, is particularly explained, *Heb.* vii. 1, 3, 23—25. and is inserted in the three first stanzas.

Stanza iv. Zech. vi. 13. *He shall be a priest upon his throne, and the counsel of peace shall be between them both.*

The last verse of this psalm is explained by interpreters in very contrary senses. Some make his drinking of the brook to signify mean refreshments in his way, and some expound it of his tasting sorrows and sufferings; the last is most evangelical and most beautiful, therefore I have chosen it.

PSALM 110. (C.M.)

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

I.

JESUS, our Lord, aseend thy throne,
And near the Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

II.

What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign graee.

III.

God hath pronoune'd a firm deeree,
Nor ehanges what he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'When Aaron is no more.

IV.

'Melehisedek, that wondrous priest,
'That king of high degree,
'That holy man who Abr'am blest,
'Was but a type of thee.'

V.

Jesus our priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

VI.

God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. First Part. (C.M.)

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

I.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.

II.

How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

III.

How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

VI.

When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

V.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

VI.

To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

Of this psalm I have chosen several verses, and formed into two distinct hymns, keeping the first and the two last verses in both.

PSALM 111. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Perfections of God.

I.

GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

II.

Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

III.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

IV.

They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM 112. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

I.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

II.

His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

III.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
The sweet remembrance of the just.
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

IV.

Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

V.

[Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempests roar around:
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

VI.

The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony
To find their expectations crost:
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.

Many lines of this metre, and some of the next psalm, proper metre, are borrowed from Mr. Tate's version.

PSALM 112. (L. M.)

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

I.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

II.
Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

III.
When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

IV.
His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word:
Amidst the darkness light shall rise
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

V.
He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM 112. (C.M.)

Liberality rewarded.

I.
HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

II.
As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

III.
No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

IV.
In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

V.
His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

Many of the blessings of wealth, and grandeur, and temporal good things, that were the portion of a good man and his children, under the Old Testament, I have here abridged agreeable to the New, which foretels rather temporal afflictions, and promises everlasting reward.

PSALM 113. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

I.
YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

II.
Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds,
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

III.
He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

IV.
When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM 113. (L.M.)

God Sovereign and Gracious.

I.
YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

II.
Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty:
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

III.
Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

IV.
Behold his love: he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

V.

From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

VI.

[A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

VII.

With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

Part of the 6th and 7th stanzas are borrowed from Gen. xvii. 17. and Rom. iv. 19, 20. *Shall Sarah that is ninety years old bear? Abraham was strong in faith, &c.*

PSALM 114. (L.M.)

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

I.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant, and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

II.

Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march and fled
With backward current to his head.

III.

The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

IV.

What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

V.

Let every mountain every flood,
Retire and know the approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

This psalm appears to me an admirable ode; but if I had introduced the presence of God into the camp of Israel removing from Egypt, as all my predecessors have done, I had lost the divine beauty of the psalm: For had God appeared at first, there could be no wonder why the mountains shou l leap, and the sea retire; therefore that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise, the sacred poet conceals his name till afterward, and then with a very agreeable turn of thought, God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the inspired author.

PSALM 115. First Metre.

The true God our Refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.

I.

NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame
Say, ' where's the God you've serv'd so long?'

III.

The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

IV.

But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

V.

[With eyes and ears they carve their head,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

VI.

Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

VII.

O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

VIII.

The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115. Second Metre. As the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reproved.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

I.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name:
Shine thro' the earth from heaven, thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathens say, *And where's your God?*

II.

Heaven is thine higher court; there stands thy throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done:
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heavens he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout behold
Their silver-saviours, and their saints of gold.

III.

[Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears:
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

IV.

The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

V.

Be heaven and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their gods or they:
O Israel, trust the Lord; he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help and he thy heavenly shield.

VI.

O Britain, trust the Lord: Thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise:
But we are sav'd, and live: let songs arise,
And Britain bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM 116. First Part. (C.M.)

Recovery from Sickness.

I.

I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

II.

I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

III.

My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

IV.

'My God,' I cry'd, 'thy servant save,
'Thou ever good and just;
'Thy power can rescue from the grave,
'Thy power is all my trust.'

V.

The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bid my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

VI.

My God hath sav'd my soul from death
And dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. *v.* 12, &c. Second Part. (C.M.)

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, public Thanks for private Deliverance.

I.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

II.

Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

III.

How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

IV.

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

VI.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117. (C.M.)

Praise to God from all Nations.

I.

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

II.

His mercy reigns thro' every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117. (L.M.)

The same.

I.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM 117. (S.M.)

The same.

I.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands,
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

II.

Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM 118. *v.* 6—15. First Part. (C.M.)

Deliverance from a Tumult.

I.

THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

II.

'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

III.

Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine Almighty arm.

IV.

'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

V.

Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

VI.

Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. *v.* 17—21. Second Part. (C.M.)

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

I.

LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die
If God resolve to save.)

II.

Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

III.

Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

IV.

Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22, 23. Third Part. (C.M.)

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

I.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

II.

Chosen of God to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

III.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Rejeet it with disdain;
Yet on this rock, the chureh shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

IV.

What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

These five verses, from the 22nd to the 27th, contain a glorious prophesy of Christ: I have explained them at large in the language of the New Testament, in two distinct hymns: 1 Pet. ii. 4, 6. *Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on him shall not be ashamed—disallowed of men, but chosen of God, and precious,* Matt. xvi. 18. *Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.* See the notes on the following hymns.

PSALM 118. *v.* 24—26. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

Hosanna; the Lord's Day; or, Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation.

I.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

II.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

III.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

IV.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

V.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

See the notes on the foregoing and following hymns.

Stanza i. This is the day wherein Christ fulfilled his sufferings, and rose from the dead, and has honoured it with his own name. Rev. i. 10. *The Lord's Day.*

Stanza iii. This verse is explained, Matt. xxi. 9. *Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.* The word Hosanna signifies, Save, we beseech.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22—27. (S. M.)

An Hosanna for the Lord's Day; or, a new Song of Salvation by Christ.

I.

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

II.

The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest
As the chief corner-stone.

III.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

IV.

This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

V.

Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

VI.

We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

Stanza vi. The 27th verse must be explained evangelically; the Gospel is our light, our Altar is Christ, and our Sacrifices are Prayer and Praise: *Heb.* xiii. 10, 15.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22—27. (L. M.)

The same.

I.

LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

II.

Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

III.

Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad:
Hosanna, let his name be blest:
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest.

IV.

In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

Stanza iii. Hosanna signifies *save we beseech*, as verse 25. And since the Hosanna is ascribed to Christ in *Matt.* xxi. 9. it seems to mean properly, an acclamation to Christ as King: As we say in our language, God save the King, or God bless the King; though in the common metre, I have turned it as a short prayer for our own salvation, in the sense in which it is often understood.

PSALM 119.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a *Divine Song* on each of them; but the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connexion.

In some places, among the words *Law, Commands, Judgments, Testimonies,* I have used *Gospel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promises, &c.* as more agreeble to the New Testament, and the common language of christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.

PSALM 119. First Part. (C. M.)

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

I. Verses 1, 2, 3.

BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

II.

Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

III. 165.

Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

IV. 6.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

V. 21, 118.

But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

VI. 119, 155.

Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119. Second Part. (C. M.)

Secret Devotion and Spiritual-mindedness; or, constant Converse with God.

I. 147, 55,

TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

II. 81.

My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

III. 164.

Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

IV. 62.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119. Third Part. (C. M.)

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

I. 57, 60.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

II. 30, 14.

I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

III.

The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

IV. 59.

If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

V. 94, 114.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

VI. 112.

Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

Instruction from Scripture.

I. 9.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

II. 130.
When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

III. 105.
'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

IV. 99, 100.
The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

V. 104, 113.
Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

VI. 89, 90, 91.
[The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express!

VII.
But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

VIII. 160, 140, 9, 116.
Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 119. Fifth Part. (C.M.)

Delight in Scripture; or, the Word of God dwelling in us.

I. 97.
O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

II. 148.
My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

III. 3, 13, 54.
How doth thy word my heart engage?
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

IV. 19, 103.
Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

V. 72, 127.
No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

VI. 28, 49, 175.
When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. Sixth Part. (C.M.)

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

I. 128.
LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

II. 97. 9.
Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Thro' all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

III. 62.
My heart in midnight silence cries,
'How sweet thy comforts be!'
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

IV. 162.
And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. Seventh Part. (C.M.)

Imperfections of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

I. 96. Paraphrased.
LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

II.
Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

III.
I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

IV.
Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

V.

In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

VI.

Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119. Eighth Part. (C.M.)

The Word of God is the Saint's Portion; or, the Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

I. 111. Paraphrased.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

III.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

IV.

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. Ninth Part. (C.M.)

Desire of Knowledge; or, the Teaching's of the Spirit with the Word.

I. 64, 68, 18.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

II. 73, 125.

My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

III. 19.

Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

IV. 26.

When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace
Or I shall stray again.

V. 33, 34.

If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

VI. 50, 71.

This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

VII. 51.

[In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go
Whence all my hopes I draw.

VIII. 27, 171.

When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM 119. Tenth Part. (C.M.)

Pleading the Promises.

I. 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

II. 41, 58, 107.

Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promis'd quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

III. 123, 42.

Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

IV. 49, 74.

Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119. Eleventh Part. (C.M.)

Breathing after Holiness.

I. 5, 33.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

II. 29.

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

III. 37, 36.
From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
IV. 133.
Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
V. 176.
My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.
VI. 35.
Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. Twelfth Part. (C. M.)

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

I. 153.
MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.
II. 39, 116.
Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.
III. 122, 135.
Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.
IV. 82.
My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
'When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
'And make my comforts rise?'
V. 132.
Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. Thirteenth Part. (C. M.)

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

I. 10.
WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.
II. 11.
Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.
III. 63, 53, 158.
I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.
VI. 161, 163.
While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.
V. 161, 120.
My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threat'nings of thy word:
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.
VI. 166, 174.
My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. Fourteenth Part. (C. M.)

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

I. 153, 81, 82.
CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?
II. 71.
Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
III. 50.
This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.
IV. 92.
Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul opprest with sorrows weight
Had sunk amongst the dead.
V. 75.
I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.
VI. 67.
Before I knew thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119 Fifteenth Part. (C. M.)

Holy Resolutions.

I. 93.

O THAT thy statutes every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

II. 15, 16.

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

III. 32.

How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

IV. 13, 46.

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

V. 61, 69, 70.

Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

VI. 115.

Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119. Sixteenth Part. (C. M.)

Prayer for quickening Grace.

I. 25, 37.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

II.

I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

III. 107.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

IV. 156, 40.

Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

V. 159, 40.

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

VI. 93.

Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. Seventeenth Part. (L. M.)

Courage and Perseverance under Persecution; or, Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.

I. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

II. 51, 69, 110.

The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

III. 161, 78.

They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119. Last Part. (L. M.)

Sanctified Affliction; or, Delight in the Word of God.

I. 67, 59.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

II.

Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

III. 71.

'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

IV. 72.

The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

V. 73.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

VI. 74.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120. (C. M.)

Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours; or, a devout Wish for Peace.

I.

THOU God of love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

II.

Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

III.

O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell.

IV.

Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

V.

New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

VI.

Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

I hope the transposition of several verses of this psalm is no disadvantage to this imitation of it. Nor will the spirit of the gospel, and charity at the end, render it less agreeable to christian ears.

PSALM 121. (L. M.)

Divine Protection.

I.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.

II.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

III.

He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning-smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening-veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

IV.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

V.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

VI.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

VII.

On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

See the Note on Psalm xli.

PSALM 121. (C. M.)

Preservation by Day and Night.

I.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

II.

Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

III.

He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

IV.

Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

V.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

VI.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121. As the 148th Psalm.

God our Preserver.

I.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

II.

My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

III.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

IV.

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. (C. M.)

Going to Church.

I.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!'

II.

I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.

III.

Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

IV.

He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

VI.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 122. Proper Tune.

The same.

I.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

II.

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

III.

There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

IV.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rests!

V.

My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM 123. (C.M.)

Pleading with Submission.

I.

O THOU whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

II.

As servant's watch their masters hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;

III.

So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

IV.

Those that in wealth and pleasure live
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

V.

Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. (L.M.)

A Song for the Fifth of November.

I.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide,

II.

The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

III.

We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

IV.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

V.

Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM 125. (C.M.)

The Saints Trial and Safety.

I.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

II.

Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

III.

While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

IV.

Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

V.

But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM 125. (S.M.)

The Saints Trial and Safety; or, moderated Afflictions.

I.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

II.

As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

III.

What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

IV.

Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

V.

Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint.

VI.

But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell.

The last stanza of this metre more clearly expresses the true sense of the Psalmist in this place.

PSALM 126. (L.M.)

Surprising Deliverance.

I.

WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

II.

The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

III.

When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

IV.

The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 128. (C.M.)

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or, Melancholy removed.

I.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

II.

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace:

III.

'Great is the work,' my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the power divine;
'Great is the work,' my heart reply'd,
'And be the glory thine.'

IV.

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

V.

Let those that sow in sadness wait,
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

VI.

Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127. (L.M.)

The Blessing of God on the Business and Comforts of Life.

I.

IF God succeed, not all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost:
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

II.

What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread
To shun that poverty you dread;

III.

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

IV.

Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love!

PSALM 127. (C.M.)

God all in all.

I.

IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

II.

Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

III.

Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

IV.

Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM 128. (C.M.)

Family Blessings.

I.

O HAPPY man whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

II.

A eareful Providenee shall stand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

III.

[Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.]

IV.

The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to eome;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

V.

This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking chureh arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. (C.M.)

Persecutors punished.

I.

UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were eonstant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

II.

Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

III.

Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

IV.

The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Measur'd the misehiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

V.

How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion siez'd
With horror to the soul.

VI.

Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projeets die.

VII.

[What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

VIII.

[So eorn that on the house-top stands
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

IX.

It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM 130. (C.M.)

Pardoning Grace.

I.

OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my eries to seek thy graee,
My groans to move thine ear.

II.

Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh eould stand.

III.

But there are pardons with my God
For erimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

IV.

[I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

V.

[Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

VI.

So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy faee,
And finds a brighter day.]

VII.

[Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his faee;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

VIII.

There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.]

PSALM 130. (L.M.)

Pardoning Grace.

I.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

II.

But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

III.

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

IV.

My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord
And find relief from all their pain.

V.

Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131. (C.M.)

Humility and Submission.

I.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

II.

I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

III.

The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. *v.* 5, 13—18. (L.M.)

At the Settlement of a Church; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

I.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

II.

The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

III.

Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord:
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

IV.

Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

V.

Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

VI.

The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

VII.

[Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame!]

PSALM 132. *v.* 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. (C.M.)

A Church established.

I.

[NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

II.

The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

III.

But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

IV.
Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

V.
Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

VI.
Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

VII.
Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

VIII.
Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

The settlement of the ark in Zion is a fair type of the dwelling of Christ in his churches; and I have so copied this psalm in both metres, omitting the verses less necessary to this sense.

Stanza ii. *Thrice in the year shall all your male-children appear before the Lord, &c.* Exod. xxxiv. 23.

Stanza iii. *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them,* Matt. xviii. 20. *The house of God, the church, &c.* 1 Tim. iii. 15.

PSALM 133. (C.M.)

Brotherly Love.

I.
LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

II.
When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;

III.
'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

IV.
'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133. (S.M.)

Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family.

I.
BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Thro' all their actions run.

II.
Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

III.
Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

IV.
Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning-dew distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM 133. As the 122d Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

I.
HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

II.
'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil thro' all the room,
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

III.
Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM 134. (C. M.)

Daily and nightly Devotion.

I.

YE that obey the Immortal King,
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

II.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

III.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

This psalm, with several others near it, is called a Song of Degrees; that is, to be sung on the steps ascending to the tabernacle or temple, as the learned suppose: The king and his attendants sung the two first verses, addressing themselves to the levites that kept the house of the Lord; and the third verse is the response of the levites to the king. There was a necessity of changing the form of this psalm, to suit it to our usual christian worship.

PSALM 135. *v.* 1—4, 14, 19—21. First Part. (L. M.)

The Church is God's House and Care.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

II.

Praise ye the Lord: the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

III.

The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

IV.

Thro' every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known, 'Th' almighty God.'

V.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135. *v.* 5—12. Second Part. (L. M.)

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

I.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

II.

At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar:
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempest from his airy store.

III.

'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born beasts and men
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

IV.

What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

V.

His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

This psalm was too long to be sung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two parts conveniently, without transposing the verses considerably, as in the title. The ejection of the Canaanites, and the inheritance of their land given to Israel, is a fair figure of the inheritance of heaven given to the saints; whence sinning angels were ejected, as in the last stanza.

PSALM 135. (C. M.)

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

I.

AWAKE, ye saints; to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

II.

Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

III.

Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

IV.

All power that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

V.
Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

VI.
[Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

VII.
Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

VIII.
O Britain know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

This psalm is much abridged in this metre, to reduce the most useful parts of it to one shorter divine song. In the 5th stanza I have borrowed a verse from Jer. xiv. 22. *Are there any among the vanities of the gentiles that can cause rain?*

PSALM 136. (C. M.)

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

I.
GIVE thanks to God the sovereign Lord;
His mercies still endure!
And be the King of kings ador'd;
His truth is ever sure.

II.
What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

III.
The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine!

IV.
[He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

V.
He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might,
And gave the tribes a passage thro';
His power and grace unite.

VI.
But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints thro' desert ground:
Eternal be his praise.

VII.
Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promis'd land;
And faithful is his word.]

VIII.
He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

IX.
He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails;
From death, and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

X.
Give thanks to God the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure!
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

In every stanza of this psalm I have endeavoured to imitate the chorus or burden of the song, *For his mercy endureth for ever;* and yet to maintain a perpetual variety.

PSALM 146. (as the 148th Psalm.)

The same.

I.
GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

II.
How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

III.
His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

IV.

[He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead:
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy merey, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

V.

His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous passage thro'.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

VI.

But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

VII.

The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

VIII.

He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

IX.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

X.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy merey, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

In this metre and the next, I have maintained the chorus, *For his mercy endureth for ever*, in a double form, to be used alternately, that is, in every other stanza.

PSALM 136. Abridged. (L. M.)

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption, and Salvation.

I.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Merey and truth are all his ways:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

II.

Give to the Lord of lords renown
The King of kings with glory crown:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' lords and kings are known 'no more.'

III.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

IV.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' suns and moons shall shine 'no more.'

V.

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

VI.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' death and sin shall reign 'no more.'

VII.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

VIII.

Through this vain world he guides our feet
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' this vain world shall be 'no more.'

PSALM 138. (L. M.)

Restoring and preserving Grace.

I.

[WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

II.

Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

III.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

IV.

To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

V.

The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

VI.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

VII.

Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Stanza i. and ii. *Angels* or *Kings* are the *Gods* before whom the Psalmist would sing praise to his Creator; but common Christians having so little of the presence of *kings* in their worship, I have mentioned only the company of *angels*.

PSALM 139 First Part. (L. M.)

The All-seeing God.

I.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

II.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

III.

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

IV.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

V.

'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE I.

VI.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

VII.

If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

VIII.

If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

IX.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

X.

'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE. II.

XI.

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

XII.

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

XIII.

'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PSALM 139. Second Part. (L. M.)

The wonderful Formation of Man.

I.

'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

II.

Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

III.

By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

IV.

At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

V.

There the young seeds of thought began
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

VI.

Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

VII.

I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

VIII.

These on my heart are still imprest,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139. Third Part. (L. M.)

Sincerity professed, and Grace tried; or, the Heart-searching God.

I.

MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

II.

Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee
I count them enemies to me.

III.

Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

IV.

Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

In this noble psalm I have not refused the aid of my predecessors, chiefly Mr. Tate. In some places where I have borrowed, I hope I have improved the verse; and in others, my own design constrained me to leave out the words of a more poetic sound, such as infernal plains, morning's wings, western main, sable wings of night, shapeless embryo, maze of life, &c. yet I have endeavoured to maintain the spirit of the Psalmist in plainer language.

The epiphonema or the burden of the song, that I have inserted three times in the first part, was not introduced by any means to add beauty to the Poem, but merely to reduce it to convenient lengths for singing, which has too often confined the Ode, and debased it.

PSALM 139. First Part. (C. M.)

God is every where.

I.

IN all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

II.

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

III.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within:
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

IV.

O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

V.

So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

VI.

Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

VII.

Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

VIII.

If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

IX.

If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

X.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

PSALM 139. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

I.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

II.

Thy hand my heart and reins possest
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

III.

Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.

IV.

Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

V.

Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139. *v.* 14, 17, 18. Third Part. (C. M.)

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

I.

LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

II.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

III.

These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 141. *v.* 2—5. (L. M.)

Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

I.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning-incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

II.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

III.

O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

IV.

When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142. (C. M.)

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

I.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief:
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

II.

My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

III.

On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

IV.

Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
'Thou art my portion when I die,
'Be thou my refuge here.'

V.

Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an almighty friend.

VI.

From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. (L. M.)

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

I.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

II.

Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

III.

Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

IV.

I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

V.

Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

VI.

For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide his love?

VII.

My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

VIII.

The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd powers rejoice!

IX.

In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

X.

Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

XI.

Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

XII.

Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. *v.* 1, 2. First Part. (C.M.)

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

I.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word
To arm me for the field.

II.

When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

III.

A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

The sense of a great part of this psalm is found often repeated in the Book of Psalms. I have therefore only taken three small parts of it, and formed three distinct hymns on very different subjects.

PSALM 144. *v.* 3—6. Second Part. (C.M.)

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

I.

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

II.

O what is feeble dying man
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

III.

That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love.

PSALM 144. *v.* 12—15. Third Part. (L. M.)

Grace above Riches; or, the happy Nation.

I.

HAPPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones
Give strength and beauty to the state.

II.

Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

III.

Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM 145. (S. M.)

The Greatness of God.

I.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

II.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

III.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

IV.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

V.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

VI.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

The verses of this psalm are here transposed in this manner; namely, 1, 2, 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, 3.

PSALM 145. *v.* 1—7, 11—13. First Part. (C. M.)

The same.

I.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

II.

Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

III.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

IV.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

V.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.

VI.

The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145. *v.* 7, &c. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Goodness of God.

I.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

III.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat
And fills their mouths with good.

IV.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

V.
Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

The verses of this psalm are here transposed thus, 7, 9, 15, 16, 8, 10.

PSALM 145. *v* 14, 17, &c. Third Part. (C.M.)

Mercy to Sufferers; or, God hearing Prayer.

I.
LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
II.
When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
III.
The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
IV.
He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
V.
His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
VI.
[His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
'They sought his aid in vain.']
VII.
[My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

The various transpositions that I have made in several parts of this psalm, were necessary to divide it into proper lengths for public worship, and to reduce the verses of a like sense together.

PSALM 146. (L.M.)

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

I.
PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
II.
Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.
III.
Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
IV.
Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
V.
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
VI.
The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
VII.
He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

This psalm consists so much in single sentences, that a small and easy transposition of the verses, with a very few lines added, will afford a metre to the tune of the cxiiith psalm, with a repetition of the first stanza at the end to complete the tune, as follows.

PSALM 146. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

I.
I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
II.
Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
III.
Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

IV.
The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

V.
He loves his saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

VI.
I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. First Part. (L. M.)

The divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

I.
PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

II.
The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

III.
He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

IV.
Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

V.
Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

VI.
He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn,
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

VII.
What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

VIII.
But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM 147. Second Part. (L. M.)

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great Britian.

I.
O BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
He bid the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

II.
Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

III.
Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later rains.
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

IV.
With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

V.
He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praise.

VI.
To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel thro' the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. *v.* 7—9, 13—18. (C. M.)

The Seasons of the Year.

I.
WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

II.
He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

III.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
  He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
  Should raise his honours high.

IV.

His steady counsels change the face
  Of the declining year;
He bids the son cut short his race,
  And wintry days appear.

V.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
  Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
  In icy fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful stores on high
  He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
  Shall find his courage fail.

VII.

He sends his word and melts the snow,
  The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
  And bids the spring return.

VIII.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
  Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
  Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148. (P. M.)

Praise to God from all Creatures.

I.

YE tribes of Adam, join
  With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
  Ye holy throng
  Of angels bright,
  In worlds of light
  Begin the song.

II.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
  His power declare,
  Ye floods on high,
  And clouds that fly
  In empty air.

III.

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:
  He spake the word,
  And all their frame
  From nothing came
  To praise the Lord.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last:
  In different ways
  His works proclaim
  His wondrous name,
  And speak his prase.

PAUSE.

V.

Let all the earth-born race,
Let monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas
Or in their bosom sleep,
  From sea and shore
  Their tribute pay,
  And still display
  Their Maker's power.

VI.

Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word:
  When lightnings shine,
  Or thunders roar,
  Let earth adore
  His hand divine.

VII.

Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size
That fruit in plenty bear;
  Beasts wild and tame,
  Birds, flies, and worms,
  In various forms
  Exalt his name.

VIII.

Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
  Nor let the dream
  Of power and state
  Make you forget
  His power supreme.

IX.

Virgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

X.

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM 148. Paraphrased. (L, M.)

Universal Praise to God.

I.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, namely,

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

II.

The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

III.

High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly thro' the world O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

IV.

Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet wisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

V.

Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

VI.

Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Vallies, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

VII.

Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

VIII.

Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

IX.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

X.

Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

XI.

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

XII.

Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

PSALM 148. (S. M.)

Universal Praise.

I.

LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

II.

Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

III.

He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

IV.

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

V.

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

VI.

By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

VII.

Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

VIII.

From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

IX.

Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food
And he expects your praise.

X.

Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

XI.

Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.

XII.

By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest;
But saints that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

XIII.

Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
Whence all your honours spring.

XIV.

Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feebler voices try.

XV.

United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise:
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

XVI.

Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149. (C. M.)

Praise God, all Saints; or, the Saints judging the World.

I.

ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

II.

The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her king.

III.

The Lord takes pleasure in the just
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

IV.

Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

V.

Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

VI.

When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

VII.

Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

VIII.

The royal sinners bound in chains
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

This psalm seems to be written to encourage the Jews in their wars against the heathen princes of Canaan, who were divinely sentenced to destruction: but the last four verses of it have been too much abused in latter ages to promote sedition and disturbance in the state; so that I chose to refer this honour, that is here given to all the saints, to the day of judgment, according to those expressions in the New Testament, Matt xix. 28. *Ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the tribes*, &c. 1 Cor. vi. 3. *We shall judge angels*, Rev. ii. 27. and iii. 21. *I will give him power over the nations; he shall rule them with a rod of iron*, &c.

PSALM 150. *v.* 1, 2, 6. (C.M.)

A Song of Praise.

I.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

II.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

III.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

The greatest part of this psalm suits not my chief design; I have therefore imitated only the first two verses and the last, in a short Doxology, or song of praise.

Yet, since the Christian Doxology is more used in Christian assemblies, I have added that also.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre.

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

AN

INDEX;

OR,

TABLE TO FIND A PSALM

SUITED TO

PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OR OCCASIONS.

Note. In this Index I have not directed to the several parts or metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a confusion of figures. What is sought in any Psalm may easily be found by turning a leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.

If you find not what word you seek in this Index, seek another of the same signification; or, seek it under some of the more general words, such as *God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.*

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HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

REV. V. 9.

AND THEY SUNG A NEW SONG, SAYING, THOU ART WORTHY, &C. FOR THOU WAST SLAIN, AND HAST REDEEMED US, &C.

SOLITI ESSENT (*i. e.* CHRISTIANI) CONVENIRE, CARMENQUE CHRISTO QUASI DEO DICERE.

PLINIUS IN EPIST.

THE PREFACE.

WHILE we sing the praises of our God in his church, we are employed in that part of worship which of all others is the nearest a-kin to heaven; and it is pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. The gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men: and in these last days of the gospel we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the Songs of the New Jerusalem, and unpractised in the work of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air, that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly, while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion; and it is much to be feared, that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches, still want some degrees of reformation: nor are the methods of prayer so perfect, as to stand in need of no correction or improvement: but of all our religious solemnities, psalmody is the most unhappily managed: that very action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awakes our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs. Some of them are almost opposite to the spirit of the gospel: many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised a little above this earth in the beginning of a psalm, we are checked on a sudden in our ascent toward heaven, by some expressions that are most suitable to the days of *Carnal Ordinances*, and fit only to be sung in the *Worldly Sanctuary*. When we are just entering into an evangelic frame, by some of the glories of the gospel presented in the brightest figures of judaism, yet the very next line perhaps which the clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely jewish and cloudy, that it darkens our sight of God the Saviour. Thus by keeping too close to David in the house of God, the veil of Moses is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the *loving kindness of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies:* within a few verses, some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips; that *God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living*, Psalm lxix. 27, 28. which is so contrary to the new commandment of *loving our enemies;* and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the Psalmist, that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts, and the circumstances of our lives, may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves: but we meet with a following line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David or of Asaph, that breaks off our song in the midst; and our consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a falsehood unto God: Thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as an history of ancient saints; and, perhaps, in some instances, the salvo is hardly sufficient neither: besides, it almost always spoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of

it: For while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it: But at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbidden the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers, and many private christians, have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished, rather than attempted, a reformation: At their importunate and repeated requests, I have for some years past devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of psalms in public worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself. It is the most noble, most devotional and divine collection of poesy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven, than some parts of that book; never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly reverenced and admired: But it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days to assume as its own: There are also many deficiencies of light and glory, which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament: And with this advantage I have composed these Spiritual Songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain-glorious or presuming; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, *the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the jewish prophets*, Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following composures.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel, and the most common affairs of christians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons either of private or public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, or wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed spirit; all conversing with God the Father *by the new and living way* of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him also, even *to the Lamb that was slain and now lives*, I have addressed many a song; for thus doth the holy scripture instruct and teach us to worship in the various short patterns of Christian Psalmody described in the *Revelation*. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of christianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and *sing his praises with understanding*, Psalm xlvii. 7. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader that savour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences as little disturbance as possible. However, where any unpleasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better; for (blessed be God) we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole book is written in four sets of metre, and fitted to the most common

tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at ease of numbers, and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so. Some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced; I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and have given an allay to the verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotion of the weakest souls. But hence it comes to pass, that I have been forced to lay aside many hymns after they were finished, and utterly exclude them from this volume, because of the bolder figures of speech that crowded themselves into the verse, and a more unconfined variety of numbers, which I could not easily restrain.

These, with many other divine and moral composures, are now printed in a second edition of the poems entitled *Horæ Lyricæ:* For as in that book I have endeavoured to please and profit the politer part of mankind, without offending the plainer sort of christians, so in this it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainment of souls truly serious, even of the meanest capacity, and at the same time (if possible) not to give disgust to persons of richer sense and nicer education; and I hope, in the present volume, this end will appear to be pursued with much greater happiness than in the first impression of it, though the world assures me the former has not much reason to complain.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the first, I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the song from some particular portions of scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical: and many parts of the Old Testament also, that have a reference to the times of the Messiah. In these I expect to be often censured for a too religious observance of the words of scripture, whereby the verse is weakened and debased, according to the judgment of the critics: But as my whole design was to aid the devotion of christians, so more especially in this part: And I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, namely, assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the taste and inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God but the translations of his own word. Yet you will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the Levetical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship of the gospel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would not bear such an alteration is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the book of psalms fitted for the use of our churches, and David converted into a christian: But because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have through divine goodness already proceeded half way through.

The second part consists of hymns whose form is of mere human composure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part: But except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a

devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection, and the light exceeded the heat: Yet, I hope, in many of them the reader will find, that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart: Nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine license which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth psalms, several chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of scripture; and in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the third part only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we may sing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of scripture, and some other compositions. There are above an hundred hymns in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance; and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last. But there are expressions generally used in these which confine them only to the table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of Israel, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private christians; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours: My heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and vow in the first publication; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him, with thankfulness, how useful he has made these compositions already, to the comfort and edification of societies, and of private persons: And upon the same grounds I have a better prospect, and a bigger hope of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Zion shall favour it with his continued blessing.

Note, In all the longer hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several stanzas included in crotchets thus [ ]; which stanzas may be left out in singing, without disturbing the sense. Those parts are also included in such crotchets, which contain words too poetical for meaner understandings, or too particular for whole congregations to sing. But after all, it is best in public psalmody for the minister to choose the particular parts and verses of the psalm or hymn that is to be sung, rather than to leave it to the judgment or casual determination of him that leads the tune.

Note, Since the sixth edition of this book, the author has finished what he has so long promised, namely, *The Psalms of* DAVID, *imitated in the Language of the New Testament;* which the world has received with approbation, by the sale of some thousands in a year's time. It is presumed that book, in conjunction with this, may appear to be such a sufficient provision for psalmody, as to answer most occasions of the christian's life: And, if an author's own opinion may be taken, he esteems it the greatest work that ever he has published, or ever hopes to do, for the use of the churches.

March 3, 1719—1720.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. (C.M.)

A new Song to the Lamb that was slain,
Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

I.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

II.

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

III.

Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

IV.

[Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book
And open every seal?

V.

He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!]

VI.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

VII.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

VIII.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 2. (L.M.)

The Deity and Humanity of Christ, John i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

I.

ERE the blue heavens was stretch'd abroad
From everlasting was the word;
With God he was; the word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

II.

By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angel's fly at his command.

III.

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the numbers of the years?)

IV.

But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

V.

Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!

VI.

Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3. (S.M.)

The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10. &c.

I.

BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfil'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

II.

[The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

III.

O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

IV.

To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

V.

'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly;
'The promis'd infant born to-day
'Doth in a manger lie.

VI.

'With looks and hearts serene,
'Go visit Christ your King;'
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:

VII.

'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At the Redeemer's birth!'

VIII.

[In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

IX.

'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth.']

Hymn 4 referred to Psalm 2.

HYMN 5. (C.M.)

Submission to afflictive Providences, Job. i. 21.

I.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

II.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

III.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

IV.

Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

V.

If smiling mercy crown our lives
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6. (C.M.)

Triumph over Death, Job. xix. 25—27.

I.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust
To dwell with fellow-clay.

II.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

III.

The mighty conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death the last of all his foes
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

IV.

Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

V.

Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 7. (C.M.)

The Invitation of the Gospel; or, Spiritual Food and Clothing, Isaiah lv. 1, &c.

I.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

II.

Ho, all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

III.

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

IV.

Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

V.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

VI.

[Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin,

VII.

Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

VIII.

Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

IX.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day,
Lord we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8. (C.M.)

The Safety and Protection of the Church, Isaiah xxvi. 1—6.

I.

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

II.

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell,
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

III.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter, ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our king.

IV.

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace;

V.

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

VI.

[What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low,
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.]

VII.

[On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour,
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.]

HYMN 9. (C.M.)

The Promises of the Covenant of Grace, Isaiah lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

I.

IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind,
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

II.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

III.

Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

IV.

Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

V.

[Our guilt shall vanish all away
Tho' black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

VI.

And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His spirits shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

VII.

Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

VIII.

Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

XI.

There shall his sacred spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

X.

Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise,
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN 10. (S.M.)

The Blessedness of Gospel Times; or, the Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles, Isaiah v. 2, 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

I.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

II.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
'He reigns and triumphs here.'

III.

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

IV.

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long
But dy'd without the sight.

V.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

VI.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11. (L.M.)

The Humble enlightened, and carnal Reason humbled; or, the Sovereignty of Grace, Luke x. 21, 22.

I.

THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
'Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.

II.

'I thank thy sovereign power and love,
'That crowns my doctrine with success;
'And makes the babes in knowledge learn
'The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

III.

'But all this glory lies conceal'd
'From men of prudence and of wit;
'The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
'And their own pride resists the light.

IV.

'Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
'Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
''Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
'And lay the haughty scorner low.

V.

'There's none can know the Father right
'But those who learn it from the Son;
'Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
'But where the Father makes him known.'

VI.

Then let our souls adore our God
That deals his graces as he please,
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions, or decrees.

HYMN 12. (C.M.)

Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

I.

JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And tun'd his joy to praise.

II.

'Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
'That hath reveal'd thy Son
'To men unlearned; and to babes
'Has made thy gospel known.

III.

'The mysteries of redeeming grace
'Are hidden from the wise,
'While pride and carnal reasonings join
'To swell and blind their eyes.'

IV.

Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

HYMN 13. (L.M.)

The Son of God incarnate; or, the Titles and the Kingdom of Christ, Isaiah ix. 2, 6, 7.

I.

THE lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

II.

The virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold the expected child appear;
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

III.

This infant is the mighty God
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.

IV.

The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions still increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

V.

Jesus the holy child shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN 14. (L.M.)

The Triumph of Faith; or, Christ's unchangeable Love, Romans viii. 33, &c.

I.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

II.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

III.

He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divde us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

IV.

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conquerors too.

V.

Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

VI.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 15. (L.M.)

Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

I.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

II.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

III.

I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

IV.

But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise
We find how great our weakness is.

V.

[So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

HYMN 16. (C.M.)

Hosanna to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

I.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line,
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

II.

The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

III.

Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

VI.

Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 17. (C.M.)

Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

I.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers!

II.

Joyful with all the strength I have
My quivering lips should sing,
'Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
'And where the monster's sting?'

III.

If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law give sin its damning power,
But Christ my ransom dy'd.

IV.

Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.

HYMN 18. (C.M.)

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord, Rev. xiv. 13.

I.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

II.

They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

III.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 19. (C.M.)

The Song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable, Luke ii. 27, &c.

I.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

II.

With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child!

III.

'Now I can leave this world,' he cry'd,
'Behold thy servant dies,
'I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
'And close my peaceful eyes.

IV.

'This is the light prepar'd to shine
'Upon the gentile lands,
'Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
'To break their slavish bands.'

V.

[Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms,
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.

VI.

Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 20. (C M.)

Spiritual Apparel; namely, the Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation, Isaiah lxi. 10.

I.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

II.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine,
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

III.

And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

IV.

How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

V.

The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

VI.

Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 21. (C.M.)

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men, Rev. xxi. 1—4.

I.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are past away,
And the old rolling skies.

II.

From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

III.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
'Of your descending king.

IV.

'The God of glory down to men
'Removes his blest abode,
'Men the dear objects of his grace,
'And he the loving God.

V.

'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
'From every weeping eye,
'And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
'And death itself shall die.'

VI.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay!
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Hymn 22 and 23 referred to Psalm 125.

HYMN 24. (L.M.)

The rich Sinner dying, Psalm xlix. 6, 9. Eccles. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

I.

IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

II.

Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

III.

The lingering, the unwilling soul
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long a sad farwel
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

IV.

Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

The rest referred to Psalm 49.

HYMN 25. (L.M.)

A Vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6—9.

I.

ALL mortal vanities, begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

II.

[Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

III.

Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

IV.

All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before Lamb
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name.

V.

[The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills,
'Worthy art thou alone,' they cry,
'To read the book, to loose the seals.']

VI.

Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
'To be our teacher and our king!'

VII.

His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

VIII.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favourites of their God.

IX.

Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

HYMN 26. (C. M.)

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ,
1 Pet. 3—5.

I.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

III.

What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust!
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose
So all his followers must.

IV.

There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

V.

Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27. (C. M.)

Assurance of Heaven; or, a Saint prepared to die,
2 Tim. iv. 6—8. 1.

I.

[DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

II.

With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

III.

God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

IV.

Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

V.

Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

VI.

God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

HYMN 28. (C. M.)

The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church,
Isaiah lxiii. 1—3, &c.

I.

WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road
Away from Bozrah's gate?

II.

The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king:
'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
'That your salvation bring.'

III.

'Why, mighty Lord,' thy saints enquire,
'Why thine apparel red?
'And all thy vesture stain'd like those
'Who in the wine-press tread?'

IV.

'I by myself have trod the press,
'And crush'd my foes alone,
'My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,
'My fury stamp'd them down.

V.

'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
'With joyful scarlet stains,
'The triumph that my raiment wears
'Sprung from their bleeding veins.

VI.

'Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
'That dare insult my saints,
'I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs
'An ear for their complaints.'

HYMN 29. (C. M.)

The Ruin of Antichrist, Isaiah lxiii. 4—7.

I.

'I LIFT my banners,' saith the Lord,
'Where Antichrist has stood,
'The city of my gospel-foes
'Shall be a field of blood.

II.

'My heart has study'd just revenge,
'And now the day appears,
'The day of my redeem'd is come
'To wipe away their tears.

III.

'Quite weary is my patience grown,
'And bids my fury go;
'Swift as the light'ning it shall move
'And be as fatal too.

IV.

'I call for helpers but in vain:
'Then has my gospel none?
'Well, mine own arm has might enough
'To crush my foes alone.

V.

'Slaughter and my devouring sword,
'Shall walk the streets around,
'Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
'And stagger to the ground.'

VII.

Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliverer praise.

HYMN 30. (L.M.)

Prayer for Deliverance answered, Isaiah xxvi. 8—12, 20, 21.

I.

IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace,
Our souls desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

II.

My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

III.

Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

IV.

Hark, th' eternal rends the sky
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.

V.

Come, children, to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

VI.

My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

Hymn 31 referred to Psalm 1.

HYMN 32. (C.M.)

Strength from Heaven, Isaiah xl. 27—30.

I.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

II.

Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

III.

Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

IV.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

V.

The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Hymns 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, referred to Psalms 131, 134, 67, 73 90, 84.

HYMN 39. (C.M.)

God's tender Care of his Church, Isaiah xlix. 13, &c.

I.

NOW shall my inward joys arise
And burst into a song,
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

II.

God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

III.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

IV.

Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

V.

'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature change,
'And mothers monsters prove,
'Sion still dwells upon the heart
'Of everlasting Love.

VI.

'Deep on the palms of both my hands
'I have engrav'd her name,
'My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
'And build her broken frame.'

HYMN 40. (L.M.)

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

I.

'WHAT happy men, or angels, these
'That all their robes are spotless white?
'Whence did this glorious troop arrive
'At the pure realms of heavenly light?'

II.

From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

III.

Now they approach th' Almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One
Measure their blest eternity.

IV.

No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

V.

The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams,
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

VI.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN 41. (L.M.)

The same; or, the Martyrs glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

I.

'THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
'Whence all their white array?
'How came they to the happy seats
'Of everlasting day?'

II.

From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

III.

Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

IV.

The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

V.

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

VI.

The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And Love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 42. (C.M.)

Divine Wrath and Mercy, Nahum i. 2, &c.

I.

ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire;*
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

II.

Almighty vengeance how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

III.

Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, O how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

IV.

At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave:
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

V.

Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?

VI.

Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

VII.

Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy sheltering wings
Thy just revenge adore.

* Heb. xii. 29.

Hymns 43 and 44, referred to Psalms 100 and 133.

HYMN 45. (C.M.)

The Last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5—8.

I.

SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

II.

['I am the first, and I the last,
'Thro' endless years the same;
'I AM is my memorial still,
'And my eternal name.

III.

'Such favours as a God can give
'My royal grace bestows;
'Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
'Where life and pleasure flows.]

IV.

['The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
'I'll own him for a son,
'The whole creation shall reward
'The conquest he has won.

V.

'But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
'And all the lying race,
'The faithless and the scoffing crew,
'That spurn at offer'd grace;

VI.

'They shall be taken from my sight,
'Bound fast in iron chains,
'And headlong plung'd into the lake
'Where fire and darkness reigns.']

VII.

O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head!

VIII.

May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While sinners banish'd down to hell
No more offend my sight.

Hymns 46 and 47, referred to Psalms 148, and 3.

HYMN 48. (L. M.)

The Christian Race, Isaiah xl. 28—31.

I.

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

II.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint—

III.

Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

IV.

From thee the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and drop and die.

V.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 49. (C. M.)

The Works of Moses and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

I.

HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God,
Who would not fear thy name!
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb!

II.

He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls
And taught our lips to sing.

III.

In the Red Sea by Moses' hand
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

IV.

When thro' the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

V.

Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

VI.

Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50. (C. M.)

The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of John the Baptist; or, Light and Salvation by Jesus Christ, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

I.

NOW be the God of Israel bless'd
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

II.

Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.

III.

[John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

IV.

He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine and heavenly love
In its own glory shines.

V.

'Behold the Lamb of God, (he cries)
'That takes our guilt away:
'I saw the Spirit o'er his head
On his baptising day.]

VI.

'Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
'Sink every mountain low,
'The proud must stoop, and humble souls
'Shall his salvation know.

VII.

'The heathen realms with Israel's land
'Shall join in sweet accord;
'And all that's born of man shall see
'The glory of the Lord.

VIII.

'Behold the morning star arise,
'Ye that in darkness sit:
'He marks the path that leads to peace,
'And guides our doubtful feet.'

HYMN 51. (S.M.)

Preserving Grace, Jude *ver* 24, 25.

I.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

II.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

III.

He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

IV.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

V.

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52. (C.M.)

Baptism, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

I.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
'Go, teach the nations, and baptize;'
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

II.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

III.

'Repent, and be baptiz'd, (he saith)
'For the remission of your sins;'
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.

IV.

Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

V.

Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord:
O may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN 53. (L.M.)

The Holy Scriptures, Heb. i. 1, 2. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

I.

GOD who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old
Sent down his Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

II.

Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by thy sweet conveyance given.

III.

God's kindest thoughts are here express'd;
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

IV.

Ye British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land) Praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 54. (L.M.)

Electing Grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ,
Eph. i. 3, &c.

I.

JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same:
What heavenly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

II.

'Christ be my first elect,' he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

III.

Thus did eternal Love begin
To raise us up from death and sin:
Our characters were then decreed,
'Blameless in love, a holy seed.'

IV.

Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race
To praise the glory of his grace.

V.

With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart,
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

HYMN 55. (C.M.)

Hezekiah's Song; or, Sickness and Recovery,
Isaiah xxxviii. 9, &c.

I.

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

II.

The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

III.

Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
'Our days are past, and we shall lose
'The remnant of our years.'

IV.

We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

V.

Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

VI.

If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 56. (C.M.)

The Song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling,
Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. xvii. 6.

I.

WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian Church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

II.

Great God, how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

III.

Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

IV.

Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

V.

The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord her sovereign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57. (C.M.)

Original Sin; or, the First and Second Adam,
Rom. v. 12. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

I.

BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

II.

To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill:
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will.

III.

[Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

IV.

How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins!]

V.

[Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?]

VI.

What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

VII.

Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

VIII.

The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first,
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust.

HYMN 58. (L.M.)

The Devil vanquished; or, Michael's War with the Dragon, Rev. xii. 7.

I.

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general of the Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

II.

Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

III.

Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

IV.

Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ hath assum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

V.

'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

VI.

Rejoice, ye heavens; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's name on high.

HYMN 59. (L.M.)

Babylon fallen, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

I.

IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
'Prophets rejoice, and, all ye saints,
'God shall avenge your long complaints.

II.

He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the mill-stone in the flood:
'Thus terribly shall Babel fall;
'Thus, and no more, be found at all.'

HYMN 60. (L.M.)

The Virgin Mary's Song; or, the promised Messiah born, Luke i. 46, &c.

I.

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same spirit tune our voice.

II.

[The highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

III.

Let every nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and revcrend is his name.]

IV.

To those that fear and trust the Lord
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

V.

He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
'In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;'
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

VI.

But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the desire of nations comes,
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN 61. (L.M.)

Christ our High-Priest and King, and Christ coming to Judgment, Rev. i. 5—7.

I.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

II.
'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
III.
To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.
IV.
Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.
V.
The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN 62. (C.M.)

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation, Rev. v. 11—13.

I.
COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.
II.
'Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'
III.
Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
IV.
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
V.
The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63. (L.M.)

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation, Rev. v. 12.

I.
WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?
II.
Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
III.
Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
IV.
All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
V.
Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
VI.
Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

HYMN 64. (S.M.)

Adoption 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

I.
BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
II.
'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
III.
Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
IV.
A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
V.
If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
VI.
We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 65. (L.M.)

The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of our Lord; or, the Day of Judgment, Rev. xi. 15—18.

I.

LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

II.

Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

III.

The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

IV.

Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN 66. (L.M.)

Christ the King at his Table, Sol. Song i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

I.

LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine interest in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me, 'Thou art mine,'
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

II.

On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

III.

Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thine arms:
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the king.

IV.

[Wonder and pleasure tunes our voice
To speak thy praises, and our joys:
Our memory keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

V.

Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

VI.

While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

VII.

As myrrh new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

VIII.

[No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

HYMN 67. (L.M.)

Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd, Sol. Song. i. 7.

I.

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

II.

Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

III.

Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

IV.

[The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

V.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come
Till my beloved lead me home.]

HYMN 68. (L.M.)

The Banquet of Love, Sol. Song ii. 1—4, 6, 7.

I.

BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

II.

Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

III.

Beneath his cooling shade I sat
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

IV.

[Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace,
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

V.

With living bread and generous wine
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shews his thoughts, how kind they be.]

VI.

O never let my Lord depart
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN 69. (L.M.)

Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her Company, Sol. Song ii. 8—13.

I.

THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds,
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

II.

Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

III.

Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
'Rise,' saith my Lord, 'make haste away;
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.'

IV.

'The Jewish wintry state is gone,
'The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
'The sacred turtle dove we hear
'Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

V.

'Th' immortal vine of heavenly root
'Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit:'
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

VI.

And when we hear our Jesus say,
'Rise up, my love, make haste away!'
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 70. (L.M.)

Christ inviting and the Church answering the Invitation, Sol. Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

I.

[HARK, the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his favourites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out:

II.

'My dove who hidest in the rock,
'Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
'Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
'And let thy voice delight mine ear.

III.

'Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
'My graces in thy countenance meet;
'Tho' the vain world thy face despise,
''Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.'

IV.

Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, and of praise.

V.

[I am my love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

VI.

My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

VII.

Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

VIII.

Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide,
My love, my Saviour from my side.]

HYMN 71. (L.M.)

Christ found in the Street, and brought to the Church, Sol. Song iii. 1—5.

I.

OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

II.

Then I arise, and search the street
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchman of the night,
'Where did you see my soul's delight?'

III.

Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

IV.

[I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come,
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

V.

He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

VI.

I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN 72. (L.M.)

The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church, Sol. Song iii. 2.

I.

DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

II.

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

III.

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

IV.

The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

V.

Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

VI.

O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The king of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 73. (L.M.)

The Churches Beauty in the Eyes of Christ, Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

I.

KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word,
'Lo, thou art fair, my love,' he cries,
'Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

II.

['Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
'Salutes mine ear with secret joys,
'No spice so much delights the smell,
'Nor milk nor honey taste so well.

III.

'Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
'I will behold no spot in thee.'
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

IV.

Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces, and his righteousness.

V.

'My sister and my spouse,' he cries,
'Bound to my heart by various ties,
'Thy powerful love my heart detains
'In strong delight and pleasing chains.'

VI.

He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To Sion where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

VII.

Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN 74. (L.M.)

The Church the Garden of Christ, Sol. Song iv. 12, 14, 15. and v. 1.

I.

WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

II.

Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

III.

Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

IV.

Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

V.

[Let my beloved come, and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
'I come, my spouse, I come,' he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

VI.

Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

VII.

'Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
'The blessings that my Father sends;
'Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
'And drink abundance of my love.'

VIII.

Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

HYMN 75. (L.M.)

The Description of Christ the Beloved, Sol. Song v. 9—12, 14—16.

I.

THE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
'What are his charms,' say they, 'above
'The objects of a mortal love?'

II.

Yes, my beloved, to my sight,
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine
In my beloved meet and shine.

III.

White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs:
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

IV.

[His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

V.

Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

VI.

[His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

VII.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

VIII.

[His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.

IX.

His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.]

X.

All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd:
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 76. (L.M.)

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth, Sol. Song vi. 1—3, 12.

I.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

II.

My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

III.

[In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

IV.

He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

V.

[He takes my soul e'er I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

VI.

O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.]

HYMN 77. (L.M.)

The Love of Christ to the Church, in his Language to her, and Provisions for her, Sol. Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

I.

NOW in the galleries of his grace
Appears the king, and thus he says,
'How fair my saints are in my sight!
'My love how pleasant for delight!'

II.

Kind is thy language, Sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word:
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

III.

Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

IV.

These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

V.

In paradise within the gates
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

HYMN 78. (L.M.)

The Strength of Christ's Love, and the Soul's Jealousy of her own, Sol. Song viii. 5—7, 13, 14.

I.

[WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

II.

This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of his blood:
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.]

III.

'O let my name engraven stand,
'Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
'Seal me upon thine arm; and wear
'That pledge of love for ever there.

IV.

'Stronger than death thy love is known,
'Which floods of wrath could never drown;
'And hell and earth in vain combine
'To quench a fire so much divine.

V.

'But I am jealous of my heart,
'Lest it should once from thee depart;
'Then let thy name be well imprest
'As a fair signet on my breast.

VI.

'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
'Where fears and doubts can never come,
'Thy count'nance let me often see,
'And often thou shalt hear from me.

VII.

'Come, my beloved, haste away,
'Cut short the hours of thy delay,
'Fly like a youthful hart or roe
'Over the hills where spices grow.'

HYMN 79. (L.M.)

A Morning Hymn, Psalm xix. 5, 8. *and* lxxiii. 24, 25.

I.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies;

II.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:

III.

O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

IV.

[But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

V.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.]

VI.

Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

HYMN 80. (L.M.)

An Evening Hymn, Psalm iv. 8. *and* iii. 5, 6. *and* cxliii. 8.

I.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

II.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

III.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

IV.

In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things,
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

V.

[Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

VI.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN 81. (L.M.)

A Song for Morning or Evening, Lam. iii. 23. Isaiah xlv. 7.

I.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

II.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

III.

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82. (L.M.)

God far above Creatures; or, Man vain and mortal, Job. iv. 17—21.

I.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

II.

Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, or wise.

III.

But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

IV.

From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

V.

Almighty power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83. (C.M.)

Afflictions and Death under Providence, Job. v. 6—8.

I.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to care and woes,
A sad inheritance.

II.

As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

III.

Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

IV.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84. (L.M.)

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ, Isaiah xlv. 21—25.

I.

JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names:

II.

'I am the Last, and I the First,
'The Saviour God, and God the Just;
'There's none beside pretends to shew
'Such justice and salvation too.

III.

'[Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
'Just on the verge of death and hell,
'Look up to me from distant lands,
'Light, life and heaven are in my hands.

IV.

'I by my holy name have sworn,
'Nor shall the word in vain return,
'To me shall all things bend the knee,
'And every tongue shall swear to me.]

V.

'In me alone shall men confess
'Lies all their strength and righteousness;
'But such as dare despise my name,
'I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

VI.

'In me the Lord, shall all the seed
'Of Israel from their sins be freed,
'And by their shining graces prove
'Their interest in my pardoning love.'

HYMN 85. (S.M.)

The same.

I.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
'Mercy and Justice are the names
'By which I will be known.

II.

'Ye dying souls that sit
'In darkness and distress,
'Look from the borders of the pit
'To my recovering grace.'

III.

Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
'Our righteousness and strength is found
'In thee, the Lord alone.'

IV.

In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

HYMN 86. (C.M.)

God Holy, Just, and Sovereign, Job. ix. 2—10.

I.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness
We fall beneath his rod.

II.

To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

III.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

IV.

[Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

V.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies
And seals up all the stars.

VI.

He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN 87. (L.M.)

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent,
Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.

I.

THUS saith the High and Lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne,
'My name is God, I dwell on high,
'Dwell in my own eternity.

II.

'But I descend to worlds below,
'On earth I have a mansion too,
'The humble spirit and contrite
'Is an abode of my delight.

III.

'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live,'
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

IV.

'[When I contend against their sin
'I make them know how vile they've been;
'But should my wrath for ever smoke
'Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.']

V.

O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

HYMN 88. (L.M.)

Life the Day of Grace and Hope,
Eccl. x. 4—6, 10.

I.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

II.

[Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

III.

The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

IV.

[Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

V.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

VI.

There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89. (L.M.)

Youth and Judgment, Eccles. xi. 9.

I.

YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire:

II.

Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

III.

God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

IV.

The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror thro';
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

V.

Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 90. (C.M.)

The same.

I.

LO the young tribes of Adam rise,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

II.

They give a loose to wild desires,
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

III.

The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

IV.

How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

HYMN 91. (L.M.)

Advice to Youth; or, old Age and Death in an unconverted State, Eccles. xii. 1, 7. Isaiah lxv. 20.

I.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God,
Behold the months come hastening on
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone.'

II.

Behold, the aged sinner goes
Laden with guilt and heavy woes
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

III.

The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

IV.

Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 92. (S.M.)

Christ the Wisdom of God, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

I.

SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?

II.

'I was his chief delight,
'His everlasting Son,
'Before the first of all his works,
'Creation, was begun.

III.

'Before the flying clouds,
'Before the solid land,
'Before the fields, before the floods
'I dwelt at his right hand.

IV.

'When he adorn'd the skies,
'And built them, I was there
'To order where the sun should rise,
'And marshal every star.

V.

'When he pour'd out the sea,
'And spread the flowing deep,
'I gave the flood a firm decree
'In its own bounds to keep.

VI.

'Upon the empty air
'The earth was balanc'd well;
'With joy I saw the mansion where
'The sons of men should dwell.

VII.

'My busy thoughts at first
'On their salvation ran,
'Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
'Was fashion'd to a man.

VIII.

'Then come, receive my grace,
'Ye children, and be wise;
'Happy the man that keeps my ways:
'The man that shuns them dies.'

HYMN 93. (L.M.)

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted, Prov. viii. 34—36.

I.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
'Blest is the man that hears my word,
'Keeps daily watch before my gates,
'And at my feet for mercy waits.

II.

'The soul that seeks me shall obtain
'Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
'Immortal life is his reward,
'Life, and the favour of the Lord.

III.

'But the vile wretch that flies from me
'Doth his own soul an injury;
'Fools that against my grace rebel
'Seek death, and love the road to hell.'

HYMN 94. (C.M.)

Justification by Faith, not by Works; or, the Law condemns, Grace justifies, Rom. iii. 19—22.

I.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

II.

Let Jew and gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

III.

In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

IV.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95. (C.M.)

Regeneration, John i. 13. iii. 3. &c.

I.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

II.

The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son
A new peculiar race.

III.

The Spirit like some heavenly wind
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

IV.

Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96. (C.M.)

Election excludes boasting, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

I.

BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

II.

He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

III.

He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

IV.

Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN 97. (L.M.)

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

BURY'D in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

II.
Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears
Till his atoning blood appears,
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, 'The Lord our Righteousness.'

III.
Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

VI.
Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

V.
Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 98. (S.M.)

The same.

I.
HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

II.
Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven,
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.

III.
Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

IV.
The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

V.
Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 99. (C.M.)

Stones made Children of Abraham; or, Grace not conveyed by Religious Parents, Matt. iii. 9.

I.
VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race;
(Their fathers now with God.)

II.
He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons.

III.
Such wondrous power doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came.

HYMN 100. (L.M.)

Believe and be saved, John iii. 16—18.

I.
NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

II.
Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

III.
Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

VI.
But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 101. (L.M.)

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner, Luke xv. 7, 10.

I.
WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' all the courts of paradise
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

II.
With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

III.
The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King

HYMN 102. (L.M.)

The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 3—12.

I.

[BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]

II.

[Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

III.

[Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

IV.

[Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supply'd and fed,
With living streams and living bread.]

V.

[Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

VI.

[Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin,
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

VII.

[Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

VIII.

[Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN 103. (C.M.)

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

II.

Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

III.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

IV.

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 104. (C.M.)

A State of Nature and of Grace, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

I.

NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

II.

Surprising grace! And such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

III.

But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

IV.

O for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105. (C.M.)

Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

I.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known
What joys the father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

II.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

III.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

VI.

Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

V.

He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 106. (S. M.)

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

I.

SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

II.

Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.

III.

We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107. (L. M.)

The Fall and Recovery of Man; or, Christ and Satan at Enmity, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

I.

DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell
Adam our head, our father fell,
When Satan in the serpent hid
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

II.

Death was the threatening; death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

III.

But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

IV.

'The woman's seed shall be my Son,
'He shall destroy what thou hast done,
'Shall break thy head, and only feel
'Thy malice raging at his heel.'

V.

[He spake; and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

VI.

Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

HYMN 108. (S. M.)

Christ unseen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8.

I.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

II.

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

III.

And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 109. (L. M.)

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness, Phil. iii. 7—9.

I.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

II.

Now for the love I bear his name
What was my gain I count my loss,
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

III.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

IV.

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 110. (C. M.)

Death and immediate Glory, 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

I.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high:
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

II.

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

III.
'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
IV.
We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.
V.
'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111. (C.M.)

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii, 3—7.

I.
[LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
II.
But O, my soul, for ever praise
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]
III.
['Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding thro' his Son.]
IV.
'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
V.
'Tis thro' the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
VI.
Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And justify'd by grace
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112. (C.M.)

The Brazen Serpent; or, looking to Jesus, John iii. 14—16.

I.
SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
II.
'Look upward in the dying hour,
'And live,' the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When Faith lifts up her eyes.
III.
High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns:
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung
Look, and forget their pains.
IV.
When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives,
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113. (C.M.)

Abraham's Blessings on the Gentiles, Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

I.
HOW large the promise! how divine
To Abr'am and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
'Supplying all their need.'
II.
The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure
III.
Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
IV.
Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN 114. (C.M.)

The same, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

I.
GENTILES by nature we belong
To the wild olive-wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.
II.
With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.
III.
Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

IV.

Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN 115. (C.M.)

Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

I.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

II.

My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

III.

[My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

IV.

Then felt my soul the heavy load
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

V.

I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

VI.

My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116. (L.M.)

Love to God and our Neighbour, Matt. xxii. 37—40.

I.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
'Let all thy inward powers unite
'To love thy Maker and thy God,
'With utmost vigour and delight.

II.

'Then shall thy neighbour next in place
'Share thine affections and esteem,
'And let thy kindness to thyself
'Measure and rule thy love to him.'

III.

This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove,
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

IV.

But Oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117. (L.M.)

Election sovereign and free, Rom. ix. 21—23, 20.

I.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please:
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

II.

[Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]

III.

May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Choose some to life while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

IV.

[What if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure!

V.

What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys!]

VI.

Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

VII.

But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

VIII.

Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118. (S.M.)

Moses and Christ; or, Sins against the Law and Gospel, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3. 5, 6. *and* x. 28, 29.

I.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

II.
Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

III.
Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

IV.
The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

V.
But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 119. (C.M.)

The different Success of the Gospel, 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. 2. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

I.
CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

II.
But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shines in their dying Lord.

III.
The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

IV.
Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120. (C.M.)

Faith of Things unseen, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

I.
FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

II.
It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

III.
By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

IV.
He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 121. (C.M.)

Children devoted to God, Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

I.
THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
'I'll be a God to thee;
'I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
'Shall be a seed for me.'

II.
Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

III.
Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

IV.
Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To thee their infant-offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN 122. (L.M.)

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism, Rom. vi. 3, &c.

I.
DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

II.
Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

III.
No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123. (C.M.)

The repenting Prodigal, Luke xv. 13, &c.

I.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

II.

'I die with hunger here, (he cries)
'I starve in foreign lands,
'My father's house has large supplies,
'And bounteous are his hands.

III.

'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
'Fall down before his face,
'Father I've done thy justice wrong,
'Nor can deserve thy grace.'

IV.

He said, and hasten'd to his home
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

V.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

VI.

'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,'
(The father gives command)
'Dress him in garments white and clean,
'With rings adorn his hand.

VII.

'A day of feasting I ordain,
'Let mirth and joy abound;
'My son was dead, and lives again,
'Was lost and now is found.'

HYMN 124. (L.M.)

The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

I.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame;

II.

Adam, the sinner: at his fall
Death like a conqu'ror seiz'd us all;
A thousand new born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

III.

But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

IV.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

V.

[By the rebellion of one man
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.]

VI.

Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN 125. (C.M.)

Christ's Compassion to the weak and tempted, Heb. iv. 15, 16, *and* v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

I.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

II.

Touch'd with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

III.

But spotless, innocent and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

IV.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

V.

[He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

VI.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126. (L.M.)

Charity and Uncharitableness, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

I.

NOT different food, or different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord,
But peace and joy and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.

II.
When weaker christians we despise
We do the gospel mighty wrong,
For God the gracious and the wise
Receives the feeble with the strong.

III.
Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the gentile or the Jew.

HYMN 127. (L.M.)

Christ's Invitation to Sinners; or, Humility and Pride, Matt. xi. 28—30.

I.
'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
'Ye heavy laden sinners, come,
'I'll give you rest from all your toils,
'And raise you to my heavenly home.

II.
'They shall find rest that learn of me;
'I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
'But passion rages like the sea,
'And pride is restless as the wind.

III.
'Blest is the man whose shoulders take
'My yoke, and bear it with delight;
'My yoke is easy to his neck,
'My grace shall make the burden light.'

IV.
Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128. (L.M.)

The Apostles' Commission; or, the Gospel attested by Miracles, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

I.
'GO preach my gospel,' saith the Lord,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
'He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
'He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

II.
'[I'll make your great commission known,
'And ye shall prove my gospel true
'By all the works that I have done,
'By all the wonders ye shall do.

III.
'Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
'Go cast out devils in my name;
'Nor let my prophets be afraid,
'Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]

IV.
'Teach all the nations my commands,
'I'm with you till the world shall end;
'All power is trusted to my hands,
'I can destroy, and I defend.'

V.
He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129. (L.M.)

Submission and Deliverance; or, Abraham offering his Son, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

I.
SAINTS, at your Father's heavenly word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

II.
So Abraham with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

III.
'Abraham, forbear, (the angel cry'd)
'Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd,
'Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
'Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.'

IV.
Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130. (L.M.)

Love and Hatred, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

I.
NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

II.
Clamour, and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

III.
The Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

IV.
Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131. (L.M.)

The Pharisee and the Publican, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

I.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

II.

This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

III.

The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

IV.

Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN 132. (L.M.)

Holiness and Grace, Tit. ii. 10—13.

I.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

II.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

III.

Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

IV.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133. (C.M.)

Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

I.

LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there.

II.

Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste,
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

III.

[Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endure the wrong.]

IV.

[She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

V.

She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

VI.

Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN 134. (L.M.)

Religion vain without Love, 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

I.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech that angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

II.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

III.

Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

IV.

If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135. (L.M.)

The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart, Eph. iii. 16, &c.

I.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

II.
Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

III.
Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. (C.M.)

Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or, Formality in Worship, John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

I.
GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries
And leave our souls behind.

II.
Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear,
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

III.
Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

IV.
Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137. (L.M.)

Salvation by Grace in Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

I.
NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given,
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

II.
Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

III.
'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.

IV.
Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his fathers counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

V.
He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138. (C.M.)

Saints in the Hand of Christ, John x. 28, 29.

I.
FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

II.
His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep,
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

III.
Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast,
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN 139. (L.M.)

Hope in the Covenant; or, God's Promise and Truth unchangeable, Heb. vi. 17—19.

I.
HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

II.
The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

III.
Amidst temptations sharp and long
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

VI.
The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 140. (C.M.)

A living and a dead Faith, collected from several Scriptures.

I.
MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

II.
Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

III.
'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

IV.
'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

V.
[Faith must obey her Father's will
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

VI.
When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

VII.
His spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN 141. (S.M.)

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ, Isaiah liii. 1—5, 10—12.

I.
WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

II.
The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

III.
They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

IV.
'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.

V.
'But I'll prolong his days,
'And make his kingdom stand,
'My pleasure, (saith the God of grace)
'Shall prosper in his hand.

VI.
['His joyful soul shall see
'The purchase of his pain,
'And by his knowledge justify
'The guilty sons of men.]

VII.
['Ten thousand captive slaves
'Releas'd from death and sin,
'Shall quit their prisons and their graves
'And own his power divine.]

VIII.
['Heaven shall advance my Son
'To joys that earth deny'd;
'Who saw the follies men had done,
'And bore their sins, and dy'd.']

HYMN 142. (S.M.)

The same, Isaiah liii. 6—9, 12.

I.
LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

II.
How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

III.
How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

IV.
His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

V.
But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

VI.
'I'll give him, (saith the Lord)
'A portion with the strong;
'He shall possess a large reward,
'And hold his honours long.'

HYMN 143. (C.M.)

Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures.

I.
SO new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

II.

[With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

III.

[Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

IV.

Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

V.

[Grace, like an uncorrupting seed
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

VI.

[Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

VII.

They find access at every hour,
To God within the vail;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

VIII.

O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

IX.

Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

X.

There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, 'My Father, God,'
With an unwavering tongue.

HYMN 144. (C.M.)

The witnessing and sealing Spirit, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

I.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

II.

Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?

III.

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

IV.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145. (C.M.)

Christ and Aaron. Taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

I.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

II.

They first their own burnt offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

III.

[Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

IV.

Their priesthood ran thro' several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

V.

[Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears
Before the golden throne;

VI.

But Christ by his own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shews his own sacrifice.]

VII.

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

VIII.

He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146. (L.M.)

Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate Things in Scripture.

I.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

II.

[The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.]

III.

[Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]

IV.

[Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

V.

Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]

VI.

[Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the vine!]

VII.

[Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

VIII.

[Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

IX.

[Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

X.

[Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.]

XI.

[Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

XII.

[Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

XIII.

[Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

XIV.

[Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

XV.

[Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.]

XVI.

[Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy, and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

XVII.

O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

XVIII.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147. (L.M.)

The Names and Titles of Christ, from several Scriptures.

I.

[TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

II.

Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]

III.

The King of kings, the Lord most High,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

IV.

Where grace can neither melt nor move
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

V.

But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the World, and Life of Men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

VI.

With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part?
A friend and brother he appears
And well fulfils the names he wears.

VII.

At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN 148. As the 148th Psalm.

The same.

I.

[WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

II.

In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

III.

The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd
The Word of God;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

IV.

Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

V.

But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the World,
And life of Men;
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

VI.

Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part:
He is a friend
And brother too
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

VII.

At length the Lord the Judge
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

HYMN 149. (L.M.)

The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.

I.

JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

II.

But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

III.

[The angel of the covenant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great Salvation known.]

IV.

[Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.]

V.

[My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

VI.

[I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandering soul among his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

VII.

[My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

VIII.

[Jesus my great High Priest has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

IX.

[My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

X.

[My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

XI.

[Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]

XII.

Should death and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

HYMN 150. As the 148th Psalm.

The same.

I.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

II.

But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

III.

[Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from
His Father's throne
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

IV.

[Great prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heaven.]

V.

[Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide;
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.]

VI.

[I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]

VII.

[To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

VIII.

[Jesus my great High Priest
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

IX.

[My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell
Or sin can say
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]

X.

[My dear Almighty Lord,
My conqueror and my king,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Before thy feet.]

XI.

[Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

XII.

Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe,
For Christ displays
Superior power,
And guardian grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN 1. (L. M.)

A Song of Praise to God from Great Britain.

I.

NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.

II.

[Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

III.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name!
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]

IV.

[To him be sacred all we have
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]

V.

[This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in God th' Almighty's hand:
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

VI.

He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

VII.

Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

VIII.

[Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of War.]

IX.

Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

X.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 2. (C. M.)

The Death of a Sinner.

I.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

II.

Lingering about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

III.

Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

IV.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

V.

Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassions of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

VI.

Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

HYMN 3. (C. M.)

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

I.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

II.

Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

III.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

IV.

The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

V.

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

VI.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise,
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 4. (L. M.)

Salvation in the Cross.

I.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

II.

Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightening in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

III.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

IV.

But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

V.

Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim,
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

HYMN 5. (L. M.)

Longing to praise Christ better.

I.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

II.

When I behold death, hell and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

III.

My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

IV.

But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

V.

Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN 6. (C.M.)

A Morning Song.

I.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.

II.

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

III.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

IV.

[On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

V.

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

VI.

Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

HYMN 7. (C.M.)

An Evening Song.

I.

[DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

II.

Thro' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

III.

Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But Oh how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

IV.

What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

V.

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

VI.

Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 8. (C.M.)

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

I.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand,
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

II.

That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

III.

The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

IV.

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day,
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

V.

Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, Immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

VI.

God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings:
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9. (C.M.)

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

I.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

II.

[Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood.]

III.

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

IV.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

V.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

VI.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10. (C.M.)

Parting with Carnal Joys.

I.

MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewel,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

II.

No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your power.

III.

There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

IV.

[Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

V.

Th' almighty ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there
To make our bliss complete.]

VI.

Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11. (L.M.)

The same.

I.

I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

II.

Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

III.

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

IV.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies.

V.

There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12. (C.M.)

Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

I.

THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

II.

No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain,
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

III.

Aaron must lay his robes away;
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

IV.

He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

V.

'Father, (he cries) forgive their sins,
'For I myself have dy'd,'
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13. (L.M.)

The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

I.

SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame:
Let half the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

II.

He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop and every dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

III.

Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty years.

IV.

Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!

V.

Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

HYMN 14. (S.M.)

The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.

I.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

II.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day,
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

III.

One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

IV.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15. (L.M.)

The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship.

I.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

II.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

III.

[The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

IV.

Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of fruit divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

V.

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

VI.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 16. (L.M.)

Part the Second.

VII.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

VIII.

When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

IX.

While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

X.

Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

XI.

[There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees:
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

XII.

Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN 17. (C.M.)

God's Eternity.

I.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

II.

Long ere the lofty skies were spread
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

III.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

IV.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

V.

The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

VI.

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day
When th' whole creation dies.

HYMN 18. (L.M.)

The Ministry of Angels.

I.

HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

II.

'Go,' saith the Lord, 'my Gabriel, go,
'Salute the virgin's fruitful womb,*
'Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
'Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.'†

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13.

III.

Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;‡
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.§

IV.

Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wandering church below,
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

V.

Are they not all thy servants,‖ Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

‡ 2 Kings vi. 17. § Acts xii. 7. ‖ Hebrews i. 14.

HYMN 19. (C.M.)

Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

I.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

II.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

III.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one begone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

IV.

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.

V.

[He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
'Let blood,' said he, 'flow round the veins,'
And round the veins it flows.

VI.

While we have breath or use our tongues
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20. (C.M.)

Backslidings and Returns; or, the Inconstancy of our Love.

I.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

II.

[Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

III.

When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

IV.

But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

V.

[Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms
Intrude upon my thoughtless heart,
And thrust thee from my arms.]

VI.

Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so,
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

VII.

[Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

VIII.

Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

IX.

[Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.]

X.

[Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN 21. (L.M.)

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

I.

LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

II.

Behold a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulph where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

III.

How justice frown'd and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

IV.

Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours given;
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth, and wider heaven.

HYMN 22. (L.M.)

With God is terrible Majesty.

I.

TERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

II.

This the old-rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

III.

This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
'With endless burnings who can dwell,
'Or bear the fury of a God!'

IV.

Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

V.

And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name,
Thus all his heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN 23. (L.M.)

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

I.

DESCEND from heaven, Immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

II.

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

III.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

IV.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

V.

O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

VI.

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

HYMN 24. (L. M.)

The Evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels and Men.

I.

WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

II.

High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
*Amongst the morning stars he sung
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.

III.

['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
'How art thou sunk in darkness down,
'Son of the morning, from the skies!'†]

IV.

And thus our two first parents stood
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

V.

[So sprung the plague from Adam's bower
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curst name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]

VI.

Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
O may he slay this treacherous guest.

VII.

Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin the monster bleeds and dies.

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Isaiah xiv. 12.

HYMN 25. (C. M.)

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

I.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

II.

The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

III.

We for whose sake all nature stands
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

IV.

We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

V.

Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

VI.

Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 26. (L. M.)

God invisible.

I.

LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

II.

Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor soul can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

III.

The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

IV.

Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look thro', and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN 27. (L. M.)

Praise ye him, all his Angels, Psalm cxlviii. 2.

I.

GOD! the eternal awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

II.

Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

III.

'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing,
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

IV.

Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

V.

Speak, (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame:
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

VI.

[Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

VII.

[What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly javelins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!

VIII.

[Shout to your King, you heavenly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

IX.

Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN 28. (C. M.)

Death and Eternity.

I.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

II.

His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

III.

But, O the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

IV.

Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

V.

And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

VI.

Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 29. (C. M.)

Redemption by Price and Power.

I.

JESUS, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

II.

Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood:

III.

The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

IV.

All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 30. (S.M.)

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

I.

[COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

II.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

III.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favourites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

IV.

[The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;]

V.

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

VI.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

VII.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

VIII.

[The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

IX.

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

X.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 31. (L.M.)

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

I.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

II.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

III.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

IV.

Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 32. (C.M.)

Frailty and Folly.

I.

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

II.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.

III.

God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

IV.

How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love!

V.

Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33. (C.M.)

The blessed Society in Heaven.

I.

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Thro' every heavenly street,
And say, There's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

II.

[Thus will we mount on sacred wings
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

III.

There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

IV.

Bright like a sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

V.

Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

VI.

The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
An saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three One.

VII.

[But O what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!]

VIII.

Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

HYMN 34. (C.M.)

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion desired.

I.

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

II.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

III.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

IV.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?

V.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35. (C.M.)

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

I.

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

II.

We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne,
All glory to th' United Three,
The Undivided One.

III.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

IV.

Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound,
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN 36. (S.M.)

Christ's Intercession.

I.

WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

II.

No fiery vengeance now,
Nor burning wrath comes down;
If justice call for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

III.

Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves,
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

IV.

Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing,
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

V.

[We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
'Hosanna to the God of grace
'That lays his thunder by.]

VI.

'On earth thy mercy reigns,
'And triumphs all above;'
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

VII.

How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

HYMN 37. (C.M.)

The same.

I.

LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

II.

'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

III.

Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring,
The priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

IV.

[Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]

V.

Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne,
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

VI.

[Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the Highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

HYMN 38. (C.M.)

Love to God.

I.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

II.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

III.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move,
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

IV.

This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

V.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39. (C.M.)

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

I.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
'Evil and few,'* the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

II.

'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

III.

Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my days in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

IV.

Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

HYMN 40. (C.M.)

Our Comfort in the Covenant made with Christ.

I.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

II.

Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

III.

Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41. (L.M.)

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

I.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

II.

Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings celestial Dove!]

III.

O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

IV.

Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

V.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

VI.

Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 42. (C.M.)

Delight in God.

I.

MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
The courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

II.

The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upwards to thy skies,
And tunes her warbling throat:

III.

And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

IV.

While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

V.

[Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wandering she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

VI.

Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

HYMN 43. (L.M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

I.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

II.

Sing how he left the worlds of light
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

III.

[Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus the God was born to die.]

IV.

[Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt,
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

V.
Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

VI.
Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace,
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

VII.
Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heavenly plains!

HYMN 44. (L.M.)

Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.

I.
WITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

II.
Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

III.
[Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.]

IV.
[Their Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands:
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thine hands.]

V.
There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

VI.
Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinners obey the Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN 45. (L.M.)

God's Condescension to our Worship.

I.
THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

II.
Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heavenly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

III.
Great God, what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46. (L.M.)

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

I.
UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

II.
[He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

III.
[God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

IV.
He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

V.
Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

VI.
In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

VII.
O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 47. (L.M.)

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

I.
NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

II.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

III.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

IV.

But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lusture of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

V.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens reflect it to the ground!

VI.

O, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 48. (C.M.)

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

I.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

II.

The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

III.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

IV.

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

V.

Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 49. (C.M.)

Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

I.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' her darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

II.

I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

III.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

IV.

Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 50. (L.M.)

Comfort under Sorrows and Pains.

I.

NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

II.

But Oh it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown!
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

III.

Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

IV.

My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd
Than in the bright records of fame.

V.

When the last fire burns all things here
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

VI.

Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN 51. (L.M.)

God the Son equal with the Father.

I.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

II.

[Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

III.

[Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

IV.

A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?

V.

Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

VI.

Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

VII.

Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

HYMN 52. (C.M.)

Death dreadful, or delightful.

I.

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

II.

In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

III.

Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for-ever there.

IV.

See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face,
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering grace.

V.

He is a God of sovereign love
That promis'd heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

VI.

Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band
To bear my soul away.

HYMN 53. (C.M.)

The Pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth and Heaven.

I.

LORD! what a wretched land is this
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

II.

But pricking thorns thro' all the ground
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.

III.

Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

IV.

[Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

V.

[A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

VI.

[Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

VII.

[By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road,
Thro' dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.]

VIII.

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

IX.

[See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the forerunner waits
To welcome travellers home.]

X.

There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

XI.

[No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear,
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

XII.

Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 54. (C.M.)

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

I.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

II.

In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

III.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, 'I am his!'

IV.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

V.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break thro' every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 55. (C.M.)

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

I.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

II.

[Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

III.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.]

IV.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

V.

Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

VI.

Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

VII.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurry'd hence
May they be found with God!

HYMN 56. (C.M.)

The Misery of being without God in this World; or, vain Prosperity.

I.

NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

II.

They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod,
Well they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

III.

Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hastening on to you
To mow your glory down.

IV.

Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.

V.

Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN 57. (L.M.)

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

I.

LORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin?
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

II.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love?
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

III.

[Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

IV.

How oft they look to th' heavenly hills
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

V.

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

VI.

While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below:
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 58. (C.M.)

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

I.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

II.

[The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, 'They're here,'
But only say, 'They're past.']

III.

[Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

IV.

Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

V.

'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

VI.

His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord:
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name ador'd!

VII.

Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 59. (C.M.)

Paradise on Earth.

I.

GLORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through,
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

II.

[Glory to God that stoops his throne
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

III.

When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

IV.

A blooming Paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

V.

White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

VI.

Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

VII.

But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

VIII.

When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

IX.

Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

HYMN 60. (L.M.)

The Truth of God the Promiser; or, the Promises are our Security.

I.

PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

II.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees
He sets his kindest promises.

III.

[Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

IV.

Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made heavens go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

V.

Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

VI.

O for a strong a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

VII.

Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

VIII.

Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

HYMN 61. (C.M.)

A Thought of Death and Glory.

I.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

II.

[And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb,
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.]

III.

O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

IV.

Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

V.

[How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load!
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

VI.

We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 62. (C.M.)

*God the Thunderer; or, the last Judgment and Hell.**

I.

SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore,
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.

II.

His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance dart them down.

III.

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

IV.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, Aug. 20th, 1697.

V.
What shall the wretch the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord;
But he shall dread the thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.
VI.
Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN 63. (C. M.)

A Funeral Thought.

I.
HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
'Ye living men, come view the ground
'Where you must shortly lie.
II.
'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
'In spite of all your towers;
'The tall, the wise, the reverend head
'Must lie as low as ours.'
III.
Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?
IV.
Grant us the powers of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64. (L. M.)

God the Glory and Defence of Sion.

I.
HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
II.
Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
III.
Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
IV.
Then let our souls in Zion dwell
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
V.
God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65. (C. M.)

The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trial on Earth.

I.
WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
II.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
III.
Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
IV.
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66. (C. M.)

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

I.
THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
II.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
III.
[Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
IV.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]
V.
O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

VI.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor deaths cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67. (C.M.)

God's eternal Dominion.

I.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

II.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.

III.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

IV.

Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

V.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

VI.

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 68. (C.M.)

The humble Worship of Heaven.

I.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode,
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

II.

Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

III.

I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

IV.

[There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

V.

Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.

VI.

There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While less than nothing I could boast
And vanity* confess.]

VII.

The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurable high.

* Isaiah xl. 17.

HYMN 69. (C.M.)

The Faithfulness of God in his Promises.

I.

[BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

II.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

III.

Proclaim 'salvation from the Lord
'For wretched dying men;'
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

IV.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.]

V.

[He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

VI.

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

VII.

He said, 'Let the wide heaven be spread,'
And heaven was stretch'd abroad;
'Abrah'm, I'll be thy God,' he said,
And he was Abrah'm's God.

VIII.

O, might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine;'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

IX.

How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

HYMN 70. (L.M.)

God's Dominion over the Sea, Psalm cvii. 23, &c.

I.

GOD of the seas, thy thundering voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

II.

If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.

III.

The scaly flocks amidst the sea
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

IV.

[The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

V.

If God his voice of tempest rears
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

VI.

How is thy glorious power ador'd,
Amidst those wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

VII.

[What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

VIII.

Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

IX.

O for some signal of thine hand,
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land,
Great Judge descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza.

HYMN 71. (C.M.)

Praise to God from all Creatures.

I.

THE glories of my Maker God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

II.

'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies
And join th' angelic songs.

IV.

Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

V.

Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

VI.

The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

HYMN 72. (C.M.)

The Lord's Day; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

I.

BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

II.

In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

III.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

IV.
To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
V.
[Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King,
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN 73. (C.M.)

Doubts scattered; or, spiritual Joy restored.

I.
HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, begone,
And leave me to my joys,
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.
II.
Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
III.
O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine.
IV.
In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain,
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74. (S.M.)

Repentance from a Sense of divine Goodness; or, a Complaint of Ingratitude.

I.
IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love
Whence all our blessings flow?
II.
To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
III.
[On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays,
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.
IV.
The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men,
But we more base, more brutish things
Reject his easy reign.]
V.
Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh,
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
VI.
Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 75. (C.M.)

Spiritual and eternal Joys; or, the beatific Sight of Christ.

I.
FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.
II.
The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
III.
There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
IV.
Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
V.
[Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
VI.
Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN 76. (L.M.)

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

I.
HOSANNA to the Prince of Light
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
II.
Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Immanuel rose,
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

III.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

IV.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down,
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

V.

[Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

VI.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN 77. (L.M.)

The Christian Warfare.

I.

[STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on,
March to the gates of endless joy
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

II.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes,
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

III.

[What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

IV.

What tho' thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end thy strife.]

V.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

VI.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78. (C.M.)

Redemption by Christ.

I.

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood,

II.

Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heavenly court
He left his Father's throne.

III.

Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

IV.

His living power, and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

V.

To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign,
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

VI.

Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 79. (C.M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

I.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

II.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

III.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

IV.

He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

V.

[In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries,
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are rais'd above the skies.]

VI.

O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

VII.

[Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame,
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

VIII.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN 80. (S.M.)

God's awful Power and Goodness.

I.

O THE almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
And all the heavens adore.

II.

Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne,
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

III.

Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals unsufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

IV.

Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

V.

The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and Hell.

VI.

Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN 81. (C.M.)

Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

I.

AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see;
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be!

II.

Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore?

III.

Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

IV.

Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

V.

Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

HYMN 82. (C.M.)

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

I.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God,
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

II.

He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

III.

The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

IV.

The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace,
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

V.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

VI.

Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 83. (C.M.)

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

I.

THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
'Awake, my dreadful sword;
'Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
'My fellow,' saith the Lord.

II.

Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies,
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.

III.

But oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

IV.

A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

V.

Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN 84. (S.M.)

The same.

I.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.

II.

Tell how he took our flesh
To take away our guilt,
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.

III.

[Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dy'd.]

IV.

[The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

V.

Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

VI.

No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

VII.

There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

VIII.

There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN 85. (C.M.)

Sufficiency of Pardon.

I.

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

II.

What tho' your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne
Like pointed mountains rise?

III.

What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

IV.

See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace,
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase:

V.

It rises high and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Nor if we search to find our sins
Our sins can ne'er be found.

VI.

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 86. (C.M.)

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

I.

OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a violent sea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

II.

The waves of trouble how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

III.

There to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy fect shall move,
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

IV.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

V.

For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and Salvation be
The close of every song.

HYMN 87. (C.M.)

The divine Glories above our Reason.

I.

HOW wondrous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

II.

Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne,
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.

III.

Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!

IV.

[Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.]

V.

Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

VI.

[In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN 88. (C.M.)

Salvation.

I.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

II.

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

III.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89. (C.M.)

Christ's Victory over Satan.

I.

HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell
Like lightning from the skies.

II.

There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep,
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

III.

Hosanna to our conquering King,
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

IV.

Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90. (C.M.)

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

I.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

II.
But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
'Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
'And trust upon the Lord.'
III.
My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief,
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O! help my unbelief.
IV.
[To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
V.
Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]
VI.
A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 91. (C.M.)

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

I.
O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
II.
Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
III.
[Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.]
IV.
Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.
V.
Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
VI.
His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.
VII.
This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
VIII.
[Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.
IX.
And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

HYMN 92. (C.M.)

The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.

Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

I.
SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.
II.
Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise the eternal King.
III.
Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.
IV.
Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.
V.
[Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice:
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.
VI.
Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the God that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]
VII.
In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.
VIII.
Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power,
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 93. (S.M.)

God all, and in all, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

I.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

II.

[Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

III.

[The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]

IV.

[To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

V.

[Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

VI.

Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

VII.

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

VIII.

[To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher!]

HYMN 94. (C.M.)

God my only Happiness, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

I.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

II.

[What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

III.

[In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

IV.

And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shew his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

V

To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

VI.

How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compar'd to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

VII.

Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

VIII.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 95. (C.M.)

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

I.

INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

II

Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!

III.

But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse,
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

IV.

'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

V.

'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart, Oh burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

VI.

Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN 96. (C. M.)

Distinguishing Love; or, Angels punished, and Man saved.

I.

DOWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

II.

Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.

III.

O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die
To save a traitorous race?

IV.

Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?

V.

O for this love let earth and skies
With hallejahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongue
All hallelujah sing.

HYMN 97. (L.M.)

The same.

I.

FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

II.

Amazing work of sovereign grace
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

III.

To thee, to thee, almighty love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

HYMN 98. (C.M.)

Hardness of Heart complained of.

I.

MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies,
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

II.

Sin like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

III.

How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

IV.

When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

V.

Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood,
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

VI.

Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea:
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 99. (C.M.)

The Book of God's Decrees.

I.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his sovereign voice hath form'd
He governs with a nod.

II.

[Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

III.

There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]

IV.

If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

V.

Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volume of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

VI.

When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

HYMN 100. (L.M.)

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

I.

[HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last my sovereign judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, 'Depart!']

II.

Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn't no other rest.

III.

I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

IV.

When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

V.

And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

VI.

This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

VII.

[Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

VIII.

The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off,
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

IX.

[My God! and can an humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd
Without the pity of thine eye?

X.

Impossible—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

HYMN 101. (C.M.)

The World's three chief Temptations.

I.

WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

II.

[Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

III.

Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

IV.

The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

V.

God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

VI.

In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

HYMN 102. (L.M.)

A happy Resurrection.

I.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying withering limbs of mine.

II.

Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

III.

Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

IV.

[Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

V.

[Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN 103. (C.M.)

Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.

I.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

II.

So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

III.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

IV.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

V.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

VI.

See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN 104. (S.M.)

The same.

I.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

II.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

III.

His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

IV.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

V.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

VI.

Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 105. (C.M.)

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God,

I.

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

II.

The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threatening vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

III.

Almighty goodness cries, 'Forbear;'
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

IV.

Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

V.

No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106. (C.M.)

Repentance at the Cross.

I.

OH, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

II.
'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the eursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.
III.
O how I hate those lusts of mine
That erueify'd my God,
Those sins that piere'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!
IV.
Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so deereed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
V.
Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

HYMN 107. (C.M.)

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

I.
THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
II.
Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How eould I bear to hear thy voiee
Pronounee the sound, 'Depart?'
III.
[The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]
IV.
[What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]
V.
Oh, wretehed state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.
VI.
Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a graeious smile from thee
My spirit eannot rest.
VII.
O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book
Whcre my salvation stands!
VIII.
[Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again;
And eheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threeseore years and ten.]

HYMN 108. (C.M.)

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

I.
COME let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the eourts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
II.
Onee 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd eonsuming fire,
And vengeanee was his name.
III.
Rieh were the drops of Jesus' blood
That ealm'd his frowning faee,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to graee.
IV.
Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery eherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
V.
The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reaeh the almighty throne.
VI.
To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advoeate on high:
And glory to th' Eternal King
That lays his fury by.

HYMN 109. (L.M.)

The Darkness of Providence.

I.
LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obseure abyss of providenee,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
II.
Now thou arrayst thine awful faee
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy graee,
Seeure of thy eompassion still.
III.
Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the briars and the night.

IV

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN 110. (S.M.)

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

I.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

II.

Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

III.

God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

IV.

Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

V.

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

VI.

Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 111. (C.M.)

Thanksgiving for Victory; or, God's Dominion and our Deliverance.

I.

ZION rejoice, and Judah sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

II.

The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

III.

He reigns upon the eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

IV.

Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with power and pride
Descend to watery death.

V.

Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

VI.

[Long may the King our sovereign live
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

HYMN 112. (L.M.)

Angels ministring to Christ and Saints.

I.

GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

II.

Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.

III.

His orders run through all their hosts,
Legions descend at his command
To shield and guard the British coasts
When foreign rage invades our land.

IV.

Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.

V.

Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 113. (C.M.)

The same.

I.

THE majesty of Solomon!
How glorious to behold
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!

II.

But, mighty God, thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

III.

[Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

IV.

And when oppress'd with pains and fears
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]

V.

Now to the hands of Christ our King
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

VI.

Pleasure and praise run through their host
To see a sinner turn;
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

VII.

But there's an hour of brighter joy
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

VIII.

O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN 114. (C.M.)

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

I.

I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd,' said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

II.

'Tis finish'd,' our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

III.

His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

IV.

Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

V.

The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 115. (C.M.)

God the Avenger of his Saints; or, his Kingdom supreme.

I.

HIGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

II.

Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

III.

Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

IV.

Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Nor dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

V.

Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think on heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN 116. (C.M.)

Mercies and Thanks.

I.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

II.

How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

III.

All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever thine,
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

VI.

Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

HYMN 117. (L.M.)

Living and dying with God present.

I.

I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

II.

I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I would stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

III.

Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN 118. (L.M.)

The Priesthood of Christ.

I.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.

II.

Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deserv'd his sword,
Become the favourites of the Lord.

III.

To Jesus let our praises rise
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN 119. (C.M.)

The Holy Scriptures.

I.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

II.

The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

III.

[This is the field were hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown,
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.]

IV.

[Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]

V.

This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

VI.

O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 120. (S.M.)

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

I.

THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

II.

The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

III.

These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

IV.

[Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

V.

We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

VI.

We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

VII.

In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121. (L.M.)

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

I.

THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

II.

The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

III.

What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

IV.

My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN 122. (L.M.)

Retirement and Meditation.

I.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove
Forgetful of my highest love.

II.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go.

III.

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

IV.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find.

HYMN 123. (L.M.)

The Benefit of public Ordinances.

I.

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

II.

Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

III.

While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high,
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

IV.

[If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel-armour on
To fight the battles of the Lord.

V.

Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

VI.

Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 124. (C.M.)

Moses Aaron and Joshua.

I.

'TIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

II.

'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

III.

Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

IV.

And thus on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

V.

Israel rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

* Joshua, the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.

HYMN 125. (L.M.)

Faith and Repentance; Unbelief and Impenitence.

I.

LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven
By faith in God's eternal Son.

II.

Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

III.

The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies,
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 126. (C.M.)

God glorified in the Gospel.

I.

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.

II.

Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

III.

Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

IV.

The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

V.

But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127. (L.M.)

Circumcision and Baptism.

(Written only for those who practise the Baptism of Infants.)

I.

THUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

II.

By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.

III.

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God,
His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

IV.

Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

HYMN 128. (C.M.)

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

I.

BLESS'D with the joy of innocence
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.

II.

Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

III.

While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

IV.

Great God renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

V.

Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 129. (L.M.)

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

I.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

II.

The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

III.
Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
IV.
So Abrah'm by divine command
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130. (C.M.)

The new Creation.

I.
ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew;
'Behold I sit upon my throne
'Creating all things new.
II.
'Nature and sin are pass'd away,
'And the old Adam dies;
'My hands a new foundation lay,
'See the new world arise.
III.
'I'll be a sun of righteousness
'To the new heavens I make;
'None but the new-born heirs of grace
'My glories shall partake.'
IV.
Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my whole state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.
V.
Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
VI.
Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 131. (L.M.)

The excellency of the Christian Religion.

I.
LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
II.
[What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]
III.
In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
IV.
How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
V.
[Not the feign'd fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]
VI.
Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132. (C.M.)

The Offices of Christ.

I.
WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
II.
We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.
III.
We honour our exalted King,
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.
IV.
Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133. (L.M.)

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

I.
ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
II.
Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

III.
Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of raging sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
IV.
The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134. (C.M.)

Circumcision abolished.

I.
THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
'I will the God of Abrah'm be,
'And of his numerous race.'
II.
He said; and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.
III.
Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And gentiles taste the blessing now,
From the hard bondage freed.
IV.
The God of Abrah'm claims our praise,
His promises endure,
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135. (L.M.)

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

I.
BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!
II.
Abrah'm the saint rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses the man of God foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
III.
The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
IV.
Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

HYMN 136. (L.M.)

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

I.
THE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth!
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!
II.
About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
III.
Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant-saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
IV.
Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 137. (L.M.)

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

I.
BEHOLD the blind their sight receive;
Behold the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart and bless his name.
II.
Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
III.
He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
IV.
Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138. (L.M.)

The Power of the Gospel.

I.
THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

II.
This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

III.
The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

IV.
[Where Satan reign'd in shades of night
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

V.
[Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
Whilst the wild world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

VI.
May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139. (L.M.)

The Example of Christ.

I.
MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

II.
Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

III.
Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

IV.
Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 140. (C.M.)

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

I.
GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

II.
Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

III.
I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

IV.
They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And following their incarnate God
Possess the promis'd rest.

V.
Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven.

HYMN 141. (C.M.)

Faith assisted by Sense; or, Preaching, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

I.
MY Saviour-God, my Sovereign-Prince
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

II.
My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same
When they receive the Lord.

III.
Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

IV.
But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

V.
Not choicest meats, or noblest wines
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs
And feeds upon his flesh.

VI.
I love the Lord that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142. (S.M.)

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

I.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

II.

But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

III.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.

IV.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

V.

Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 143. (C.M.)

Flesh and Spirit.

I.

WHAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

II.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

III.

So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

IV.

Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN 144. (L.M.)

The Effusion of the Spirit; or, the Success of the Gospel.

I.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

II.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

III.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north;
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
'Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'

IV.

These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

V.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

VI.

Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

HYMN 145. (C.M.)

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

I.

I LOVE the windows of thy grace
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

II.

O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

III.

Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

HYMN 146. (L. M.)

The Vanity of Creatures; or, no Rest on Earth.

I.

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires,
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

II.

In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind,
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

III.

So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain
To change the place but keep the pain.

IV.

Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 147. (C. M.)

The Creation of the World, Gen. i.

I.

'NOW let a spacious world arise,'
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

II.

[Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

III.

He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

IV.

The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

V.

With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

VI.

Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise
To make our months and years.

VII.

Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]

VIII.

He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

IX.

Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

X.

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

XI.

Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN 148. (C. M.)

God reconciled in Christ.

I.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

II.

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

III.

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

IV.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

V.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149. (C.M.)

Honour to Magistrates; or, Government from God.

I.

ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

II.

Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

III.

[The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]

IV.

Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

V.

Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN 150. (C.M.)

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

I.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

II.

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

III.

She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

IV.

So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151. (L.M.)

Prophecy and Inspiration.

I.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

II.

The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

III.

Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

IV.

Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure,
This is thy word and must endure.

HYMN 152. (C.M.)

Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

I.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

II.

But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

III.

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

IV.

Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God the judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

V.

The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

VI.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 153. (C.M.)

The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

I.

SIN like a venomous disease
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

II.

Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recals the dead
With his almighty breath.

III.

Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.

IV.

[We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind
Till Jesus makes us wise.

V.

We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.]

VI.

[The man possess'd amongst the tombs
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
He foams, and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN 154. (L.M.)

Self-righteousness insufficient.

I.

'WHERE are the mourners,'* saith the Lord
'That wait and tremble at thy word?
'That walk in darkness all the day?
'Come, make my name your trust and stay.

II.

'[No works nor duties of your own
'Can for the smallest sin atone;
'†The robes that nature may provide
'Will not your least pollutions hide.

III.

'The softest couch that nature knows
'Can give the conscience no repose:
'Look to my righteousness, and live;
'Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

IV.

'Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
'With your own hands to warm your souls,
'Walk in the light of your own fire,
'Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

V.

'This is your portion at my hands;
'Hell waits you with her iron bands,
'Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
'In death, in darkness and despair.'

* Isaiah l. 10. 11. † Isaiah xxviii. 20.

HYMN 155. (C.M.)

Christ our Passover.

I.

LO the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

II.

He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

III.

Thus th' appointed Lamb must bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angels stroke.

IV.

Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

V.

Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156. (C.M.)

Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's various Temptations.

I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

II.

He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

III.

Now he persuades, 'How easy 'tis
'To walk the road to heaven;'
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
'They cannot be forgiven.'

IV.

[He bids young sinners, 'Yet forbear
'To think of God or death;
'For prayer and devotion are
'But melancholy breath.'

V.

He tells the aged, 'They must die,
'And 'tis too late to pray;
'In vain for mercy now they cry,
'For they have lost their day.']

VI.

Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

VII.

Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157. (C.M.)

The same.

I.

NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

II.

Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll begone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

III.

Now he appears almost divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.

IV.

Fly from the false deceiver's tongue
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158. (L.M.)

Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite and Apostate.

I.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path
With here and there a traveller.

II.

'Deny thyself and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heavenly land.

III.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

IV.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159. (C.M.)

An unconverted State; or, converting Grace.

I.

[GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.]

II.

From Adam flows our tainted blood
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

III.

[Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause
Against our Maker's face.]

IV.

We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

V.

And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

VI.

We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160. (L.M.)

Custom in Sin.

I.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

II.

As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well might leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.

III.

Where vice has held its empire long
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

IV.

Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161. (C.M.)

Christian Virtues; or, the Difficulty of Conversion.

I.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

II.

Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

III.

[Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

IV.

The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And every member, every sense
In sweet subjection lie.]

V.

The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

VI.

Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN 162. (C.M.)

Meditation of Heaven; or, the Joy of Faith.

I.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

II.

There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

III.

His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

IV.

Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

V.

I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 163. (C.M.)

Complaint of Desertion and Temptations.

I.

DEAR Lord, behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace
And let thy foes be slain.

II.

[The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy power,
And chain him to the deep.

III.

Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die;
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

IV.

If thou despise a mortal groan
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

V.

He brought the Spirit's powerful sword
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

VI.

How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He makes his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN 164. (C.M.)

The End of the World.

I.

WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

II.

While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

III.
Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
IV.
When will that glorious morning rise!
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

HYMN 165. (C.M.)

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and unsanctified Affections.

I.
LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
II.
Oft I frequent thy holy place
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!
III.
[My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]
IV.
[How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]
V.
Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success:
Write the salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
VI.
[Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN 166. (C.M.)

The Divine Perfections.

I.
HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?
II.
[The great invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
III.
Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]
IV.
[Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]
V.
[He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]
VI.
[Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]
VII.
Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
VIII.
Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN 167. (L.M.)

The Divine Perfections.

I.
GREAT God, thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
II.
[Earth and the stars and worlds unknown
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]
III.
[His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he command who dares oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]
IV.
[Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom like a sea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

V.

[His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

VI.

[The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

VII.

[Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice with impartial hands
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]

VIII.

[His mercy like a boundless sea
Washes our loads of guilt away,
While his own Son came down and dy'd
T' engage his justice on our side.]

IX.

[Each of his words demands my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

X.

O tell me with a gentle voice
'Thou art my God,' and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

HYMN 168. (L.M.)

The same.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

II.

His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

III.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

IV.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend!
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

HYMN 169. As the 148th Psalm.

The same.

I.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

II.

The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

III.

Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sovereign will.

IV.

And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My Father and my Friend?'
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN 170. (L.M.)

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

I.

CAN creatures to perfection find*
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

II.

'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

* Job xi. 7.

III.

But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.

IV.

God is a king of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dares oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

V.

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair
Who can remove the heavy bar?

VI.

†He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
‡The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

VII.

He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

VIII.

These are a portion of his ways,
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

† Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER

HYMN 1. (L.M.)

The Lord's Supper instituted, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

I.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

II.

Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread, and blest, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

III.

'This is my body broke for sin,
'Receive and eat the living food:'
Then took the cup, and blest the wine;
''Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'

IV.

[For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

V.

For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

VI.

'Do this' (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,
'In memory of your dying friend;
'Meet at my table, and record
'The love of your departed Lord.'

VII

[Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 2. (S.M.)

Communion with Christ, and with Saints, 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

I.

[JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

II.

For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!]

III.

This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

IV.

Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

V.

We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs;
But Jesus is the head.

VI.

Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN 3. (C. M.)

The New Testament in the Blood of Christ; or, the New Covenant sealed.

I.

'THE promise of my Father's love
' Shall stand for ever good;'
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

II.

To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

III.

Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

IV.

I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

V.

Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4. (C. M.)

Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought at a dear Price.

I.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

II.

[When justice by our sins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.]

III.

[He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

IV.

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

V.

Now, tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

VI.

[Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]

VII.

[Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

VIII.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 5. (C. M.)

Christ the Bread of Life, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

I.

LET us adore th' eternal word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

II.

[The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise
And rivers flow with love.

III.

The Jews the fathers dy'd at last
Who eat that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

IV.

Blest be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again.

V.

Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

VI.

[Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN 6. (L.M.)

The Memorial of our absent Lord, John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

I.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

II.

He knows what wandering hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

III.

The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

IV.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

V.

While he is absent from our sight
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

VI.

[Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 7. (L.M.)

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ, Gal. vi. 14.

I.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

II.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

III.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

IV.

[His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

V.

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 8. (C.M.)

The Tree of Life.

I.

COME let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

II.

While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!

III.

The tree of life that near the throne
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

IV.

[Hov'ring amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

V.

['Tis a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

VI.

New life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a sting behind.]

VII.

Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.

VIII.

Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN 9. (S.M.)

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood, 1 John v. 6.

I.

[LET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

II.

Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus th' ambassador of peace
How cheerfully he came!

III.

It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

IV.

[My Saviour's piereed side,
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

V.

Infinite was our guilt,
But he our priest atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

VI.

Look up my soul to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

VII.

There on the cursed tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

VIII.

Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

IX.

While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

X.

[Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN 10. (L.M.)

Christ crucified; the Wisdom and Power of God.

I.

NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

II.

But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

III.

[Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

IV.

Here I behold his inmost heart
Where grace and vengeance strangely join
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchas'd pleasure mine.

V.

O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

VI.

I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 11. (C.M.)

Pardon brought to our Senses.

I.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

II.

There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine,
There Jesus says, that 'I am his,
'And my beloved's mine.'

III.

'Here,' (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
'See here the spring of all your joys,
'That open'd when I died.'

IV.

[He smiles and cheers my mournful heart
And tells of all his pain,
'All this,' says he, 'I bore for thee,'
And then he smiles again.]

V.

What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

VI.

[Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

VII.

[To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 12. (L.M.)

The Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

I.

HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above,
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

II.

Thine ancient family the Jews
Were first invited to the feast,
We humbly take what they refuse,
And gentiles thy salvation taste.

III.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh,
But at the gospel call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

IV.

From the high-way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

V.

[What shall we pay th' eternal Son
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wanderers back to God.

VI.

It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

VII.

Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

HYMN 13. (C.M.)

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

I.

HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

II.

Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls,
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

III.

[While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues
'Lord, why was I a guest?

IV.

'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
'And enter while there's room?
'When thousands make a wretched choice
'And rather starve than come.']

V.

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

VI.

[Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

VII.

We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart and soul
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN 14. (L.M.)

The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28; *or, a Sight of Christ makes Death easy.*

I.

NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

II.

Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his,
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

III.

Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

IV.

Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And shew the wonders of thy grace.

V.

He is our light; our morning star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown:
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near the throne.

HYMN 15. (C.M.)

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

I.

[THE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest the food, and sung.

II.
Happy the men that eat this bread,
But double blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
III.
By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favourite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.]
IV.
Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends,
'Come, my beloved, eat, (he cries)
'And drink salvation, friends.
V.
'[My flesh is food and physic too,
'A balm for all your pains:
'And the red streams of pardon flow
'From these my pierced veins.']
VI.
Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a taste below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.
VII.
[Come the dear day, the glorious hour
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heavenly feast.]

HYMN 16. (C.M.)

The Agonies of Christ.

I.
NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
II.
In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.
III.
[Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.
IV.
His soul what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.
V.
But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]
VI.
Grace, wisdom, justice join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.
VII.
Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 17. (S.M.)

Incomparable Food; or, the Flesh and Blood of Christ.

I.
[WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeeds
To nourish dying worms.
II.
This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]
III
The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things,
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
IV.
In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.
V.
Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food,
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.
VI.
On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.
VII.
Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King,
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.
VIII.
Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN 18. (L.M.)

The same.

I.

JESUS, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd:
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!

II.

And here we drink our Saviour's blood,
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

III.

On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

IV.

Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart or warm the head,
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

V.

Joy to the master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless:
To God the King and God the Priest
A loud Hosanna round the place.

HYMN 19. (L.M.)

Glory in the Cross; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

I.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

II.

Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

III.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

IV.

With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 20. (C.M.)

The Provisions for the Table of our Lord; or, the Tree of Life, and River of Love.

I.

LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

II.

[The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.

III.

The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.]

IV.

The food's prepar'd by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd,
They spread new life thro' every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

V.

Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine,
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

VI.

A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joys as this,
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN 21. (C.M.)

The triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory over Sin, and Death, and Hell.

I.

[COME let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

II.

Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]

III.

[Jesus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

IV.

The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

V.

'For you, the children of my love,
'It was for you I dy'd,
'Behold my hands, behold my feet,
'And look into my side.

VI.

'These are the wounds for you I bore,
'The tokens of my pains,
'When I came down to free your souls
'From misery and chains.

VII.

['Justice unsheathed its fiery sword,
'And plung'd it in my heart:
'Infinite pangs for you I bore,
'And most tormenting smart.

VIII.

'When hell and all its spiteful powers
'Stood dreadful in my way,
'To rescue those dear lives of yours
'I gave my own away.

IX.

'But while I bled and groan'd and dy'd,
'I ruin'd Satan's throne,
'High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
'The monster tumbling down.

X.

'Now you must triumph at my feast,
'And taste my flesh, my blood;
'And live eternal ages blest,
'For 'tis immortal food.'

XI.

Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

XII.

We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 22. (L.M.)

The Compassion of a dying Christ.

I.

OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love.

II.

Was ever equal pity found?
The prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.

III.

[Rebels, we broke our Maker's law;
He from the threatening set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

IV.

[The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

V.

Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood:
Blest fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.]

VI.

In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23. (C.M.)

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

I.

[SITTING around our father's board
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

II.

We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

III.

Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

IV.

O 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24. (C.M.)

Pardon and Strength from Christ.

I.

FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

II.

We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

III.

We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Drest in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

IV.

We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

V.

[Let us indulge a cheerful frame
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his name,
More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN 25. (C.M.)

Divine Glories and our Graces.

I.

HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

II.

Here thy revenging justice stands
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands
Like Jesus on the cross.

III.

Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

IV.

Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

V.

Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

VI.

Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

I CANNOT persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of Glory unto God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the *Roman* Church: and though there be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine Nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is the most complete and exalted part of Heavenly Worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few Hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 26. (1st L.M.)

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity. God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

I.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

II.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

III.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

IV.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27. (1st C.M.)

I.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

II.

Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead
Gave his own life away.

III.

Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

IV.

Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28. (1st S.M.)

I.

LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

II.

Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.

III.

Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

IV.

While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

V.

To the great One and Three
That seal this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

HYMN 29. (2d L. M.)

I.

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence one, in person three;
A social nature, yet alone.

II.

When all our noblest powers are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. (2d C. M.)

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31. (2d S. M.)

I.

LET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

II.

Father of Lights above
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HYMN 32. (3d L. M.)

I.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

HYMN 33. (L. M.)

Or thus:

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

HYMN 34. (3d C. M.)

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35. (C. M.)

Or thus:

HONOUR to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN 36. (3d S. M.)

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN 37. (S. M.)

Or thus:

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

HYMN 38. (1st as the 148th Psalm.)

A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

I.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

II.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And see the fruit
Of all his pains.

III.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

IV.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the Mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
Their faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN 39. (2d as the 148th Psalm.)

I.

TO Him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man,
To Him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

II.

The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

III.

Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN 40. (3d as the 148th Psalm.)

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

HYMN 41. (As the 148th Psalm.)

Or thus:

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, power,
And praise be given,
By all on earth
And all in heaven.

HYMN 42. (L.M.)

The HOSANNA; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

I.

HOSANNA to king David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the prince of heavenly birth
Who brings salvation down to earth.

II.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 43. (C.M.)

I.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

II.

Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

HYMN 44. (S.M.)

I.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

II.

To Christ the anointed King
Be endless blessings given,
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.

HYMN 45. (As the 148th Psalm.)

I.

HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

II.

Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And every age
Pronounce him blest.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

AN INDEX;

OR,

TABLE TO FIND ANY HYMN,

BY THE TITLE OR CONTENTS OF IT.

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xxii. 19	6
John vi. 31, 35, 39	5
xiv. 3	6
xvi. 16	6
1 Cor. x. 16, 17	2
xi. 23, &c.	1
Gal. vi. 14	7
1 John v. 6	9

A

SHORT ESSAY

TOWARD THE

IMPROVEMENT OF PSALMODY;

OR, AN INQUIRY HOW

THE PSALMS OF DAVID

OUGHT TO BE TRANSLATED INTO CHRISTIAN SONGS,

AND HOW LAWFUL AND NECESSARY IT IS TO COMPOSE OTHER HYMNS ACCORDING TO THE CLEARER REVELATIONS OF THE GOSPEL, FOR THE USE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

A

SHORT ESSAY

TOWARD THE

IMPROVEMENT OF PSALMODY.

To speak the glories of God in a religious song, or to breathe out the joys of our own spirits to God with the melody of our voice, is an exalted part of divine worship. But so many are the imperfections in the practice of this duty, that the greatest part of christians find but little edification or comfort in it. There are some churches that utterly disallow singing; and I am persuaded that the poor performance of it in the best societies, with the mistaken rules to which it is confined, is one great reason of their entire neglect; for we are left at a loss, say they, what is the matter and manner of this duty; and therefore they utterly refuse: Whereas if this glorious piece of worship were but seen in its original beauty, and one that believes not this ordinance, or is unlearned in this part of christianity, should come into such an assembly, *He would be convinced of all, he would be judged of all, he would fall down on his face, and report that God was in the midst of it of a truth;* 1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25.

In order to trace out the matter or subject of religious singing, let us collect into one view the chief texts of the New Testament where this worship is mentioned, and afterwards see what arguments may be deduced from thence, to prove, that it is proper to use spiritual songs of human composure, as well as the psalms of David, or the words of other songs recorded in scripture.

The most considerable texts are these:—

Matt. xxvi. 30. and *Mark* xiv. 26. relate, That our blessed Lord and his disciples sung an hymn. Acts. xvi. 25. *Paul and Silas prayed and sung praises unto God.* 1 Cor. xiv. 15. *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.* Verse 26. *Every one of you hath a psalm.* Eph. v. 19, 20. *Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Col. iii. 16, 17. *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord: And whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.* James v. 13. *Is any among you afflicted, let him pray: Is any merry, let him sing psalms.* Rev. v. 9. *And they sing a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.* Rev. xiv. 3. *And they sung as it were a new song before the throne.* Rev. xv. 3. *And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works,* &c. To all these I might add *Acts* iv. 24, &c. where it is supposed the disciples met together and sung; for they lift up their voice to God with one accord, and said, *Lord! thou art our God, which hast made heaven and earth,*

and the sea, and all that in them is: Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the gentiles and the people of Israel, were gathered together for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done, &c.

If we turn over the New Testament, and search all the songs that are there written, we shall find the matter or subject of them as various as the occasions upon which they were sung or spoken: Such are the song of the Virgin Mary; *Luke* i. 46, &c. The song of Zacharias; *verse* 67. The song of the angels; *Luke* ii. 13. And of Simeon; *verse* 29. Besides many others in the book of Revelation. The three chief words used to express the matter of singing, are Ψαλμοί, ὕμνοι, καὶ Ὠδαὶ: Psalms, hymns, and songs, as the three verbs from which these are derived are generally used to express the act of singing, ψάλλω, ὑμνέω, και ἄδω. Now if it were lawful, after so many learned contentions about these words, I would give my sense of them thus:

1. I think no man hath better explained the original meaning of these words than Zanchy. A psalm, Ψαλμὸς, is such a song as usually is sung with other instruments besides the tongue. Hymns, ὕμνοι, such as are made only to express the praises, and set out the excellencies of God. Songs, Ὠδαὶ, such as contain not only praises, but exhortations, prophecies, thanksgivings; and these only sung with the voice.

2. The scripture doth not always confine itself to the original meaning of all these words; for, ψαλμὸς, a psalm, and the word ψάλλω, are used, 1 *Cor.* xiv. and in other places of the New Testament, where we can never suppose the primitive church in those days had instruments of music. And the word ᾠδὴ, a song, is used several times in the book of Revelation, where harps are joined with voices in the emblematical prophecy.

3. The sense, therefore, of these words in the New Testament seems to be thus distinguished:

A psalm is a general name for any thing that is sung in divine worship, whatsoever be the particular theme or matter; and the verb ψάλλω is designed to express the melody itself rather than to distinguish the matter of the song, or manner whereby the melody or music is performed; and therefore in *Eph.* v. 19. our translators have well rendered ἄδοντες καὶ ψάλλοντες, "singing and making melody;" and it should be thus rendered: *James* v. 13. "Is any merry, let him make melody." I confess in the New Testament the noun ψαλμὸς refers generally to the book of Psalms, and without doubt there are many of the psalms of David and Asaph, and other songs among the books of the Old Testament which may be prudently chosen and sung by christians, and may be well accommodated to the lips and hearts of the church under the gospel. Yet this word is once used in another sense, as I shall shew afterwards.

An hymn, whether implied in the verb ὑμνέω, or expressed in the noun ὕμνος, doth always retain its original signification, and intend a song whose matter or design is praise: Nor is there any thing in the nature or use of the word, either in scripture or other authors, that determines it to signify an immediate inspiration, or human composure.

A song, ᾠδὴ, denotes any theme or subject composed into a form fit for singing, and seems to intend somewhat suited to the gospel-state, rather than any jewish psalms or songs in all the five verses in the New Testament where it is used.

Eph. v. 19. and *Col.* iii. 16. It is joined with the word *spiritual;* and that seems to be used by the apostle in all his epistles, as a very distinguishing word between the law and the gospel, the jewish and the christian worship. The Jews had carnal ordinances, and carnal commandments, and their state and dispensation is often called flesh, but the church under the gospel is " a spiritual house, blessed with spiritual blessings, endowed with spiritual gifts, to worship God in spirit and in truth, to offer spiritual sacrifices, and to sing spiritual songs."

Col. iii. 16. confirms this sense; " *For the word of Christ must dwell richly in us in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs.* Now though the books of the Old Testament may in some sense be called " the word of Christ," because the same Spirit which was afterwards given to Christ the Mediator did inspire them; yet this seems to have a peculiar reference to the doctrine and discoveries of Christ under the gospel, which might be composed into spiritual songs for the greater ease of memory in learning, teaching, and admonishing one another.

Rev. v. 9. and xiv. 3. There is mention of a new song, and that is pure evangelical language, suited to the New Testament, the new covenant, the new and living way of access to God, and to the new commandment of him who sits upon the throne, *And behold he makes all things new.* The words of this song are, *Worthy is the Lamb, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood,* &c. *and none could learn it but those who follow the Lamb, who were redeemed from among men,* &c. And it must be noted here, that this book of the Revelation describes the worship of the gospel-church on earth, as is agreed by all interpreters, though it borrows some of its emblems from the things of heaven, and some from the jewish state. I might here remark also, that when a new song is mentioned in the Old Testament, it refers to the times of the Messiah, and is prophetical of the kingdom of Christ, or at least it is a song indited upon a new occasion public or personal, and the words of it are accommodated to some new tokens of divine mercy.

Rev. xv. 3. *They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb;* that is, a song for temporal and for spiritual deliverances; or, a song for all ancient or all later salvations of the church. As Moses was a redeemer from the house of bondage, and a teacher of divine worship with harps and ceremonies; so the Lamb is a Redeemer from Babylon and spiritual slavery, and he is the great Prophet to teach his church the spiritual worship of the gospel. The church now under the salvations and instructions of the Lamb, sings with the voice to the glory of the vengeance and the grace of God, as Israel under the conduct of Moses sung with harps; for we must observe, that these visions of the apostle John often represent divine things in a gospel-church, in imitation of the ranks and orders of the jewish camp and tribes, and by the rites and figures used in the time of Moses; and it would be as unreasonable to prove from this text, that we must sing the very words of the xvth of *Exodus* in a christian church, as to prove from this book of the *Revelation* that we must use harps and altars, censers, fire and incense. But it is plain that the xvth of *Exodus* cannot be here intended, because the words of the song are mentioned just after, namely, *Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.* Yet after all, if it could be proved that the very song which Moses sung is here designed, still it must be confest that the song of the Lamb is also to be sung; and if the following words in this text are not to be esteemed the song of Moses, then

neither are they to be esteemed the song of the Lamb; because there is not any express mention of the Lamb, or his death, or resurrection, or redemption: Nor is there any other song in scripture that bears that title; and consequently it must signify a song composed to the praise of God for our deliverance by the Lamb, in imitation of the joy composed for deliverance by the hand of Moses: And thus at least we are to suit part of our psalmody to the gospel-state, as well as borrow part from the Old Testament, which is the chief point I designed to prove.

The next inquiry then proceeds thus: How must the psalms of David, and other songs borrowed from scripture, be translated in order to be sung in christian worship? Surely it will be granted, that to prepare them for psalmody under the gospel, requires another sort of management in the translation, than to prepare them merely for reading as the word of God in our language, and that upon these two accounts:—

First, If it be the duty of the churches to sing psalms, they must necessarily be turned into such a sort of verse and metre as will best fit them for the whole church to join in the worship: Now this will be very different from a translation of the original language word for word; for the lines must be confined to a certain number of syllables, and the stanza or verse to a certain number of lines, that so the tune being short the people may be acquainted with it, and be ready to sing without much difficulty; whereas if the words were merely translated out of the Hebrew as they are for reading, every psalm must be set through to music, and every syllable in it must have a particular musical note belonging to itself, as in anthems that are sung in cathedrals: But this would be so exceeding difficult to practise, that it would utterly exclude the greatest part of every congregation from a capacity of obeying God's command to sing. Now in reducing a Hebrew or a Greek song to a form tolerably fit to be sung by an English congregation, here and there a word of the original must be omitted, now and then a word or two superadded, and frequently a sentence or an expression a little altered and changed into another that is something a-kin to it: And yet greater alterations must the psalm suffer if we will have any thing to do with rhyme; those that have laboured with utmost toil to keep very close to the Hebrew have found it impossible; and when they have attained it most, have made but very poor music for a christian church. For it will often happen, that one of the most affectionate and most spiritual words in the prose will not submit to its due place in the metre, or does not end with a proper sound, and then it must be secluded, and another of less proper sense be put in the room of it: Hereby some of the chief beauties and excellencies of David's poetry will be omitted and lost, which if not revived again, or recompensed by some lively or pathetic expression in the English, will necessarily debase the divine song into dulness and contempt: And hereby also it becomes so far different from the inspired words in the original langnages, that it is very hard for any man to say, that the version of Hopkins and Sternhold, the New-England or the Scotch psalms, are in a strict sense the word of God. Those persons therefore that will allow nothing to be sung but the words of inspiration or scripture, ought to learn the Hebrew music, and sing in the jewish language; or at least I can find no congregation with which they can heartily join according to their own principles, but the congregation of choristers in cathedral churches, who are the only Levites that *sing praise unto the Lord with the words of David and Asaph the seer;* 2 Chron. xxix. 30.

Secondly. Another reason why the psalms ought not to be translated for singing just in the same manner as they are for reading, is this, that the design of these two duties is very different: By reading, we learn what God speaks to us in his word; but when we sing, especially unto God, our chief design is, or should be, to speak our own hearts and our words to God. By reading we are instructed what have been the dealings of God with men in all ages, and how their hearts have been exercised in their wanderings from God, and temptations, or in their returns and breathings towards God again; but songs are generally expressions of our own experiences, or of his glories; we acquaint him what sense we have of his greatness and goodness, and that chiefly in those instances which have some relation to us; We breathe out our souls towards him, and make our addresses of praise and acknowledgment to him. Though I will not assert it unlawful to sing to God the words of other men which we have no concern in, and which are very contrary to our circumstances and the frame of our spirits; yet it must be confest abundantly more proper, when we address God in a song, to use such words as we can for the most part assume as our own: I own that it is not always necessary our songs should be direct addresses to God; some of them may be mere meditations of the history of divine providences, or the experiences of former saints; but even then if those providences or experiences cannot be assumed by us as parallel to our own, nor spoken in our own names, yet still there ought to be some turns of expression that may make it look at least like our own present meditation, and that may represent it as a history which we ourselves are at that time recollecting. I know not one instance in scripture, of any later saint singing any part of a composure of former ages, that is not proper for his own time, without some expressions that tend to accommodate or apply it. But there are a multitude of examples amongst all the scriptural songs, that introduce the affairs of preceding ages in the method I have described. *Psalm* xliv. 1, &c. When David is recounting the wonders of God in planting the children of Israel in the land of Canaan, he begins his song thus, *We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what works thou didst in their days, in times of old, how thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantest them, how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.* Psalm lxxviii. 2, &c. *I will open my mouth in a parable, I will utter dark sayings of old which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us; we will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord.* So he relates the converse and covenant of God with Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, as a narration of former providences and experiences; *Psalm* cv. 8, 9, 10, &c. So in the Virgin Mary's song, and in the song of Zachariah. And I know not any thing that can be objected here, but that a prophet perhaps in some instances may assume the words of Christ or the saints in following ages; but it should be observed that this is almost always in such respects wherein persons or circumstances present were typical of what is future, and so their cases become parallel.

By these considerations we are easily led into the true method of translating ancient songs into christian worship. Psalms that are purely doctrinal, or merely historical, are subjects for our meditation, and may be translated for our present use with no variation, if it were possible; and in general, all those songs of scripture which the saints of following ages may assume for their own: Such are the first, the viiith, the xixth, and many others. Some psalms may be applied to our use by the alteration of a pronoun, putting *they* in the place of *we*, and changing some expressions which are

not suited to our case into a narration or rehearsal of God's dealings with others: There are other divine songs which cannot properly be accommodated to our use, and much less be assumed as our own, without very great alterations, namely, Such as are filled with some very particular troubles or enemies of a person, some places of journeying or residence, some uncommon circumstances of a society, to which there is scarce any thing parallel in our day or case: Such are many of the songs of David, whose persecutions and deliverances were very extraordinary: Again, such as express the worship paid unto God by carnal ordinances and utensils of the tabernacle and temple. Now if these be converted into christian songs in our nation, I think the names of Ammon and Moab may be as properly changed into the names of the chief enemies of the gospel, so far as may be without public offence: Judah and Israel may be called England and Scotland, and the land of Canaan may be translated into Great Britain: The cloudy and typical expressions of the legal dispensation should be turned into evangelical language, according to the explications of the New Testament: And when a christian psalmist, among the characters of a saint, *Psalm* xv. 5. meets with the man that *puts not out his money to usury*, he ought to exchange him for one that is no oppressor or extortioner, since usury is not utterly forbidden to christians, as it was by the jewish law; and wheresoever he finds the person or offices of our Lord Jesus Christ in prophecy, they ought rather to be translated in a way of history, and those evangelical truths should be stript of their veil of darkness, and drest in such expressions that Christ may appear in them to all that sing. When he comes to *Psalm* xl. 6. and reads these words, *Mine ears hast thou opened*, he should learn from the apostle to say, *A body hast thou prepared me;* Heb. x. 5. Instead of *binding the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar;* Psalm cxviii. 27. we should *offer up spiritual sacrifices, that is the prayer and praise of the heart and tongue, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ;* 1 Peter ii. 5. Where there are any dark expressions, and difficult to be understood in the Hebrew songs, they should be left out in our psalmody, or at least made very plain by a paraphrase. Where there are sentences, or whole psalms, that can very difficultly be accommodated to our times, they may be utterly omitted. Such is *Psalm* cl. part of the xxxviii. xlv. xlviii. lx. lxviii. lxxxi. cviii. and some others, as well as a great part of the song of Solomon.

Perhaps it will be objected here, that the book of Psalms would hereby be rendered very imperfect, and some weak persons might imagine this attempt to fall under the censure of *Rev.* xxii. 18, 19. that is, *of taking away from, or adding to the words of the book of God.* But it is not difficult to reply, that though the whole book of Psalms was given to be read by us as God's word for our use and instruction, yet it will never follow from thence that the whole was written as a Psalter for the christian church to use in singing. For if this were the design of it, then every psalm, and every line of it, might be at one time or another proper to be sung by christians: But there are many hundred verses in that book which a christian cannot properly assume in singing, without a considerable alteration of the words, or at least without putting a very different meaning upon them, from what David had when he wrote them; and therefore there is no necessity of translating always entire psalms, nor of preparing the whole book for English psalmody. I might here add also Dr. Patrick's apology in his century of Psalms first published, that he took but the same liberty which is allowed to every parish-clerk, to choose what psalm and what verses of it he would propose to the people to sing.

Give me leave here to mention several passages which were hardly made for christian lips to assume without some alteration: *Psalm* lxviii. 13, 14, 15, 16. *Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold: When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon. The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan,* &c. *Why leap ye, ye hills,* &c. verse 25. *The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after, amongst them were the damsels playing with timbrels: Bless ye God in the congregation, even the Lord from the fountain of Israel: There is little Benjamin with their ruler, the princes of Judah and their council, the princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali. Because of thy temple at Jerusalem kings shall bring presents unto thee. Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of bulls, with the calves of the people, till every one submit himself with pieces of silver.* Psalm lxxi. 2, 3, &c. *Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery, blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed on our solemn feast-day,* &c. Psalm lxxxiv. 3, 6. *The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,* &c. *Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them, who passing through the valley of Bacha make it a well, the rain also filleth the pools.* Psalm cviii. 2, 7, 8, 9. *Awake psaltery and harp, I myself will awake early. God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice, I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth; Gilead is mine, Manasseth is mine. Ephraim also is the strength of mine head, Judah is my lawgiver, Moab is my washpot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe, over Philistia will I triumph; who will bring me into the strong city, who will lead me into Edom. Psalm* lxix. 8. and cix. are so full of cursings, that they hardly become the tongue of a follower of the blessed Jesus, who dying prayed for his own enemies: *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. Psalm* cxxxiv. is suited to the temple or tabernacle worship; the title is, A Song of Degrees, that is, as interpreters believe, to be sung as the kings of Israel went up by steps or degrees to the house of God: In the two first verses the king calls upon the levites, *which by night stand in the house of the Lord, to lift up their hands in the sanctuary, and to bless the Lord:* The 3d verse is an antiphona or reply of the levites to the king; *the Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.* It would be endless to give an account of all the paragraphs of ancient songs, which can scarce ever be accommodated to gospel-worship.

The patrons of another opinion will say we must sing the words of David, and apply them in our meditation to the things of the New Testament: But can we believe this to be the best method of worshipping God, to sing one thing and mean another? Besides that, the very literal sense of many of these expressions is exceeding deep and difficult, and not one in twenty of a religious assembly can possibly understand them at this distance from the jewish days; therefore to keep close to the language of David, we must break the commands of God by David, who requires that we "sing his praises with understanding;" *Psalm* xlvii. 7. And I am persuaded, that St. Paul, if he lived in our age and nation, would no more advise us to sing unintelligible sentences in London, than himself would sing in an unknown tongue at Corinth; 1 *Cor.* xiv. 15, 19. After all, if the literal sense were known, yet the application of many verses of David to our state and circumstances was never designed, and is utterly impossible; and even where it is possible, yet it is so exceeding difficult, that very few persons in an assembly are capable of it; and when they attempt it, if their thoughts should be enquired one

by one, you would find very various, wretched, and contradictory meanings put upon the words of the Hebrew psalmist, and all for want of an evangelical translation of him. It is very obvious and common to observe, that persons of seriousness and judgment that consider what they sing, are often forced to break off in the midst, to omit whole lines and verses, even where the best of our present translations are used; and thus the tune, and the sense, and their devotion, is interrupted at once, because they dare not sing without understanding, and almost against their consciences. Whereas the more unthinking multitude go on singing in cheerful ignorance wheresoever the clerk guides them, across the river Jordan, through the land of Gebal, Ammon, and Amalek; *he leads them into the strong city, he brings them into Edom;* anon they follow him through the valley of Bacha, till they come up to Jerusalem; they wait upon him in the court of burnt-offerings, and *bind their sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar;* they enter so far into the temple, till they join their song in concert with the high-sounding cymbals, their thoughts are bedarkened with the smoke of incense, and covered with jewish veils. Such expressions as these are the beauties and perfections of a Hebrew song, they paint every thing to the life: Such language was suited by infinite wisdom to raise the affections of the saints of that day; but I fear they do but sink our devotion, and hurt our worship.

I esteem the book of Psalms the most valuable part of the Old Testament upon many accounts: I advise the reading and meditation of it more frequently than any single book of scripture; and what I advise I practise. Nothing is more proper to furnish our souls with devout thoughts, and lead us into a world of spiritual experiences: The expressions of it that are not jewish or peculiar, give us constant assistance in prayer and in praise: But if we would prepare David's psalms to be sung by christian lips, we should observe these two plain rules:—

First, They ought to be translated in such a manner as we have reason to believe David would have composed them if he had lived in our day: And therefore his poems are given us as a pattern to be imitated in our composures, rather than as the precise and invariable matter of our psalmody. It is one of the excellencies of scripture-songs, that they are exactly suited to the very purpose and design for which they were written, and that both in the matter, and in the style, and in all their ornaments: This gives life and strength to the expression, it presents objects to the ears and to the eyes, and touches the heart in the most affecting manner. David's language is adapted to his own devotion, and to the worship of the jewish church; he mentions the very places of his journies, or retirements of his sorrows, or his successes; he names the nations that were enemies of the church, or that shall be its friends; and though for the most part he leaves the single persons of his time nameless in the body of his psalm, yet he describes them there with great particularity, and often names them in the title. This gives us abundant ground to infer, that should the sweet-singer of Israel return from the dead into our age, he would not sing the words of his own psalms without considerable alteration; and were he now to transcribe them, he would make them speak the present circumstances of the church, and that in the language of the New Testament: He would see frequently occasion to insert the cross of Christ in his song, and often interline the confessions of his sins with the blood of the Lamb; often would he describe the glories and the triumphs of our blessed Lord in long and flowing verse, even as St. Paul, when he mentions the name and honours of Christ, can hardly part his lips from them again: His expressions would run ever bright and clear; such as

here and there we find in a single verse of his own composures, when he is transported beyond himself, and carried far away from Jewish shadows by the spirit of prophecy and the gospel. We have the more abundant reason to believe this, if we observe, that all along the sacred history as the revelations of God and his grace were made plainer, so the songs of the saints expressed that grace and those revelations according to the measure of their clearness and increase. Let us begin at the song of Moses, *Exod.* xv. and proceed to David and Solomon, to the song of the Virgin Mary, of Zacharias, Simeon, and the Angels, the hossanna of the Young Children, the praises paid to God by the disciples in the Acts, the doxologies of Paul, and the songs of the christian church in the book of the Revelation: Every beam of new light that broke into the world gave occasion of fresh joy to the saints, and they were taught to sing of salvation in all the degrees of its advancing glory.

Secondly, In the translation of jewish songs for gospel-worship, if scripture affords us any example, we should be ready to follow it, and the management thereof should be a pattern for us. Now, though the disciples and primitive christians had so many and so vast occasions for praise, yet I know but two pieces of songs they borrowed from the book of Psalms. One is mentioned in *Luke* xix. 38. where the disciples assume a part of a verse from the cxviiith psalm, but sing it with alterations and additions to the words of David.

The other is the beginning of the second Psalm, sung by Peter and John and their company; *Acts* iv. 23, 24, &c. You find there an addition of praise in the beginning, "*Lord, thou art God which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is.*" Then there is a narration of what David spoke, "*Who by the mouth of thy servant David, hast said*, &c. Next follow the two first verses of that psalm, but not in the very words of the psalmist: Afterwards an explication of the heathen, and the people, namely, the gentiles and Israel: The kings and the rulers, namely, Herod and Pontius Pilate, and the holy child Jesus, is God's anointed. Then there is an enlargement of the matter of fact, by a consideration of the hand of God in it, and the song concludes with the breathing of their desires towards God for mercies most precisely suited to their day and duty; and you find when they had sung, they went to prayer in the assembly, and then they preached the word of God by the Holy Ghost, and with amazing success. O may I live to see psalmody performed in these evangelic beauties of holiness! May these ears of mine be entertained with such devotion in public, such prayer, such preaching, and such praise? May these eyes behold such returning glory in the churches! Then my soul shall be all admiration, my tongue shall humbly attempt to mingle in the worship, and assist the harmony and the joy.

After we have found the true method of translating jewish songs for the use of the christian church, let us enquire also how lawful and necessary it is to compose spiritual songs of a more evangelic frame for the use of divine worship under the gospel.

The first argument I shall borrow from all the foregoing discourse concerning the translation of the Psalms of David: For by that time they are fitted for christian psalmody, and have all the particularities of circumstance that related to David's person, and times altered and suited to our present case; and the language of judaism is changed into the style of the gospel; the form and composure of the psalm can hardly be called inspired or divine: Only the materials or the sense contained therein may in a large sense be called the word of God, as it is borrowed from that word. Why then may it not be esteemed as lawful to take some divine sense and materials

agreeable to the word of God, and suited to the present case and experience of christians, and compose them into a spiritual song? especially when we cannot find one ready penned in the Bible, whose subject is near a-kin to our present condition, or whose form is adapted to our present purpose.

The second argument shall be drawn from the several ends and designs of singing, which can never be sufficiently attained by confining ourselves to David's Psalms, or the words of any songs in scripture. The first and chief intent of this part of worship, is to express unto God what sense and apprehensions we have of his essential glories; and what notice we take of his works of wisdom and power, vengeance and mercy; it is to vent the inward devotion of our spirits in words of melody, to speak our own experience of divine things, especially our religious joy; it would be tiresome to recount the endless instances out of the book of Psalms and other divine songs, where this is made the chief business of them. In the texts of the New Testament where singing is required, the same designs are proposed; when the Ephesians are filled with the Spirit, the enlightener and comforter, they are charged to indulge those divine sensations, and let them break out into a spiritual song: *Eph.* v. 19. When any is merry or cheerful, the apostle James bids him express it by singing. Giving thanks unto God, is the command of St. Paul to the saints while he enjoins psalmody on them; and speaking the wonders of his power, justice and grace, is the practice of the church constantly in the visions of St. John. To teach and admonish one another, is mentioned by St. Paul as another design of singing; the improvement of our meditations, and the kindling divine affections within ourselves, is one of the purposes also of religious melody, if *Eph.* v. 19. be rightly translated. Now, how is it possible all these ends should be attained by a christian, if he confines his meditations, his joys, and his praises, to the Hebrew book of Psalms? Have we nothing more of the nature of God revealed to us than David had? Is not the mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity brought out of darkness into open light? Where can you find a psalm that speaks the miracles of wisdom and power as they are discovered in a crucified Christ? And how do we rob God the Son of the glory of his dying love, if we speak of it only in the gloomy language of "smoke and sacrifices, bullocks and goats, and the fat of lambs?" Is not the ascent of Christ into heaven, and his triumph over principalities and powers of darkness, a nobler entertainment for our tuneful meditations, than the removing of the ark up to the city of David, to the hill of God, which is high as the hill of Bashan? Is not our heart often warmed with holy delight in the contemplation of the Son of God our dear Redeemer, whose love was stronger than death? Are not our souls possessed with a variety of divine affections, when we behold him who is our chief beloved hanging on the cursed tree, with the load of all our sins upon him, and giving up his soul to the sword of divine justice in the stead of rebels and enemies? And must these affections be confined only to our own bosoms, or never break forth but in jewish language, and words which were not made to express the devotion of the gospel? The heaven and the hell that we are acquainted with by the discovery of God our Saviour, give us a more distinct knowledge of the future and eternal state, than all the former revelations of God to men: Life and immortality is brought to light by the gospel; we are taught to look far into the invisible world, and take a prospect of the last awful scene of things: We see the graves opening, and the dead arising at the voice of the archangel, and the sounding of the trump of God: We behold the Judge on his

tribunal, and we hear the dreadful and the delightful sentences of decision that shall pass on all the sons and daughters of Adam; we are assured, that the saints shall "*arise to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be for ever with the Lord:*" The apostle bids us, "*Exhort or comfort one another with these words;* Thess. iv. 17, 18. Now when the same apostle requires that "*the word of Christ must dwell richly in us in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and spiritual songs;*" can we think he restrains us only to the Psalms of David, which speaks very little of all these glories or terrors, and that in very obscure terms and dark hints of prophecy? Or shall it be supposed, that we must admonish one another of the old jewish affairs and ceremonies in verse, and make melody with those weak and beggarly elements, and the yoke of bondage, and yet never dare to speak of the wonders of new discovery except in the plain and simple language of prose?

Perhaps it will be replied here, that there are some scriptural hymns in the book of Revelation that describe the affairs of the New Testament, the death and kingdom of our Lord Jesus, and these are lawful to be sung in a christian church; I am glad that our friends of a different opinion will submit to sing any thing that belongs to the gospel; I rejoice that the Bible hath any such pieces of christian psalmody in it, lest every thing that is evangelical should utterly be excluded from this worship, by those who will sing nothing but what is inspired; but how seldom are these gospel-songs used among our churches? How little respect is paid to them in comparison of the jewish psalms? How little mention would ever be made of them, if it were not to defend the patrons of jewish psalmody from the gross absurdity of an entire return to judaism in this part of worship? But give me leave also to add, that these christian hymns are but very short, and very few; nor do they contain a hundredth part of those glorious revelations that are made to us by Christ Jesus and his apostles; nor can we suppose God excludes all other parts of the gospel from verse and singing.

Most express words of scripture furnish me with a third argument; *Eph.* v. 19, 20. and *Col.* iii. 16, 17. which are the two chief commands of the New Testament for singing; both bid us *make melody, and give thanks to God the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.* This is one of the glories of gospel-worship, that all must be offered to the Father in his name. So very particular is our Lord Jesus in this command, that his last sermon to his disciples mentions it four times; *John* xiv. 13, 14. and xvi. 23, 24. Now why should we make conscience of praying in the name of Christ always, and offer up our praises in his name when we speak in prose? And yet when we give thanks in verse, we almost bind ourselves to take no more notice of the name of Christ than David or Moses did. Why should every part of divine worship under the gospel be expressed in language suited to that gospel, namely, praying, preaching, baptism and the Lord's-Supper; and yet when we perform that part of worship which brings us nearest to the heavenly state, we must run back again to the law to borrow materials for this service: And when we are employed in the work of angels, we talk the language of the infant-church, and speak in types and shadows? while we bind ourselves to the words of David, "when he inclines his ear to a parable, and opens his dark saying upon the harp;" *Psal.* xlix. 4. We have given too great countenance to those who still continue the use of the harp while they open the dark saying.

The fourth argument may be thus drawn up. There is almost an infinite number of different occasions for praise and thanksgivings, as well as for prayer, in the life of a

christian; and there is not a set of psalms already prepared that can answer all the varieties of the providence and the grace of God. Now if God will be praised for all his mercies, and singing be one method of praise, we have some reason to believe that God doth not utterly confine us even to the forms of his own composing. This is thought a very sufficient reason to resist the imposition of any book of prayers: And I grant that no number of prayers of human composure can express every new difficulty or future want of a christian; scarce can we suppose a divine volume should do it, except it be equal to many folios. However I can see nothing in the inspired book of praises that should persuade me that the Spirit of God designed it as an universal psalm-book; nor that he intended these to include or provide for all the occasions of thanksgiving that ever should befal Jews or christians in a single or social capacity. We find in the history of scripture, that new favours received from God were continually the subject of new songs, and the very minute circumstances of the present providence are described in the verse. The destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea; the victory of Barak over Sisera; the various deliverances, escapes, and successes of the son of Jesse, are described in the songs of Moses, Deborah, and David. The Jews, in a land of captivity, sat by the rivers of Babylon, and remembered Sion; they could find none of the ancient songs of Sion fit to express their present sorrow and devotion, though some of them are mournful enough; then was that admirable and artful ode written, the cxxxviith Psalm, which even in the judgment of the greatest human critics is not inferior to the finest heathen poems. It is a more dull and obscure, and unaffecting method of worship to preach or pray, or praise always in generals: It doth not reach the heart, nor touch the passions; God did not think any of his own inspired hymns clear and full and special enough to express the praise that was his due for new blessings of grace and providence; and therefore he put a new song into the mouths of Mary, Zacharias, and Simeon; and it is but according to his own requirement, that the British islands should make their present mercies under the gospel the subject of fresh praises; Isaiah xlii. 9, 10. *Behold the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them; sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein; the isles and the inhabitants thereof.* As for the new songs in the Revelation, the occasions of some of them are very particular, and relate to the fall of Anti-Christ; it can never be imagined that these are a complete collection of psalms to suit all the cases of a christian church; they are rather given to us as small originals, by imitation whereof the churches should be furnished with matter for psalmody, by those who are capable of composing spiritual songs according to the various or special occasion of saints or churches. Now shall we suppose the duty of singing to be so constantly provided for when there was any fresh occasion under the Old Testament, and just in the very beginning of the New, and yet that there is no manner of provision made ever since by ordinary or extraordinary gifts for the expression of our particular joys and thanksgivings? This would be to sink the gospel, which is a dispensation of the Spirit, of liberty, of joy, and of glory, beneath the level of judaism when the saints were kept in hard bondage, and had not half so much occasion for praise.

The fifth argument may be borrowed from the extraordinary gift of the spirit to compose or sing spiritual songs in the primitive church, expressed in 1 *Cor.* xiv. 15, 26. The several parts of divine worship, praying, preaching and singing, were performed

by immediate inspirations of the Holy Spirit in that day, for these two reasons: 1. That there might be a discovery of divine power in them, and the seal of a miracle set to the several parts of christian worship, to convince the world, and to confirm the church. 2. Because there was not time to acquire a capacity of preaching, praying, and composing spiritual songs by diligence and study, together with the ordinary assistance of grace and blessing of providence, which would have taken up many years before the gospel could have been universally preached. But even in those times of inspiration, as Timothy himself " was not to neglect the gift that was in him, given by imposition of hands, so he was charged to give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine, to meditate upon these things, to give himself wholly to them, that his profiting might appear unto all;" 1 *Tim.* iv. 14, 15. And it is granted by all, that the ministers of the gospel in our day are to acquire and improve the gifts of knowledge, prayer and preaching, by reading, meditation, and frequent exercise, together with earnest requests to God for the ordinary assistance of his Spirit, and a blessing on their studies: Why then should it be esteemed sinful, to acquire a capacity of composing a spiritual song? Or why is it unlawful to put this gift in exercise, for the use of singing in the christian church, since it is one of those three standing parts of worship which were at first practised and confirmed by inspiration and miracle?

Some may object here, that the words ψάλλω and ψαλμὸς, which the apostle useth in this chapter, intend the Psalms of David, and not any new song: But if we consult the whole frame and design of that chapter, it appears that their worship was all performed by extraordinary gifts: Now it was no very extraordinary thing to bring forth one of David's psalms; nor would it have been proper to have hindered the inspired worship with such an interposition of the ordinary service of an ancient jewish song, it is very credible therefore that the word psalm in this place signifies a new spiritual song, and it is so used frequently in the writings of the primitive fathers, as appears in the citations, page 289.

To close this rank of arguments, I might mention the divine delight that many pious souls have found in the use of spiritual songs, suited to their own circumstances, and to the revelations of the New Testament. If the spiritual joy and consolation that particular persons have tasted in the general duty of singing, be esteemed a tolerable argument to encourage the duty and confirm the institution, I am well assured that the argument would grow strong apace, and seal this ordinance beyond contradiction, if we would but stand fast in the liberty of the gospel, and not tie our consciences up to mere forms of the Old Testament. The faith, the hope, the love, and the heavenly pleasure that many christians have professed while they have been singing evangelical hymns, would probably be multiplied and diffused amongst the churches, if they would but breathe out their devotion in the songs of the Lamb as well as in the song of Moses.

Thus far have we proceeded in a way of argument drawn from scripture and the reason of things. Many objections have been prevented, or sufficient hints given for the removal of them. Those that remain and seem to have any considerable strength, shall be proposed with an attempt to answer them; for I would not have christians venture upon the practice of any thing in divine worship without due knowledge and conviction.

Objection I. The directions given for psalmody in some parts of the Old Testament, lead us to the use of those songs which are inspired; *Deut.* xxxi. 16, 19, &c. " And the Lord said unto Moses, write ye this song for you, and teach it the children of Israel, put it in their mouths, that this song may be a witness for me against the

children of Israel; for when I shall have brought them into the land which I sware unto their fathers, which floweth with milk and honey, &c. then they will turn unto other gods." And in *Psalm* lxxxi. 1, 2, 3, 4. where we are required to worship God by singing, we are not commanded to make a new psalm, but to take one that is already made, for the words run thus, "Sing aloud unto God our strength, make a joyful noise to the God of Jacob; take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery, blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day, for this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob."

Answer I. I have cited these texts at large wherein the objection lies, that an answer might appear plain in the texts to every reader. How peculiarly do these commands refer to the Israelites? The very words of the precept confine it to the Jews, to the men that dwelt in Canaan, to the worship that is paid with timbrels and trumpets, to the days of the new moon, and solemn jewish festivals? And if we will insist upon these scriptures as precise rules of our present duty and worship, the men that use musical instruments in a christian church, will take the same liberty of returning to jewish ordinances, and use the same text to defend them.

Answer II. But if we should grant ourselves under the gospel still obliged by these commands, yet they do not bind us up entirely to inspired forms of singing, since the same sort of expression is used concerning prayer; *Hos.* xiv. 2. "Take with you words, and say unto the Lord, take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, &c." Now who is there that esteems himself confined to use no other prayer but scriptural forms? In other places, where these duties are enjoined, we are bid to pray, or to praise, or to sing; and why should we not be as much at liberty to suit the words and the sense to our present circumstances in singing as well as praying, or in praising with verse as well as praising in prose?

Objection II. The examples of scripture direct us to inspired matter for singing: *Deut.* xxxi. 21. "Moses wrote this song the same day, and taught it the children of Israel." 1 *Chron.* xvi. 7. "David delivered first this song, to thank the Lord, into the hand of Asaph and his brethren." Now in his dying words, the sweet psalmist of Israel tells us: 2 *Sam.* xxiii. 1, 2. "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue." And in the days of Hezekiah, which was some ages after David; 2 *Chron.* xxix. 27, 28, 29, 30. "Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt-offering upon the altar; and when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also, with the trumpets and with the instruments ordained by David king of Israel, &c. Moreover Hezekiah the king and the princes commanded the levites to sing praise to the Lord, with the words of David and of Asaph the seer."

Answer. These are nothing but examples of jewish, and very ceremonious worship: nor do they effectually prove, that the Jews themselves were forbid upon all occasions to use more private composures in their synagogues, though in the temple it is probable that for the most part they sung inspired psalms. But it must be remembered, that these psalms are all suited to their dispensation, and yet without doubt they chose such out of them from time to time as best suited their present case; and so will we christians take as many of the psalms of David and other scripture-songs, as are suited to our dispensation and our circumstances; but these will be but very few in comparison of what the ancient levites might use, especially if we must sing the very words of David and Asaph the seer without omission or paraphrase.

Objection III. We cannot pretend to make better spiritual songs than the Spirit of God

himself has made, therefore if we should neglect these, and sing human composures, we should incur the censure of the prophet *Malachi*, chap. i. verses 13, 14. "Ye brought that which was torn, and the lame, and the sick, thus ye brought an offering, saith the Lord, should I accept this of your hands?"

Answer I. Can we pretend to make better prayers than the Spirit of God has made and scattered up and down through all the Old and New Testament? Can we suppose better sermons than Moses or Solomon? Better than our Saviour and his apostles preached, and the Spirit of God hath recorded? Why then should not we use scripture forms of praying and preaching, as well as of singing? And though we may hope for the ordinary assistance of the Spirit in our prayers and sermons, yet how can we expect that these shall be as good as those which were composed by his extraordinary inspiration?

Answer II. Divine wisdom accommodates its inspirations, its gifts, its revelations, and its writings, to the particular cases and seasons in which he finds a saint or a church. Now though we cannot pretend to make a better prayer than that of Ezra or Daniel, or our Lord, for the day and design for which they were prepared; yet a song, a sermon, or a prayer that expresses my wants, my duties or my mercies, though it be composed by a human gift, is much better for me than to tie myself to any inspired words in any part of worship which do not reach my case, and consequently can never be proper to assist the exercise of my graces or raise my devotion.

Answer III. I believe that phrases and sentences used by inspired writers, are very proper to express our thoughts in prayer, preaching or praise; and God has frequently given witness in the hearts of christians how much he approves the language of scripture; but it is always with a proviso that those phrases be clear, and expressive of our present sense, and proper to our present purpose: Yet we are not to dress up our prayers, sermons or songs, in the language of judaism when we design to express the doctrines of the gospel: This would but darken divine counsel by words without knowledge; it would amuse and confound the more ignorant worshippers, it would disgust the more considerate, and give neither the one nor the other light or comfort: And I think it may be as proper in our churches to read a sermon of Moses or Isaiah, instead of preaching the gospel, as to sing a psalm of David, whose expressions chiefly refer to David the shepherd, the king, the fugitive, the captain, the musician and the Jew. In short the prayers, sermons and songs in scripture, are rather patterns by which we should frame our worship and adjust it to our present case, than forms of worship to which we should precisely and unchangeably confine ourselves.

And as sermons which are conformable to the holy scripture in a large sense may be called "the word of God and the word of Christ," and are usually and justly so called if they are agreeable to the scripture and drawn from thence; so hymns of human composure according to the spirit and doctrines of the gospel may be as well termed the word of Christ, which is the proper matter for christian psalmody. *Col.* iii. 16. Whereas in the strictest and most limited sense of the word nothing deserves that title but the Hebrew and Greek originals.

Objection IV. In the New Testament there are promises of divine assistance to ministers and private christians in preaching the gospel and in prayer; but we have no promise of the Spirit of God to help us to compose psalms or hymns for our private use or for the use of the churches; and how can we practise in the worship of God what we have no promise of the Holy Spirit to encourage and assist us in?

Answer I. There are many general promises of the presence of Christ with his ministers, and the supply of his Spirit in the discharge of all their duties for the edification of the church: Now there are several performances which are necessary for the churches' edification, to which there is no peculiar promise made of the assistance of the Spirit in express words: Such are, translating the Bible into our mother-tongue, composing our sermons or at least the substance and scheme of them before preaching, writing pious and useful treatises upon divine subjects, and diligent reading and study of books so written; nor is there any more express encouragement to expect the presence of the Spirit in turning the psalms of David into rhyme and metre, than in composing new spiritual songs: And yet ministers that are fitted for such performances may pray and hope for divine assistance in them all, and trust in the general promises for help in particular services.

Ans. II. There is no need of these gifts of criticism or of poesy for all christians nor all ministers, though it seems necessary that some should be furnished with them. A few persons in an age or a nation may translate the scriptures into the national language, and may compose a sufficient number of hymns to answer the chief designs and wants of the church for that day for public worship. Where there happen occasions very particular, the ministers of the gospel are not or should not be so utterly destitute of common ingenuity, as to be unable to compose or at least to collect a few tolerable verses proper for such a season.

Objection V. We find no instances in scripture of human composures sung by the people of God; and it is not good to practise such pieces of worship without a precedent.

Answer. Whensoever there was just occasion for an hymn according to some new and special providence, we almost every where find a new song recorded in scripture, and we call it inspired, nor do I know any just reason to suspect or doubt of the inspiration; but if there had been any one which was not the effect of an extraordinary gift, but only composed by a good man, we should be ready to take it for inspired, because mentioned in scripture; as we do too many expressions of the saints in that divine history, and make every thing that a good man saith, heavenly and divine: However, if there can be no pretence made to such an example in scripture, yet so much reason, argument and encouragement as hath been already drawn from scripture sufficiently justifies this practice, since we perform many circumstantials of worship under the influence of a general command without express and special examples.

Objection VI. We ought to sing nothing to God but what is given us for this very end that it may be sung, lest we indulge will-worship and the inventions of men.

Ans. I. To convert the verses of David into English lines, to confine them to an exact number of syllables, and to make melody in particular tunes, may as well be called the inventions of men and will-worship: But these inventions are absolutely necessary for the performance of divine commands, and for the assistance of a whole congregation to sing with any tolerable convenience, order, or decency, as the reverend Mr. Boyse has well proved.

Answer II. Those that refuse to sing forms of human composure though the sense be never so divine, generally allow it lawful to take any parts of scripture and alter and transpose the words into a form fit for singing; but to take a mere parable or story out of the Bible, and put some rhymes on to the end of every line of it, without giving it a new and pathetic turn, is but a dull way of making spiritual songs, and without a precedent too. David did not deal so with Genesis and Exodus, though he loved the

words of the law as well as we pretend to value the words of the gospels and epistles. The most part of the New Testament as it stands in our Bible was never given us for psalms, hymns and spiritual songs; but for divine instruction and materials for this and other duties, that so we might borrow the doctrines and discoveries of the New Testament, and compose sermons and songs out of them: But if we take chapters and verses promiscuously out of the New Testament, and make them jingle and rhyme, and so sing them, we are guilty of singing what God never commanded to be sung, as much as if we composed spiritual songs by human art agreeable to the sense of scripture and the christian faith.

If the addition of human testimony concerning the practice of churches in former or later ages might have any influence to establish the consciences of those who are doubtful in this matter, I might acquaint them that the churches of Germany and the Eastland churches, use many divine hymns which are composed on several subjects of the christian religion, without any pretence to extraordinary gifts. The church of England approves this practice, as appears in those spiritual songs at the end of the old translation of the psalm-book, and some churches among the dissenters. "The christians of the first ages were wont to meet together on a day appointed before it was light, and to speak a song to Christ as to God:" Thus Pliny the Roman testifies in a letter to Trajan the emperor in the beginning of the second century. Tertullian, who flourished about the beginning of the third century, relating the manner of administration of the Lord's-Supper, asserts, "That after they had eat and drank what was sufficient for those that must worship God by night, &c. every one was urged to sing unto God publicly either out of the holy scriptures, or according to their own genius and ability;" *Apol.* C. 39. Origen, who flourished in the middle of the third century, speaks, "of singing hymns of praise to the Father in or by Christ in good rhyme, tune, metre and harmony." *Origen de orat.* section 6. Eusebius, B. 7. C. 19. quotes Dionysius writing against Nepos, thus, "Although I heartily love Nepos for his faith, his study of knowledge and the holy scriptures, as well as for various psalms and hymns composed by him, which are used to this day by some brethren, yet, &c." In the acts of the council of Antioch mentioned by Eusebius, B. 7. C. 30. it was one of the accusations of Paulus Samosatenus, the heretic bishop of Antioch, that "he abolished those psalms which were wont to be sung to the honour of the Lord Jesus Christ as novel and composed by modern authors, and that he appointed women on Easter-Day in the middle of the church to sing psalms in his praise." And in the fragment of an anonymous author extant in Eusebius, we find the heresy of Artemon, who denied the divinity of Christ, confuted not only by the scriptures and the writings of the precedent fathers, but also by the psalms and hymns of the brethren which were formerly composed by them, wherein they sung praises to the word of God, declaring Christ to be God. Such a private composed hymn was that which Clemens Alexandrinus mentions as one commonly known among the christians in his days, beginning χαῖρε φῶς, or, *hail light.* Spanheim in his sixth chapter of the fourth century of his Christian History speaks thus, "Besides hymns and songs, and private psalms, of which there was a great number in their solemn assemblies, the psalm-book of David was brought into the western church in this age in the time of Damasus and Ambrose; but in the eastern church the singing of David's psalter by antiphonas or responses was brought in by Flavius Antiochenus. The use of psalms

composed by private persons seems not to be forbidden in the church till the council of Laodicea in the fourth century.

Conclusion.—Thus have I drawn together my thoughts upon this subject at the request of several ministers and private christians who practise psalmody in this method themselves, and sing the songs of the Lamb as well as the psalms of David in their public and private worship, and especially at the celebration of the Lord's-Supper. I had designed and almost prepared a larger discourse, wherein the duty of singing and the manner of performance would have been considered. But this essay has already swelled beyond the bulk proposed: There are many that would rejoice to see evangelic songs more universally encouraged to the honour of their Lord Jesus, and to the joy and consolation of their fellow-saints. If the Spirit of God shall make any of these arguments I have used successful to attain this glorious end, I shall take pleasure in the release of their souls from that part of judaism which they have so long indulged. I hope the difficulties that appeared frightful and discouraging will be lost and vanish by a diligent and fair perusal of what is written; yet those that pay a sacred reverence to the inspired writings, may still find it hard to yield to the conviction: Scruples and relics of an old opinion will perhaps hang about their consciences still: A fear and jealousy of admitting any forms of human composure in the worship of singing will scarce permit their lips to practise that to which their understandings have given their assent. I would entreat such to give this discourse a thoughtful review; and though they may not judge every argument conclusive, nor every objection sufficiently removed, yet if there be but one unanswerable reason it ought to be attended to; and the whole put together may give such light and satisfaction as may encourage the practice of this duty. It is very easy to make cavils and replies to the strongest reasonings; but let us have a care lest we rob our souls and the churches of those divine comforts of evangelic psalmody, by a fondness of our old and preconceived opinions. *He that believeth, may eat all things*, and should not be forbidden: He may partake of flesh and drink wine: He may taste of the various pleasures of the gospel, and sing the new song: Another who is weak eateth herbs, and satisfies himself with ancient melody. *Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him which eateth not judge him which eateth, for God hath received him;* Rom. xiv. 2.

If the hymns and spiritual songs which are here presented to the world are so unhappy as to discourage the design of this essay, I will censure and reprove them myself: If they are condemned as being unsuitable to the capacity or experience of plain christians, I will easily confess a variety of faults in them: It was hard to restrain my verse always within the bounds of my design; it was hard to sink every line to the level of a whole congregation, and yet to keep it above contempt. However among so great a number of songs I hope there will be some found that speak the very language, and desires, and sense of the meanest souls, and will be an assistance to their joy and worship. The blemishes of the rest may serve to awaken some more pious and judicious fancy to a more successful attempt; and whoever shall have the honour of such a performance, I promise myself a large share in the pleasure. But we must despair of hearing the new song of the Lamb in its perfection and glory, "till Babylon the great is fallen, and the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ, till the new heavens and the new earth appear, till all the former things are passed away, and all things are made new."

DIVINE SONGS

ATTEMPTED

IN EASY LANGUAGE,

FOR

THE USE OF CHILDREN,

WITH

SOME ADDITIONAL COMPOSURES.

MATT. XXI. 16.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS, THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE.

PREFACE,

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

My Friends,

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are enstrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness, in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients among the Jews and the heathens taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the Song of Moses, *Deut.* xxxi. 19, 30. and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing *with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs*, Eph. v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it:

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these *songs* every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verse is longer retained in memory and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These *Divine Songs* may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success, so that you will find here nothing that savours of a party: The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or dissenters, baptized in infancy or not, may all join together in these songs. And, as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt, so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope, the more general the sense is, these composures may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added, at the end, some attempts of *Sonnets* on *Moral Subjects*, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the christian world, and a blessing to the earth!

DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG 1.

A general Song of Praise to God.

I.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

II.

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

III.

Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

IV.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

V.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG 2.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies!

II.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command
And all the stars obey.

III.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn my eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

V.

There's not a plant, or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

VII.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

VIII.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG 3.

Praise to God for our Redemption.

I.

BLEST be the wisdom, and the pow'r
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

II.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

III.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

IV.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

V.

Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merit there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

VI.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

VII.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

VIII.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the bless'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

SONG 4.

Praise for Mercies, Spiritual and Temporal.

I.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

II.

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

III.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold?
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

IV.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell
And rest upon my bed.

V.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

VI.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG 5.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

I.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

II.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

III.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

IV.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns?
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

V.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

VI.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

SONG 6.

Praise for the Gospel.

I.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.

II.

What would the ancient jewish kings,
And jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard these glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n?

III.

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worship'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

IV.

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG 7.

The Excellency of the Bible.

I.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shines brightest in thy book.

II.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.

III.

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

IV.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

V.

Lord, make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

VI.

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

VII.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG 8.

Praise to God for learning to read.

I.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

II.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

III.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

IV.

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

V.

Here I can read and learn,
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

VI.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

VII.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

VIII.

Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG 9.

The All-seeing God.

I.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

II.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

III.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

IV.

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie;
Upwards I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

V.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

VI.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

SONG 10.

Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.

I.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

II.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

III.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

IV.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

V.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled:
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

VI.

Just as the tree, cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG 11.

Heaven and Hell.

I.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

II.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains:
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

III.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend?

IV.

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

SONG 12.

The Advantages of early Religion.

I.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well:
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

II.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

III.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

IV.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

V.

To Thee, Almighty God to Thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

VI.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG 13.

The Danger of Delay.

I.

WHY should I say, ' 'Tis yet too soon
' To seek for heav'n, or think of death?'
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

II.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heav'n;
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

III.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

IV.

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

V.

'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God!
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

VI.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG 14.

Examples of early Piety.

I.

WHAT bless'd examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

II.

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

III.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand,)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

IV.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

V.

Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

VI.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

SONG 15.

Against Lying.

I.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

II.

But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

III.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

IV.

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before her husband told.

V.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

VI.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

SONG 16.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

I.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

II.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

III.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

IV.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

V.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG 17.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

I.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

II.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

III.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

IV.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another:
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.

V.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

VI.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG 18.

Against scoffing and calling Names.

I.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

II.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother fool.

III.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff,
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

IV.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
'Go up, thou bald-head, go:'

V.

God quickly stop'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

VI.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young;
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG 19.

Against Swearing, and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain.

I.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

II.

And yet, how wicked children dare,
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name;
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

III.

How will they stand before thy face
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

IV.

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

V.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear;
That heav'nly Father whom I love.

VI.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.

SONG 20.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

I.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every op'ning flow'r!

II.

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

III.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

IV.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

SONG 21.

Against Evil Company.

I.

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

II.

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

III.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes;
Nor with the scoffers go:
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

IV.

From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

V.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here:
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

SONG 22.

Against Pride in Clothes.

I.

WHY should our garments made to hide
Our parents shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

II.

When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

III.

How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

IV.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms and flowers, exceed me still.

V.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace:
These are the robes of richest dress.

VI.

No more shall worms with me compare,
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

VII.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:
It takes no spot, but still refines,
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

VIII.

In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven, and wear it there:
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG 23.

Obedience to Parents.

I.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

II.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

III.
What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
IV.
But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due;
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG 24.

The Child's Complaint.

I.
WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray!
II.
What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?
III.
How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
IV.
Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

SONG 25.

A Morning Song.

I.
MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies!
II.
When from the chambers of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines;
III.
So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.
IV.
Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain!

SONG 26.

An Evening Song.

I.
AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.
II.
But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
III.
I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
IV.
With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG 27.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

I.
THIS is the day when Christ arose,
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?
II.
This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'r of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
III.
To-day with pleasure christians meet,
To pray and hear thy word:
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.
IV.
I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n;
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the sev'n!

SONG 28.

For the Lord's Day Evening.

I.
LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

II.
I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
III.
O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
IV.
With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

The Ten Commandments, out of the Old Testament, put into short Rhyme for Children.

EXODUS XX.

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal; tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The Sum of the Commandments, out of the New Testament.

MATT. xxii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above.
And, as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

MATT. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our Neighbour.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

Out of my Book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these Songs, according to the direction of Parents or Governors.

The Hosanna; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

Long Metre.

I.
HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
II.
Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King!

Common Metre.

I.
HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace,
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
II.
Hosanna to th' eternal word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

I.
HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
II.
To Christ th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son. &c.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A

SLIGHT SPECIMEN

OF

MORAL SONGS:

SUCH AS I WISH SOME HAPPY AND CONDESCENDING GENIUS WOULD UNDERTAKE FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN, AND PERFORM MUCH BETTER.

THE sense and subject might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in civil life, both in city and country: (which would also afford matter for other divine songs.) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptations of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.

SONG 1.—*The Sluggard.*

I.

'TIS the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again;'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

II.

'A little more sleep and a little more slumber;'
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntring, or trifling he stands.

III.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher:
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

IV.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find,
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking:
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

V.

Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson for me;'
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

SONG 2.—*Innocent Play.*

I.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs,
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the sight!

II.

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

III.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt:
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, 'Tis all but in sport.'

SONG 3.—*The Rose.*

I.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

II.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, & fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

III.

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast he goes.

IV.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

SONG 4.—*The Thief.*

I.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

II

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

III.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit?

IV.

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner:
Then the gallows ends his days.

V.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

VI.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

SONG 5.—*The Ant or Emmet.*

I.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

II.

They dont wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frost and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

III.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all my prime!

IV.

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiv'n:
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

SONG 6.—*Good Resolutions.*

I.

THOUGH I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befal me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me.

II.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn or rudeness.

III.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock or hurt or cheat them.

IV.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing,
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing!

V.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

VI.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

VII.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope with pity;
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

VIII.

I'll not willingly offend;
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

IX.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion.

X.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

SONG 7.—*A Summer Evening.*

I.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the West,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

II.

Just such is the christian: his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears: then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heav'nly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

Some Copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already into several Hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in Public, at the end of these Songs for Children.

A Cradle Hymn.

I.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

II.

Sleep my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supply'd.

III.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be;
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

IV.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

V.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight!

VI.

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly stranger!
Did they thus affront their Lord!

VII.

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard,
'Tis thy {*Mother / Nurse that} sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

VIII.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King;
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

IX.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

X.

See the lovely babe a dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

XI.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

XII.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

XIII.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

XIV.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire!

*Here you may use the words brother, sister, neighbour, friend, &c.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY OF

THE LYRIC KIND;

IN THREE BOOKS:

SACRED

TO DEVOTION AND PIETY—TO VIRTUE, HONOUR AND FRIENDSHIP—
TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

———*Si non* Uranie *Lyram*
Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.
HOR. Od. I. imitated.

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (καὶ σέβε αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαθύς,
Τύς τε Καταχθονίους. PYTHAG. Aur. Carm.

THE

PREFACE.

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his "right-hand became glorious in power; when thy right-hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: The chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the red-sea: Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters," *Exod.* xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism the muses were devoted to the same service: The language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

Μᾶσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῇσι κλείουσαι
Δεῦτε, Δὶ ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνείουσαι.

"Pierian muses, fam'd for heav'nly lays,
"Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise."

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the gentiles. They have not only disrobed

religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty, and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus, almost in vain, have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this, that poesy was endowed with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my lord Roscommon, on psalm cxlviii, might be addressed to them:

> "Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
> Peoples the dark retreats of death,
> Change your dire hissings into heav'nly songs,
> And praise your Maker with your forked tongues."

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally a-kin; or, at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of unclean and abominable. It is strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me intreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and ungarded reproaches. Let me intreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember

the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? And the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the "Earth a trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." *Judges* v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: "Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence; then I heard a voice, saying, shall mortal man be more just than God? &c." *Job* iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he hides him "from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace," *Job* v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! It is a region to which I must shortly go, "and whence I shall not return; it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister: As for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit, *Job* x. 21. and xvii. 13. When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use! "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth;" *Job* xiii. 25. &c. "Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance," *Job* xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? *chap.* xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: "They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: For want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste: They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men, (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the clifts of the vallies, in caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word, &c." How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! "Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep." I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression: I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I

would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: Nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, "He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible." When his holiness is mentioned, "the heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: He is a jealous God, and a consuming fire." If we speak of strength, "behold, he is strong: He removes the mountains, and they know it not: He overturns them in his anger: He shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble: He makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof." And after all, "these are but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his power who can understand?" His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. "Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, what makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar of. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: He turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish." His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he "sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grashoppers: All nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: He takes up the isles as a very little thing: Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burning." This God, before whom "the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To which of all the heathen gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?" And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: How meanly do the best of the gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it; "and the Lord said, let there be light, and there was light: Let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold they are:" He commanded, and they appear and obey: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth:" This is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in

the scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When "he arises out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are shaken because he is wroth: There goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence." If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar were to prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in chariots of salvation. David beholds him riding "upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: He was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly, he flew on wings of the wind; and Habbakkuk sends the pestilence before him." Homer keeps a mighty stir with his Νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς, and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the "clouds but the dust of his feet; and when the highest gives his voice into the heavens, hailstones and coals of fire follow." A divine poet "discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils." When the holy one alighted upon Mount Sinai, "his glory covered the heavens: He stood and measured the earth: He beheld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered: The perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting." Then the prophet "saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble," Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed Spirit, which animated these writers, forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: The divine license in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet* affright us, by saying,

"De la foy d'un chrêtien les mysteres terribles,
D' ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles?"

But the French critic†, in his reflexions upon eloquence, tells us, "That the majesty of our religion, the holiness of its law, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style suited to the theme: Sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from scripture: Let the preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the prophets incessantly, for their writings

* Boileau. † Rapin.

are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech." And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

"Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

As in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day. I am sure the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the holy scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies? What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened in those poems? The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted†.

It is true indeed, the christian mysteries have not so much need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelation seems to be a prophesy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song: Here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a christian poem, than a modern play? There is nothing amongst all the ancient fables, or latter romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days; the possessor of the palace of heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever; and the sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding

* Philomela. † Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem intitled Alfred, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance, 1723. I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

and expiring: The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror? The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: But modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindled within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings, betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the psalms of David, and the holy transports interposed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient lyrics; I persuade myself, that the christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue, and allure souls

to God. If the heart were first inflamed from heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhime, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our old psalm-translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following composures, and of the first or second publication, I intreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the first book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review, I found some expressions that where not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker christian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Amongst the songs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon*, in his song, and his father David, in *Psalm* xlv. if David was the author: and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: It was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, and in so nice an affair.

The Poems sacred to virtue, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: The image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whose soul is a-kin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerons diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought

* Solomon's Song was much more in use amongst preachers and writers of divinity when these poems were written than it is now. 1736.

may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprise, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Amongst the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptive of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frighted from sin and ruin by terror, threatening and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: Others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviith and cxxviiith psalms indited on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. This blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in

ON READING

DR. WATTS'S POEMS

SACRED TO

PIETY AND DEVOTION.

'REGARD the man, who, in seraphic lays,
'And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise:
'He needs invoke no fabled muse's art,
'The heav'nly song comes genuine from his heart,
'From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inspire
'With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.
'Thrice happy man! whose soul, and guiltless breast,
'Are well prepar'd to lodge th' almighty guest!
'Tis he that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing,
'And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing:
'He to thy soul lets in celestial day,
'Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
'By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,
'He, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd;
'Nor shall the grave o'er thee a vict'ry boast;
'Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
'When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
'In never-ending songs of praise and love.'

EUSEBIA.

TO DR. WATTS,

On his Poems sacred to Devotion.

I.

'TO murmuring streams, in tender strains,
'My pensive muse no more
'Of love's enchanting force complains,
'Along the flow'ry shore.

II.

'No more Mirtillo's fatal face
'My quiet breast alarms;
'His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
'Have lost their usual charms.

III.

'No gay Alexis in the grove
'Shall be my future theme:
'I burn with an immortal love,
'And sing a purer flame.

IV.

'Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
'And sacred transports feel,
'While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
'Surpris'd I listen still.

V.

'The gliding streams their course forbear,
'When I thy lays repeat;
'The bending forest lends an ear;
'The birds their notes forget.

VI.

'With such a graceful harmony
'Thy numbers still prolong;
'And let remotest lands reply,
'And echo to thy song;

VII.

'Far as the distant regions, where
'The beauteous morning springs,
'And scatters odours through the air,
'From her resplendent wings;

VIII.

'Unto the new-found realms, which see
'The latter sun arise,
'When, with an easy progress, he
'Rolls down the nether skies.'

PHILOMELA.

July, 1706.

TO DR. WATTS,

On reading his Horæ Lyricæ.

'HAIL, heav'n-born muse! that with celestial flame,
'And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt
'To gain thy native skies. No common theme
'Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul
'Superior, though on earth detain'd a while;
'Like some propitious angel that's design'd
'A resident in this inferior orb,
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'Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting songs.
'Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
'Transfer'd the work of heaven; with thought sublime,
'And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st
'To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
'The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
'Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
'Hymning th' eternal Father; as of old
'When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss
'Of everlasting night and silence call'd
'The shining worlds with one creating word,
'And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hosts,
'And with external glories fill'd the void,
'Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
'And with their cheerful Hallelujahs bless'd
'The bounteous Author of their happiness;
'From orb to orb th' alternate music rang,
'And from the chrystal arches of the sky
'Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
'Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
'To the loud echoes of th' angelic choirs,
'And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial heaven,
'The paradise of God where all delights
'Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
'Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,
'Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
'Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.

'Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
'Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
'Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
'The power supreme that gave 'em life and breath;
'Incarnate fiends! outrageous they defy'd
'Th' eternal thunder, and almighty wrath
'Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
'Would dread to meet; remembering well the day
'When driven from pure immortal seats above,
'A fiery tempest hurl'd 'em down the skies,
'And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
'To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulph,
'Where bound on sulph'rous lakes to glowing rocks
'With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,
'And know Jehovah great as well as good;
'And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
'With horror find his arm omnipotent.

'Prodigious madness! that the sacred muse,
'First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
'And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
'Should now to ev'ry idol basely bow,
'And curse the deity she once ador'd,
'Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
'And celebrating the infernal praise
'Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe
'Of God and man, and winning every hour
'New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
'Hear these accursed lays, and thus outdone,
'Raging they try to match the human race,
'Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
'And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

'Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
'What 'tis to banter heav'n and laugh at hell;
'To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
'And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
'Leading besotted souls thro' flow'ry paths,
'In gaudy dreams, and vain fantastic joys,
'To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;
'When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
'And raging flames surround the trembling globe,
'While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
'And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;
'And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
'Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
'Expect their sad inexorable doom.
'Say now, ye men of wit! What turn of thought
'Will please you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
'Ev'n to yourselves will your lewd flights appear!
'How will you envy then the happy fate
'Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,
'You'd been as very fools as once you thought
'Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;
'When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
'Shall singe your laurels, and the men
'Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.

'No more, my muse, of that tremendous thought,
'Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
'Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse
'Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
'Despises mortal critics idle rules:
'While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
'Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
'Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
'Than all the pagan poets ever sung.
'Homer or Virgil; and far sweeter notes
'Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,
'And purer far, tho' Martial's self might seem
'A modest poet in our christian days.
'May those forgotten and neglected lie,
'No more let man be fond of fab'lous gods,
'Nor heathen wit debauch one christian line,
'While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide
'The shining beauties of eternal truth,
'That in her native dress appears most bright,
'And charms the eyes of angels,—Oh! like thee
'Let every nobler genius tune his voice
'To subjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts

'Let HEAVEN and ANNA then your tuneful art
'Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
'To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.'

JOSEPH STANDEN.

April 17, 1706.

TO DR. WATTS,

On his Divine Poems.

'SAY, human seraph, whence that charming force,
'That flame! that soul! which animates each line;
'And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
'Loaded with pond'rous sense! Say, did not he
'The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,
'Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,
'Knit in mysterious bands, the *paraclete*,
'The breath of God, the everlasting source
'Of love: And what is love in souls like thine,
'But air, and incense to the poet's fire?
'Should an expiring saint whose swimming eyes
'Mingle the images of things about him,
'But hear the least exalted of thy strains,
'How greedily he'd drink the music in,
'Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near!
'So great a stress of powerful harmony,
'Nature unable longer to sustain,
'Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.

'Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
'As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
'Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night;
'What tho' no shining angel darts from thence
'With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,
'In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
'When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
'What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
'Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his

'But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use,
'To transports so intensely rais'd your muse,
'Lest, whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey,
'The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.'

HENRY GROVE.

Sept. 4, 1706.

TO DR. WATTS,

On the Fifth Edition of his Horæ Lyricæ.

'SOVEREIGN of sacred verse, accept the lays
'Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise,
'A muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
'New to the bays, nor equal to the song,
'Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame
'Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

'No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
'No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.
'You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
'And meet descending angels as you rise,
'Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
'And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
'Soft harmony and manly vigour join
'To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
'For every grace of every muse is thine.
'Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
'Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light;
'Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,
'Delighted cherubs list'ning to the song:
'From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
'And taste the sweets of music and of love.
'But when the softer scenes of life you paint,
'And join the beauteous virgin to the saint,
'When you describe how few the happy pairs,
'Whose hearts united soften all their cares,
'We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
'And Mira's beauties consecrate your song.
'Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
'And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell;
'But the muse faints, unequal to the flight,
'And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.
'When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
'And all, but heaven-born *piety*, shall die,
'When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
'And each lascivious poet hides his head,
'With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,
'Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies:
'Great How and Gouge shall hail thee on thy way,
'And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
'Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly strings,
'And join the Lyric Ode while some fair seraph sings.'

Sic spirat, sic optat

Tui amantissimus,

BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

Worshipping with Fear.

I.

WHO dares attempt th' eternal name
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

II.

Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his smile:
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

III.

Celestial King, our spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

IV.

When shall we see the great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

V.

In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

VI.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs thro' the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

VII.

When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

VIII.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

IX.

Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much a-kin to nothing we,
And thou th' eternal All.

Asking Leave to Sing.

I.

YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and vent'rous song
To worlds of glory soar.

II.

If thou my darling flight forbid
The muse folds up her wings;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

III.

Her slender reed inspir'd by thee
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And spreads a heav'n below.

IV.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath;
And calls th' angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

V.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

Divine Judgments.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies:
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bless me with his eyes.
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep:
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desart and the deep;
Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind,
and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy
mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings;
And flocks and herds, and nations die;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

IV.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes and floods
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the fields, and honours of the wood;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight-sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our
graves?
While you dispense your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud
alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to
arms.

VI.

O for a message from above
To bear my spirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors, and support my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art sov'reign, I'm secure;
I shall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wish, heav'n, earth and
hell are thine.

Earth and Heaven.

I.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy?
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
'Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:'
And yet with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again,
The rills of pleasure never run sincere;
(Earth has no unpolluted spring)
From the curs'd soil some dang'rous taint they
bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

II.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
The world has false, but flatt'ring charms;
Its distant joys shew big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms
We lose the pleasing dream.

III.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

IV.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

Felicity Above.

I.

NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

II.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

III.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his face.

IV.

Why move my years in slow delay?
O God of ages! why?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

V.

Dear sov'reign, break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

I.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

II.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

III.

Th' almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

IV.

Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

V.

He spake: The sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

VI.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

VII.

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

VIII.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

IX.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarchs down.

X.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite-angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

XI.

My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

XII.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Self-Consecration.

I.

IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days;
My inward pow'rs shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name,
I would not speak, but for my God, nor move,
but to his praise.

II.

What are my eyes but aids to see
The glories of the deity
Inscrib'd with beams of light
On flow'rs and stars? Lord, I behold
The shining azure, green and gold;
But when I try to read thy name, a dimness veils my sight.

III.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains, or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in;
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns begin.

IV.

Change me, O God; my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire:
My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise conspire.

V.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part,
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital cord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string, or show my zeal in death.

The Creator and Creatures.

I.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

II.

From thy great self thy being springs:
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

III.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Thro' all these spacious works of thine.

IV.

Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

V.

A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright world, and moves their frame:
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

VI.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

VII.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face?

VIII.

Who can behold the blazing light;
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

The Nativity of Christ.

I.

'SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
'And send your fears away;
'News from the region of the skies,
'Salvation's born to-day.

II.

'Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
'Comes down to dwell with you;
'To-day he makes his entrance here,
'But not as monarchs do.

III.

'No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
'Nor royal shining things;
'A manger for his cradle stands
'And holds the King of kings.

IV.

'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
'And see his humble throne;
'With tears of joy in all your eyes,
'Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

V.

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

VI.

'Glory to God that reigns above,
'Let peace surround the earth;
'Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
'At their Redeemer's birth.'

VII.

Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise!

VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

I.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.

II.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

III.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

IV.

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

V.

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe:
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

VI.

Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone
The justice or the grace.

VII.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

VIII.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

IX.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The humble Enquiry.

A French Sonnet imitated. 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

I.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

II.

But me, vile wretch! should pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash and burn me thro' the boundless seas.

III.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

IV.

Thine honour bids, 'Avenge thy injur'd name,'
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

V.

Should heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood?

The Penitent pardoned.

I.

HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

II.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

III.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortured soul,
Wring thro' my eyes the briny tears.

IV.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curst race,
'Father, they know not what they do.'

V.

Great Advocate, look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

VI.

Peace, my complaints; let every groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And thro' his inmost bowels move.

VII.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
Gently, as morning-dews distil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

VIII.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

A Hymn of Praise for Three great Salvations, viz.

1 From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2 From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3 From Popery and Slavery by King William of glorious memory, who landed Nov. 5, 1688.

Composed, Nov. 5, 1695.

I.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

II.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heaven of angels praise;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

III.

Part of thy church, by thy command
Stands rais'd upon the British isles;
'There,' said the Lord, 'to ages stand,
'Firm as the everlasting hills.'

IV.

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd;
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

V.

'Come,' said the sons of bloody Rome,
'Let us provide new arms from hell:'
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

VI.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulphrous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

VII.

Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright but dismal day.

VIII.

Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love that guards our island round:
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

The Second Part.

I.

ASSUME, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

II.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers of an Irish soul
Ran, threat'ning death, thro' every town.

III.

The Roman priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

IV.

'Tis done,' they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

V.

But lo, the great deliverer sails
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gales,
Convey him to the longing land.

VI.

The happy day,* and happy year,
Both in our new salvation meet:
The day† that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt the invading fleet.

VII.

Now did thine arm, O God of hosts,
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright,
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

VIII.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne;
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

IX.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky,
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their Hallelujahs high.

X.

All Hallelujah, heavenly King:
While distant lands thy victr'y sing,
And tongues their utmost pow'rs employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

* November 5, 1688. † November 5, 1588.

The Incomprehensible.

I.

FAR in the heav'ns my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
And hides his lovely face;
When he deseends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal ehase.

II.

Or if I reaeh unusual height
Till near his presenee brought,
There floods of glory eheek my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justiee, merey, shines;
Infinite rays in erossing lines
Beat thiek eonfusion on my sight, and overwhelm my soul.

III.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reaeh the throne;
(What single strength, in vain designs,
United foree hath done;
Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the sea)
But the whole raee of creature-souls
Streteh'd to their last extent of thought, plunge and are lost in thee.

IV.

Great God, behold my reason lies
Adoring; yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own;
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Thro' all the traekless seas of light,
To Thee, th' eternal Fair, the infinite Unknown.

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, seareh the world beneath,
Where nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.

III.

These seulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes?
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

IV.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay?
My thoughts, now streeth out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

VI.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

VII.

There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale earcase thoughtless lies,
Amongst the silent graves.

VIII.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
'These onee were strong, as mine appear,
'And mine must be as they.'

IX.

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudest preaeh
Man's infinite eoneern.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

I.

OFT have I sat in seeret sighs,
To feel my flesh deeay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tott'ring elay.

II.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh eomplain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ereomes the pain.

III.

My eheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks thro' the ruins of her elay,
And praetises her wings.

IV.

Faith almost ehanges into sight,
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above ereated skies.

V.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And les of glory saw.

VI.

But now the everlasting hills
Thro' every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels,
While she's a pris'ner here.

VII.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Visions of endless bliss are seen;
And native air she draws.

VIII.

O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose!

IX.

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
'Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

The universal Hallelujah.

Psalm cxlviii. paraphrased.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

V.

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore:

IX.

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his name,
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

XII.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning-sky:
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise,
In hoarser harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' eternal name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race shall bow to God
That owns the name of man.

The Atheist's Mistake.

I.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell and burst
With bold impiety:
Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
And seek in vain to die.

II.

The gasp of your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

III.

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
Where the old serpent fell.

IV.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

V.

Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

VI.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

VII.

Behold the saints rejoice to die,
For heav'n shines round their heads;
And angel-guards prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

VIII.

Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

IX.

Hence, ye prophane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And distant are our goals.

The Law given at Sinai.

I.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly muse,
And keep th' expecting world in awe;
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadful law:
To Israel first the words were spoke,
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage! the hard galling load
Over-press'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

II.

Now had they pass'd the Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea;
The rising waves stood guardians of their wondrous way,
But fell with most impeteous force
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms.
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the horse:
O'er struggling Pharoah roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beside,
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

III.

Ah! foolish Israel, to comply
With Memphian idolatry!
And bow to brutes, (a stupid slave)
To idols impotent to save!
Behold thy God, the sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high;
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haste!
But keep an awful distance still:
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

IV.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That 'Time shall be no more.'

V.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty; round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet:
Gabriel the great prepares his way,
'Lift up your heads, eternal doors,' he cries;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.
Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their head,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

VI.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems;
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o'er th' ethereal road:
Down thro' his magazines he past
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream:
He spoke, and (tho' with unknown speed he came)
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
The stately pyramids of fire
The pyramids to heav'n aspire,
And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring higher.
So you have seen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that six seore years has stood,
And proudly shoot a leaf or two
Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

VIII.

Forbear, young muse, forbear;
The flow'ry things that poets say,
The little arts of simile
Are vain and useless here;
Nor shall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard;
Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunders roar
Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright th' Italian shore.
Behold the sacred hill: Its trembling spire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under th' almighty weight:
Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load
Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd, and shook beneath the burden of a God.

IX.

Fresh horror seize the camp, despair,
And dying groans, torment the air,
And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there;
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze,
Spread thro' the host a wild amaze;
Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face:
Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
'Let Moses speak, or Israel dies:'
Moses the spreading terror feels,
No more the man of God conceals
His shivering and surprize:
Yet, with recovering mind, commands
Silence, & deep attention, thro' the Hebrew bands.
Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
Majestic sounds break thro' the smoky cloud:
Sent from the all-creating tongue
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

X.

'I am the Lord: 'Tis I proclaim
'That glorious and that fearful name,
'Thy God and King: 'Twas I, that broke
'Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke;
'Mine is the right to speak my will,
'And thine the duty to fulfil.
'Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine eyes:
'Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men devise;
'With rev'rence use my name, nor turn my words to jest;
'Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest;
'Honour, and due obedience, to thy parents give;
'Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live:
'Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th' unlawful bed;
'Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his bread:
'Forbear to blast his name with falsehood, or deceit;
'Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate.'

Remember your Creator, &c.

Ecclesiastes xii.

I.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

II.

The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your first regard.
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

III.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decays.

IV.

No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

V.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.

VI.

What will you do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies?

VII.

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

IX.

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

X.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord.

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

II.

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light,
Are softer rivals of the noon;

IV.

Arise, and to that sov'reign pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

V.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone;

VI.

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd thro' all the heav'nly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

VII.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine.

VIII.

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel, ev'ry saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

IX.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our days;
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

The Welcome Messenger.

I.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

II.

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

III.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

IV.

Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

V.

Oh! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

VI.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

VII.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

Sincere Praise.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

II.

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

III.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

IV.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

V.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

VI.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

VII.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

VIII.

The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

IX.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

X.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

XI.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

True Learning.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.

I.

HAPPY the feet that shining truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

II.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crouds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind:
The truth they show lies wrapp'd in sev'nfold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

III.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what subtle ways
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us, that we knew them not.

IV.

Touch, heav'nly Word, O touch these curious souls;
Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
He grasps whole nature in his single hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where they stand.

VI.

Without his aid I have no sure defence,
From troops of errors that besiege me round;
But he that rests his reason and his sense
Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

VII.

Infinite truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

VIII.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art;
All nature silent in his presence stand,
Creatures be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.

IX.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from every sense and every outward show:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

X.

The Lord grows lavish of his heav'nly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

True Wisdom.

I.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom wisdom guides
In her own path to her own heav'nly seat;
Thro' all the storms his soul securely glides,
Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

III.

Our headstrong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent course;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

IV.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
Whilst he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

V.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art;
What manly courage to sustain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart!

VI.

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings so close about our minds,
And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

VII.

Hard; but it may be done. Come heav'nly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
Awhile to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my home and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glitt'ring things;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

IX.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine:
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.

X.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my soul shall centre, all my pow'rs conspire.

XI.

Thus I with angels live; thus half-divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A Song to creating Wisdom.

PART I.

I.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the sun;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done?

III.

Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

IV.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

PART II.

V.

Downward I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

VI.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

VII.

There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

VIII.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful show'rs around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

PART III.

IX.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Blest isles, confess your God.

X.

How did his wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between!

XI.

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.

XII.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds:
And herds of larger size,
That bellow thro' the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

XIII.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood:
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.

XIV.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

XV.

Amidst thy wat'ry kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush thro' the northern sea.

PART V.

XVI.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

XVII.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

XVIII.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

God's absolute Dominion.

I.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill;
Vernal suns, or zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves;
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious pow'r?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.

II.

Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky
Chafe their frozen limbs with snow;
Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
The vital flame touch'd with a strange supply
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold steel expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,
And burns th' unwary stranger there.

III.

Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
Look back to thousand years, and see
Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boasting to be absolute:
Once to his court the God of Israel came,
A King more absolute than he.
I see the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold: I see amidst the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name;
They move, they walk across the burning stage
Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood
A statue; fear congeal'd his blood:

Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments, or their hair;
It knew the Lord of nature there.
Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her sov'reign King in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories shine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance are thine.

IV.

Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity!
No more my lips shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.
What is the sun, or what the shade,
Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead:
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

Condescending Grace.

In Imitation of the 114th Psalm.

I.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn d vine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings;

II.

Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A sultan, or a czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns 'm from afar;

III.

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit ev'ry humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

IV.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

V.

Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will;
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.

VI.

Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign, and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

The Infinite.

I.

SOME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.

II.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

III.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

IV.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

V.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

VI.

Reason may grasp the massy hills
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

VII.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

Confession and Pardon.

I.

ALAS, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumbering eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.

III.

My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

IV.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

V.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries!

VI.

He offers all his grace,
And all his heav'n to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

VII.

Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

VIII.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood?

IX.

The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

X.

Lord, I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

XII.

Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

XIII.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face!
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

XV.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie;
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

'Rise,' says the Prince of mercy, 'rise,
'With joy and pity in his eyes:
'Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
'Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

XVII.

'See my great Father reconcil'd:'
He said. And lo, the Father smil'd;
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

Young Men and Maidens, old Men and Babes, praise ye the Lord, Psalm cxlviii. 12.

I.

SONS of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And weilds your active limbs, with hardy sinews strung;
Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend;
Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
But choose your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes short.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And shoot delicious danger thence:
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense;
Boast not of those with'ring charms
That must yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the Author of your smiling face;
That heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours;
O make it your perpetual care
To please that everlasting Fair;
His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

III.

Infants, whose different destinies
Are wove with threads of different size;
But from the same spring-tide of tears,
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years:
Break your first silence in his praise
Who wrought your wondrous frame:
With sounds of tenderest accent raise
Young honours to his name;
And consecrate your early days
To know the pow'r supreme:

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Thro' flow'ry fields a fair long summer's day;
Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign pow'r
That set your west so distant from your dawning hour.

Flying Fowl, and creeping Things, praise ye the Lord.

Psalm cxlviii. 10.

I.

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamel'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the sky;
Whose charming notes address the spring
With an artless harmony.
Lovely minstrels of the field,
Who in leafy shadows sit,
And your wondrous structures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To nature's God your first devotions pay,
E'er you salute the rising day,
'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back
Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make:
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire;
In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold:
That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

III.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various die;
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms.

The Comparison and Complaint.

I.

INFINITE power, eternal Lord,
How sov'reign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

II.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

III.

But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

IV.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thine awful will;
And ev'ry beast and ev'ry tree,
Thy great designs fulfil:

V.

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
And flesh and sense, inslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

VI.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

VII.

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

VIII.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand:
Here all my pow'rs I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

IX.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

X.

Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter thro' the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

God Supreme, and Self-sufficient.

I.

WHAT is our God, or what his name
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

II.

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall?
They are too dark, and he too bright.
Nothing are they, and God is all.

III.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

IV.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

V.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

VI.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Jesus the only Saviour.

I.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgrest; and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

II.

Call a bright council in the skies;
'Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
'Say, what expedient can you give,
'That sin be damn'd, and sinners live?

III.

'Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
'The weighty vengeance of a God?
'Which of you loves our wretched race,
'Or dares to venture in our place?'

IV.

In vain we ask; for all around
Stands silence thro' the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

V.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

VI.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose: The law could ask no more.

VII.

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

VIII.

See, how they bend! See, how they look!
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And studied dark degrees in vain,
The cross and Calvary makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Nor clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
'The wisdom of a Deity!'

X.

Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd;
And say, dear conqueror, say, how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

XII.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

XIII.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

Looking upward.

I.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.

II.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

III.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

IV.

Vain world, farewell to you;
Heav'n is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

V.

I feel my powers release
From their old fleshy clod;
Fair Guardian, bear me up in haste
And set me near my God.

Christ dying, rising and reigning.

I.

HE dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings. Deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

II.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear bosom of your God,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

III.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

IV.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

V.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

VI.

Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King!
'Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's his sting?
'And where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

The God of Thunder.

I.

O THE immense, the amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

II.

He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

III.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

IV.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.

V.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

VI.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

The Day of Judgment,

AN ODE,

Attempted in English Sapphic.

I.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

III.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

IV.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em!

V.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

VIII.

Stop here, my fancy: (All away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

IX.

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

The Song of Angels above.

I.

EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my thoughts I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes.
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

III.

There the dear Man, my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

IV.

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immoral sound.

V.

Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus my love they sing,
Jesus the name of both our joys
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

VI.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

VII.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul.
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

IX.

O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wondrous things he said!
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did.

XI.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

XII.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye;
He spoke, and at the sov'reign sound
The hellish legions fly.

XIII.

Thus while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Thro' all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love.

XIV.

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprize;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

XV.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord.

XVII.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

XVIII.

In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

XX.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies!

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

XXII.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, praise ye the Lord.

I.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life and food;
Our house, our parent and our nurse;
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around:
(And flow'ry carpets spread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!
While thy unweildy weight rests on the feeble air,
Bless that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds
thee there.

II.

Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
Whose glorious rage, at his command,
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base:

Ye heav'nly flames, that singe the air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his sounding quivers bear
To scatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the sov'reign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings.

III.

Thou vital element, the air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble man from the cold arms of death:
And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply;
Sweet waters, wand'ring thro' the flow'ry fields,
Or dropping from the sky;
Confess the Pow'r whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our frame.

IV.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry sea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailor's hopes away.
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves:
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand;
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

V.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word by secret springs
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe:
Old nothing knew his pow'rful hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and sea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all;
And still they dance, and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

The Farewell.

I.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf my ears.

II.

Here I renounce my carnate taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

III.

All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

IV.

Be gone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

V.

Come heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

God only known to Himself.

I.

STAND and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our sight
Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

II.

Thus sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great Everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

III.

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

IV.

You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought by you?

V.

How flat your highest praises fall
Below the immense Original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!

VI.

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

Pardon and Sanctification.

I.

MY crimes awake; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

II.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

III.
Where shall I hide this noxious head;
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

IV.
Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.

V.
Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

VI.
I bless that wondrous purple stream
That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If sin the tyrant reign.

VII.
Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

I.
THE Lord! how fearful is his name?
How wide is his command?
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

II.
Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

III.
A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

IV.
Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all,
And pities mortal worms.

V.
His bowels, to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, love.

VI.
Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still.

VII.
No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

The Law and Gospel.

I.
'CURST be the man, for ever curst,
'That doth one wilful sin commit;
'Death and damnation for the first,
'Without relief and infinite.'

II.
Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.

III.
'Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
'Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
'And life, and joys, and crowns above,
'Dear purchas'd by a bleeding God.'

IV.
Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) Forgive;
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, 'Father, let the rebels live.'

V.
Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

VI.
But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine Calm in a restless World.

O Mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice, &c.
Casimire, book iii. od 28.

I.
ETERNAL mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares,
Afford a smile to thee?

II.
Thou scatterest honours, crowns and gold;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore:
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

III.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

IV.

Earth's but an atom: Greedy swords
Carve it amongst a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

Happy Frailty.

I.

'HOW meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
'How vile these bodies are!
'Why was a clod of earth design'd
'T' inclose a heav'nly star?

II.

'Weak cottage where our souls reside!
'This flesh a tott'ring wall;
'With frightful breaches gaping wide
'The building bends to fall.

III.

'All round it storms of trouble blow,
'And waves of sorrow roll;
'Cold waves and winter's storms beat through,
'And pain the tenant soul.

IV.

'Alas! how frail our state!' said I;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

V.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd heav'n her home,
And she a pris'ner here.

VI.

Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

VII.

'How weak the pris'n is where I dwell!
'Flesh but a tott'ring wall
'The breaches cheerfully foretel,
'The house must shortly fall.

VIII.

'No more, my friends, shall I complain,
'Tho' all my heart-strings ache;
'Welcome disease, and ev'ry pain,
'That makes the cottage shake.

IX.

'Now let the tempest blow all round,
'Now swell the surges high,
'And beat this house of bondage down,
'To let the stranger fly.

X.

'I have a mansion built above
'By the eternal hand;
'And should the earth's old basis move,
'My heav'nly house must stand.

XI.

'Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
'(I long to see the God)
'And his immortal strength sustains
'The courts that cost him blood.'

XII.

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
'I come, my Lord, my love:'
Devotion breaks the prison walls,
And speeds my last remove.

Launching into Eternity.

IT was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: She smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees, the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies:
Now vast eternity fills all her sight!
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

I.

HOW long shall death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

II.
When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

III.
Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

IV.
Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

V.
I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around:
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

VI.
I hear the voice, 'Ye dead arise,'
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

VII.
They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

VIII.
O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right-hand
Is infinite delight.

IX.
How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

Ad dominum nostrum & servatorem
Jesum Christum.

ODA.

I.
TE, grande numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
Vox, Citharæ, calami sonabunt.

II.
Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores averni,
Victum erebum, domitamque mortem.

III.
Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum patris in sinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus;

IV.
Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros nepotes:

V.
Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes & ensem, telaque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa monstra.

VI.
Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensêre flammas, omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

VII.
'Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
'Hosti triumphos: quid patris & labor
'Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
'Funditus? O prius astra cæcis.

VIII.
'Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos:
'Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
'Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
'Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

IX.
'Testor paternum numen, & hoc caput
'Æquale testor, dixit:' & ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desiliitque ruens olympo.

X.
Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

XI.
Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonantis iræ! O lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

XII.
Non pœna lenis! quò ruens impotens!
Quò musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

XIII.
Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

XIV.
Sensêre numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum

XV.

Latè refugit. ‘ Nil agis impie,
‘ Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
‘ Hoc findet undas fulmen, inquit,’
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

XVI.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites ceciderc cœlo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Heîc strata passim vincula, & heîc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

XX.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans olympi!

XXI.

Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

Sui-ipsius Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ;
Quid cupis indignum, mens, habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit
Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit; auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra
Tramitem, & aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dux: & tibi subjicit alas
Stellatas seraphîn officiosa cohors.
Te superûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,
‘ Huc ades & nostro tempora conde sinû.’
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
Inde, nec alliciunt angelus, astra, deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cœlum versus.

1694.

HEU quod sêcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattsi? quid refugis limen & exitum?
Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria
Magni patris anhelitat?
Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
Circum corda volant & dolor, & metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas insidias struit.
Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
Surgunt: Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè Christus abest, inter & angelos
Et picta astra perambulans.
*Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur.
Iracunda tonans fulmina: Te Deus
Hortatur; Vacuum tende per Aera
Pennas nunc homini datas.

* Vide Horat. lib. i. od. 3.

Breathing toward the heavenly Country.

Casimire, book i. od. 19. Imitated.

Urit me Patriæ Decor, &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart thro' with a silver ray,
Upward my heart aspires:
A thousand lamps of golden light
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires,
O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk the ethereal round?
For ever see the mourner lie
An exile of the sky,
A pris'ner of the ground?
Descend some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb;
A grassy turf will raise my head;
The neighbouring lilies dress my bed;
And shed a cheap perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death,
My soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own.

Casimiri Epigramma 100.

In Sanctum Ardalionem, qui ex Mimo Christianus factus, Martyrium passus est.

ARDALIO sacros deridet carmine ritus,
Festaque non æquâ voce theatra quatit,
Audiit Omnipotens; ‘ Non est opus, inquit, hiulco
‘ Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum.’
Deserit illa polos, & descrit iste theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in ense caput.
‘ Sic, sic, inquit, abit nostræ comœdia vitæ;
‘ Terra vale, cœlum plaude, tyranne feri.’

Englished.

On Saint Ardalio, who from a Stage-player became a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

II.

Heaven heard, and straight around the smoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; ‘ There's no need of you;
‘ Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue.’

IV.

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks;

V.

‘ So goes the comedy of life away;
‘ Vain earth, adieu; heaven will applaud to-day;
‘ Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play.’

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demolished by the French King's Order, the Protestants laid the Stones up in their Burying-place, wherein a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

Englished thus:

A HUG'NOT church, once at Montpelier built,
Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt;
Too long it stood beneath heav'n's angry frown,
Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather, and heap them on their father's tomb.
Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head:
And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid,
Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead.

The Answer, by a French Protestant.

Englished thus:

A CHRISTIAN church once at Montpelier stood,
And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God.
It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead father's bones;
The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

Two happy Rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

I.

WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindaric song:
Here she glows like burning noon
In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas:
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong,
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the muse: Lo, she disdains
The links and chains,
Measures and rules of vulgar strains,
And o'er the laws of harmony a sovereign queen she reigns.

II.

If she roves
By streams or groves
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Thro' love's, or nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations slain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore,
My soul sits fast upon her wings,
And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple plain;
Still I attend her as she flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.

III.

But when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,
And heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, she knows the sign,
The muse ascends her heavenly car,
And climbs the steepy path, and means the throne divine.

Then she leaves my fluttering mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of distance far behind:
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise, ——Swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

IV.

O why is piety so weak,
And yet the muse so strong?
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heav'nly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray.
Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine from the sky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest muse can follow or obey.

V.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes;
Or is the vision true?
Behold Religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions vast and bright within my spacious view.
She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckens me away;
I feel mine airy powers loose from the cumbrous clay,
And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths and heights and depths unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere!
What heavens of joy, and light serene,
Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
Where nor the roving muse has been
That greater traveller!

VI.

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that sense can show,
To golden scenes, and flow'ry fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.

Now the swift transports of the mind
Leave the fluttering muse behind,
A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scatt'ring down the wind.
Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,
The rapture grows too strong:
The feeble pow'rs that nature gave
Faint, and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the gross organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,
And raise an equal song.

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly dedicated to Divine Love.*

The Hazard of loving the Creatures.

I.

WHERE'ER my flatt'ring passions rove
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath th' eternal fair.

II.

Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

III.

Nature has soft but pow'rful bands,
And reason she controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.

IV.

Thoughtless they act th' old serpent's part
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

V.

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

VI.

Dear Sov'reign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

* Different ages have their different airs and fashions of writing. It was much more the fashion of the age, when these poems were written, to treat of divine subjects in the style of Solomon's Song than it is at this day, which will afford some apology for the writer, in his youngest years.

Desiring to Love Christ.

I.

COME, let me love: Or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

II.

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

III.

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

IV.

Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies,
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

V.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God?

VI.

Again he lives; and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
'By these dear wounds,' says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

VII.

Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

The Heart given away.

I.

IF there are passions in my soul,
(And passions sure they be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jesus, all for thee.

II.

If love, that pleasing power, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

III.

Let the gay world, with treach'rous art,
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

IV.

I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast:
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

V.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

VI.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

VII.

He glides along my mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

SWEET muse, descend and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove;
Business, and noise, and day are fled,
And every care, but love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis shall infect the air,
With her unhallowed name.

III.

Jesus has all my powers possest,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sov'reign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

IV.

Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

V.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on ev'ry bough,
And bends the list'ning woods.

VI.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus dy'd for me.

VII.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That heav'n itself came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

The Fairest and the only Beloved.

I.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From ev'ry mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And languishing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-star.

II.

Whatever speaks the godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature sweet,
And worthy of my passion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise
And bloom upon his face;
A thousand arrows from his eyes
Shoot thro' my heart with dear surprise,
And guard around the place.

III.

All nature's art shall never cure
The heav'nly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's pow'r
To make another wound:
Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds she made,
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heav'n has join'd shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

IV.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatteries of the day
Would veil his image from my sight,
Or tempt my soul away;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets ev'ry dream
And knows not to depart:
The passion reigns
Thro' all my veins,
And floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

V.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love;
Here I confine my sense;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant-minutes pass;
Grant, thou everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Tho' life should for the vision pay;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

VI.

Thou art my Ocean, thou my God;
In thee the passions of the mind
With joys and freedom unconfin'd
Exult, and spread their pow'rs abroad,
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my heav'n, if thou remove;
I shall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;
Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee?

Mutual Love stronger than Death.

I.

NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell:
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

II.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

III.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath;
And thro' that heaven of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore and die.

The substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines were sent me by an esteemed Friend, Mr. *W. Nokes*, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A Sight of Christ.

ANGELS of light, your God and King surround,
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship; while his saints on earth,
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise.
My joyful heart, high leaping in my breast,
With transport cry'd, 'This is the Christ of God;'
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was
lost in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve, or name,
Tho' with contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine & presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his absence; and with strongest cries
Proclaim'd, 'Where Jesus is not, all is vain.'
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or seek him panting with extreme desire,
'Tis he alone can please my wond'ring soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Thro' his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there———
This sight I ne'er can lose, by it I live:
A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me; his flesh my food;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast, my vigorous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate
In perfect union of th' eternal mind.
With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the beginning and the end of all
I can discover; Christ the end of all,
And Christ the great beginning; he my head,
My God, my glory, and my all in all.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust
Crown'd with new honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting saints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious Word
Long hid behind the letter shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view; and there disclose
His Father's sacred works, and wondrous ways;
Then wisdom, righteousness and grace divine,
Thro' all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death and the tempter, and the man of sin
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,
Shall vex the saints no more: But perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever circling years maintain the blissful
state.

Love on a Cross, and a Throne.

I.

NOW let my faith grow strong, and rise
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

II.

See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his almighty Father's side.

III.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

IV.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

V.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish ev'ry foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

VI.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stampt as a seal upon my heart.

A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's-Supper.

In Imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

II.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

III.

Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

IV.

Whence flow these favours so divine!
Lord, why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

V.

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

VI.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

Converse with Christ.

I.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries made to fellow-worms:
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty stuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

II.

When he begins to tell his love,
Thro' ev'ry vein my passions move,
The captive of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

III.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

IV.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passions o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest balm it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath;
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song:
'How has the serpent lost his sting, and where's thy victory, death?'

VI.

But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense desire.

VII.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In ev'ry woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head sustains.

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of Amira's hair:
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my heart remove.

Grace shining and Nature fainting.

Sol. Song i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

I.

TELL me, fairest of thy kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve such cares as mine:
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the sky
The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

II.

Say, thou dear Sov'reign of my breast,
Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest:
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wand'ring all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray!
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-strings first began the tender sound:
Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His absence is perpetual smart,
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head;
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

V.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
T' endure the ecstasy;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward pow'rs sustain
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God again.

VI.

O why should beauty heav'nly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break;
Oh! why is love so strong, and nature's self so weak?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Amongst the happy tenants of the skies;
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, tho' I faint.
Send the great herald from the sky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more:
Then shall I gaze with strengthened sight
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

I.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

II.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

III.

While I am held in his embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

IV.

He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots thro' ev'ry part.

V.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

VI.

While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

VII.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

VIII.

Jesus, my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

The Absence of Christ.

I.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall shadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

II.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has inslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

III.

Jesus the spring of all that's bright,
The everlasting fair,
Heaven's ornament, and heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

IV.

But ah! how far above this grove
Does the bright charmer dwell?
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain, I feel.

V.

Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes;
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

VI.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the echo in her cell
That best repeats her name.

VII.

My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
'Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

Desiring his Descent to Earth.

I.

JESUS, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

II.

O! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes,
To meet the pleasures of his face.

III.

How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love in all their forms,
Should honour beauty so divine.

IV.

In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
The world in vain should bid me move,
In vain; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

V.

Then, mighty God, I'd sing and say,
'What empty names are crowns and kings!
'Amongst 'em give these worlds away,
'These little despicable things.'

VI.

I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heav'n as bright and high
In the blest vision of my God.

Ascending to him in Heaven.

I.

'TIS pure delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

II.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

III.

This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from ev'ry joyful string
Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.

IV.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

V.

Swift I ascend the heav'nly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

VI.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

The Presence of God worth dying for; or, the Death of Moses.

I.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

II.

This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heav'n repeats the song.

III.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

IV.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

V.

Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things:
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

VI.

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wondrous prophet try'd;
'Climb up the mount.' says God, 'and die,'
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

VIII.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

Long for his Return.

I.

O 'TWAS a mournful parting day!
'Farewell, my spouse,' he said;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
How long my love hath stay'd!)

II.

Farewell; at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's sky:
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

III.

Round the creation wild I rove,
And search the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

IV.

My passions fly to seek their King,
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an absent God:

V.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
My soul dissolves away;
Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

Hope in Darkness.

1694.

I.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face;
What tho' a short eclipse his beauties shroud
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud:
He is my Sun tho' he refuse to shine,
Tho' for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light arise
I'll spring a thought away to God;
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shoot a thousand groans and sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

II.

Dear Sov'reign, hear thy servant pray,
Bend the blue heav'ns, eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
Or shall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious Brightness, thro' the gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
But thou, my Sun, and thou, my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimm'ring ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone
When wondrous pow'r and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face:
Our spirits raptur'd with the sight
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
From my descending God:
I was regal'd with heav'nly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While mine Emanuel was there:
And o'er my head
The conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

III.

Then why my heart sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Thro' the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

Come, Lord Jesus.

I.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

II.

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

III.

Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

IV.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come.

V.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent love, thou dear unknown,
Thou Fairest of ten thousand fairs.

VI.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And ev'ry limb, and ev'ry joint,
Stretches for immortality.

VII.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

VIII.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

IX.

O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves and tears the ground.

X.

Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let ev'ry sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

XI.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of numb'rous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

XII.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

I.

I LOVE the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

II.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place
And tempt me off before his face.

III.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

IV.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

V.

Oft I am told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

VI.

Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the muse shares the larger part.

VII.

False confident! and falser breast!
Fickle, and fond of ev'ry guest:
Each airy image as it flies,
Here finds admittance thro' my eyes.

VIII.

This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

IX.

Look gently down, almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

X.

Say, when shall thy bright moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more?

Forsaken, yet hoping.

I.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

II.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly guest.

III.

And now he's gone, O mighty woe!
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him so,
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.

IV.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue;
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring:
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

V.

But ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for thee, my God, for thee.

VI.

Yet let my hope look thro' my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot thro' the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

VII.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

VIII.

There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

God exalted above all Praise.

I.

ETERNAL pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

II.

The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

III.

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

IV.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
'The Great, the Holy, and the High!'

V.

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

VI.

God is in heav'n, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Tibi silet laus, O Deus, Psalm lxv. 1.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOUR AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands; nor complains: while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands
Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilst in various forms
Fair piety shines thro' the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles*
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy counsels, and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.

* The established church of England.

There at a humble distance from the throne†
Beauteous she lies: Her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade:
Cheerful and pleas'd she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear Sov'reign, endless vows arise,
And zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety: Here a solemn form‡
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wishes: There the mind‖
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes: Yet still beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows.

Princess, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy:§
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears
And speeds his flight; not overtakes his fears,
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet.
Mad zeal and frenzy, with their murderous train,
Flee these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,

† The protestant dissenters.
‡ The established church of England.
‖ The protestant dissenters.
§ The pretender.

Nor there unsung; for by thine awful hands
Heav'n rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferior kings,* and gives 'em their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But oh! the parting stroke! some heavenly pow'r
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged bear,
Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the southern sphere.

Note, This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late Queen, when she had broke the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present Emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the protestant dissenters.—Thus she appeared the chief support of the Reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages; and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retractation.

August 1, 1721.

* She made Charles the emperor's second son king of Spain, who is now emperor of Germany.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in fate's eternal book,)
And the deep characters mistook.

George is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendors beaming far;
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence sooths the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1, 1721.

TO JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

Retired from Business.

I.

ANGELS are made of heav'nly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows.
But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are a-kin to ethereal forms,
But they bely their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

II.

He that has treasures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind.
Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.

(NOW LORD BARRINGTON.)

On Mr. Locke's dangerous Sickness, some time after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

June, 1704.

I.

AND must the man of wondrous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
Forsake our longing eyes?
Reason at length submits to wear
The wings of faith; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her Prophet to the skies.

II.

Go, friend, and wait the Prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his Son.

III.

Thus when our follies, or our fau'ts,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise:
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true* interest in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

* The Interest of England, written by I. S. Esq.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

Friendship.

1702.

I.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

II.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

III.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

IV.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passion eling so fast,
When ev'ry joy is gone?

V.

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And must be join'd again.

TO NATHANIEL GOULD, ESQ.

(NOW SIR NATHANIEL GOULD.)

1704.

I.

'TIS not by splendor, or by state,
Exalted mien, or lofty gate,
My muse takes measure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds inslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have ingrost
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The sounding names of High and Great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

II.

When Gould commands his ships to run
And search the traffic of the sea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the western mines away,
Or richer spices from the rising sun:
While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout, and pronounce him senator,*
Yet still the man's the same:
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy fame.

III.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean control
Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up thro' the skies;
Farewell this barren land:
We ken the heav'nly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirits lies,
And beck'ning angels stand.

* Member of parliament for a port in Sussex.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

The Life of Souls.

1704.

I.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when first
The vital bellows heave:
Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
And when a mother's care has nurst
The babe to manly size, we must
With usury pay the grave.

II.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame:
And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,
Torn from the Indian shore.
Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson, with his awful power,
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,
And drugs, and receipes, and forms,
Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
A despicable prey;
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on heav'n alone;
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to be.

IV.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vig'rous immortality.

Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not a-kin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heav'n shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

False Greatness.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

III.

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Crœsus himself can never know
His true dimensions, and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

TO SARISSA.

An Epistle.

BEAR up, Sarissa, thro' the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world: Tread down the cares
Those ragged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the muse,
She sings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briers grow:
We travel thro' a desert, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: The twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: Then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns,
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: The sailors safe
Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fate's immortal *now* divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period: O celestial point
That ends this mortal story!

But if a glimpse of light with flatt'ring ray
Breaks thro' the clouds of life, or wand'ring fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor; faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: The just delight
That heav'n indulges lawful, must obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope

To dang'rous size: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart: Still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heav'nly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the bough;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent;
Hold fast the golden* chain let down from heav'n,
'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring: Happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas wisdom's noblest work,
All join'd by pow'r divine, and every link is love.

* The Gospel.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

Paradise.

1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the stage,
Nor will I know th' applauses of the age;
Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge thro' all the race.

II.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,
And waves his golden rod:
'Angel, I come; lead on the way:'
And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft thro' azure seas,
Now tread the milky road:
Farewell, ye planets, in your spheres;
And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.
In haste for Paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light and all th' ethereal waste,
And to the sacred borders brought;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

III.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul, and view th' amazing scenes;
Sit fast upon the flying muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here: here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light;
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleasure thro' all thy bosom reign;
The laws forbid the stranger, pain,
And banish every care.

IV.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise;
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from ev'ry root;
Here may thy greedy senses feast
While ecstasy and health attend on every taste.
With the fair prospect charm'd I stood;
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuse salvation from the silver flood,
Nor can excess be there.

V.

In sacred order rang'd along
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal song.
Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,
And, like the trumpet, strong.
Divine attention held my soul,
I was all ear!
Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll.
I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there;
'Could he but hear these notes,' I said,
'His tuneful soul wou'd never bear
'The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
'But burst the vital cords to reach the happy dead.'

VI.

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
Again my soul th' unequal honour sought,
Again her utmost force she brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy thought.
Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour strain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright vision, and dissolv'd the dream;

I sunk at once and lost the skies:
In vain I sought the scenes of light
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em stood my curtains and the night.

Strict Religion very rare.

I.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

II.

'Are these the things,' my passion cry'd,
'That we call men? Are these ally'd
'To the fair worlds of light?
'They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
'Grav'n on their minds with pointed flame
'In strokes divinely bright.

III.

'Wretches! they hate their native skies;
'If an ethereal thought arise,
'Or spark of virtue shine,
'With cruel force they damp its plumes,
'Choak the young fire with sensual fumes,
'With business, lust or wine.

IV.

'Lo! how they throng with panting breath
'The broad descending road
'That leads unerring down to death,
'Nor miss the dark abode.'
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

V.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star,
Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go;
They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care
But not their love below.
On heav'n their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and thro' the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the road a seraph flew,
'Mark,' said he, 'that happy pair,
'Marriage helps devotion there:
'When kindred minds their God pursue
'They break with double vigour thro'
'The dull incumbent air.'
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
My soul adores and sings,
'Blest be the pow'r that springs their flight,
'That streaks their path with heav'nly light,
'That turns their love to sacrifice,
'And joins their zeal for wings.'

TO MR. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

I.

FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a standard bold and just
Honour and gold and paint and dust;
How vile the last is and as vain the first?
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought?
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

II.

The soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mouldring corpse, and leaves the globe behind.
In limbs of clay tho' she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The flesh is but the soul's disguise,
There's nothing in her frame 'kin to the dress she wears:
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

III.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on.
Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,
When this immortal mind
Stript of the body's coarse array
To endless pain, or endless joy
Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the past,
None but the present is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun,
See the white minutes wing'd with haste;
The *now* that flies may be the last;
Seize the salvation ere 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone:

A thought's delay is ruin here,
A closing eye, a gasping breath
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

Casimir. lib. ii. od. 2. Imitated.

Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

I.

MARK how it snows! how fast the valley fills!
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm sun-beams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

II.

But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver-frost, there's no returning sun;
Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys are gone.

III.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

IV.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down;
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

V.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heav'nly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

VI.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day:
Thus, Blackbourn, we should leave our names our heirs;
Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

True Monarchy.

1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Streteh his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor; but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes heav'n its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone.
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom: Sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

True Courage.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous muse, and sit amongst the stars!
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,

Amongst these dying elods, and bears her state
Just to herself: How nobly she maintains
Her charaeter, superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom storms eould never make
Meanly eomplain; nor ean a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: He hath no desire
To read his seeret fate; yet uneoncern'd
And ealm eould meet his unborn destiny,
In all its eharming, or its frightful shapes.

He that unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere eourageous silenee, and eome off
Conqueror: For the man that well eoneeals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears 'em well.

He, tho' th' Atlantie and the Midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And elouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Seeure of his best life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty eastle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of ereation; (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds;) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his elosing lids,
To reaeh his birth-plaee, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst its native rubbish; whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heav'n, th' unruinable sky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword, that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy brine
With steady prow; know, we shall onee arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss,
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spaeious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin eock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless on th' immortal eoast,
Sinee all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

TO THE MUCH HONOURED

MR. THOMAS ROWE,

THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTHFUL STUDIES.

Free Philosophy.

I.

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the sehools,
In magic ehains of forms and rules!
My genius storms her throne:
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull traek, nor danee the round;
Loose hands, and quit th' inehanted ground:
Knowledge invites us eaeh alone.

II.

I hate these shaekles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be eonfin'd,
And led, like Sampson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influenee, Rowe,
Thy gentle influenee like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And ehoose the ehannels where they run.

III.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind
Will thro' all nature fly:
But who ean drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls?
A genius whieh no ehain eontrols
Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the eentre thro' the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

TO THE REV. MR. BENONI ROWE.

The Way of the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the erowd our guide
Thro' life's uneertain road,
Mean is the ehase; and wandering wide
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts eould be eonfin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same:
Drest in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reason never leads the dance;
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd,
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet,
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
Have e'er a passage worn.

III.

Mere hazard first began the track,
Where custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But hand in hand ourselves we bind
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the mischief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let * Ithuriel's friendly wiug
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
Bless the delivering power.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

I.

GREAT man, permit the muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul:
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain!

II.

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good;
Thus like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy;
How they disclaim their heav'nly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

III.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng:
'Knowledge and love make spirits blest,
'Knowledge their food, and love their rest;'
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grov'ling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind
In restless windings roam;
Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heav'n at home.

The Disappointment and Relief.

I.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better pow'rs:
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If, where no sov'reign cure appears,
No opiates could be found.

II.

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the flood:

Then fond to be entirely blest,
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud:
Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
Of pain to teize the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliss that charm'd her sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost;
A spark, or glimm'ring streak at most
Shines here and there, amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

III.

Recover'd from the sad surprise,
Doris awakes at last,
Grown by the disappointment wise;
And manages with art th' unlucky cast;
When the lowring frown she spies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her sov'reign beauty bow;
Cheerful she smiles upon the grizly form;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm.
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book or friend,
Beguiles th' uneasy hours:
Well-colouring ev'ry cross she meets,
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strews her bed with flow'rs.

The Hero's School of Morality.

THERON, amongst his travels, found,
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward, as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet, ere he past, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out, Sci-pi-o.

'Enough,' he cry'd, 'I'll drudge no more
'In tuning the dull Stoics o'er:
'Let pedants waste their hours of ease
'To sweat all night at Socrates;
'And feed their boys with notes and rules
'Those tedious receipes of schools,
'To cure ambition: I can learn
'With greater ease the great concern
'Of mortals; how we may despise
'All the gay things below the skies.

'Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
'Says all that the old sages said;
'For me these shatter'd tombs contain
'More morals than the Vatican.
'The dust of heroes cast abroad,
'And kick'd and trampled in the road,
'The relics of a lofty mind,
'That lately wars and crowns design'd,
'Tost for a jest from wind to wind,
'Bid me be humble, and forbear
'Tall monuments of fame to rear,
'They are but castles in the air.
'The tow'ring heights, and frightful falls,
'The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
'Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
'Tell me a thousand mournful things
'In melancholy silence————
'————————————He
'That living could not bear to see
'An equal, now lies torn and dead;
'Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
'Great Pompey! while I meditate,
'With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
'Thy carcase, scatter'd on the shore
'Without a name, instructs me more
'Than my whole library before.

'Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
'And my good Seneca may keep
'Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
'I have no further use for you:
'For when I feel my virtue fail,
'And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
'I'll take a turn among the tombs,
'And see whereto all glory comes:
'There the vile foot of every clown
'Tramples the sons of honour down.
'Beggars with awful ashes sport,
'And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.'

Freedom.

1697.

I.

TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
With the gay slaveries of a court:
I've an aversion to those charms,
And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vassal-souls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compose his state;
Move as he moves: And when he loiters, stand;
You're but the shadows of a man.
Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinence of sound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait till he smiles: But lo, the idol frown'd
And drove them to their fate.

II.

Thus base-born minds: But as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
My soul grows firm upright,

And as I stand, and as I go,
It keeps my body so;
No, I can never part with my creation right.
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which form'd it free.

III.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden rose a whirling wind
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind;
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And as the tempest fell th' obedient vapours sunk:
Again it roars with bellowing sound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the ground:
Hard by there stood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the storms defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's stroke.

On Mr. Locke's Annotations upon several Parts of the New Testament, left behind him at his Death.

I.

THUS reason learns by slow degrees,
What faith reveals; but still complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of those bright mysteries
Pour'd all at once on nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

II.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
Th' Almighty One, th' eternal Three,
Or bear the infant deity;
Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And drest in glories so unknown.
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
And heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

III.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
And lay her shining honours at thy sovereign feet.

IV.

Sister of faith, fair Charity,
Show me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he sees the godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest powers in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne.
'Forgive,' he cries, 'ye saints below,
'The wav'ring and the cold assent
'I gave to themes divinely true;
'Can you admit the blessed to repent?
'Eternal darkness veil the lines
'Of that unhappy book,
'Where glimmering reason with false lustre shines.
'Where the mere mortal pen mistook
'What the celestial meant!'*

* See Mr. Locke's Annotations on Rom. iii. 25. and Paraphrase on Rom. ix. 5. which has inclined some readers to doubt whether he believed the deity and satisfaction of Christ. Therefore in the fourth stanza I invoke Charity, that by her help I may find him out in heaven, since his Notes on 2 Cor. v. ult. and some other places, give me reason to believe he was no Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the gospel, and debased christianity, in the book which he calls the Reasonableness of it, and in some of his other works.

True Riches.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possest myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight-death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself awhole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd:
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth;

Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own.
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the wat'ry stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half-way o'er
In ten thousand days or more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store,
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muse.

I.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor * Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor † Purcell notes to sing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulphing sand,
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

III.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundless deep.
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of scull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars behind.
Give me the muse whose gen'rous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the cities' iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells: The mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our souls along.
Behold his muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of Chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Thro' fields of heav'nly war, and seraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led:
Sov'reign she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled sound to climb.
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrival'd strains.

* A French critic. † An English master of music.

VI.

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All heav'n sits silent, while to his sov'reign strings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Across the golden lyre:
From ev'ry note devotion springs.
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the list'ning choir.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

I.

'TWAS in a vale where osiers grow
By murm'ring streams we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares:
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews arise,
And drop alternate tears.

II.

The vigorous monarch of the day
Now mounting half his morning way
Shone with a fainter bright:
Still sick'ning, and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels;
Nature grew sad to lose the day
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

IV.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our dark'ned souls behind:
In the young morning of our years
Distempering fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And choke the lab'ring mind.

V.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New bright'ning all the skies:
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suns arise?

VI.

In vain are potent herbs apply'd
Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkness fly;
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
When fainting in the sky.

VII.

Some friendly spirit from above,
Born of the light, and nurst with love,
Assist our feebler fires;
Force these invading glooms away;
Souls should be seen quite thro' their clay,
Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,
Release the pris'ner-mind:
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The Afflictions of a Friend.

1702.

I.

NOW let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb:
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
They leave my own no room.

II.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

III.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
And all the soul invades:
So the broad gloom of spreading night
Devours the evening shades.

IV.

Thus am I born to be unblest!
This sympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breast
T' admit a foreign foe.

V.

Sorrows in long succession reign;
Their iron rod I feel:
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the pris'ner still.

VI.

Why was this life for misery made?
Or why drawn out so long?
Is there no room amongst the dead?
Or is a wretch too young?

VII.

Move faster on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling pow'rs,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undistinguish'd hours.

VIII.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave:
Darkness, and death, make haste at once
To hide me in the grave.

The Reverse; or, the Comforts of a Friend.

I.

THUS nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
Till grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
And smiling, thus she said:

II.

'Were kindred spirits born for cares?
'Must ev'ry grief be mine?
'Is there a sympathy in tears,
'Yet joys refuse to join?'

III.

Forbid it, heav'n, and raise my love,
And make our joys the same:
So bliss and friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

IV.

Sorrows are lost in vast delight
That brightens all the soul;
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

V.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my pow'rs employ:
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

VI.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

VII.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away, my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

VIII.

Rise glorious, every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well-distinguish'd rays.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD CUTS,

At the Siege of Namur.

The Hardy Soldier.

I.

'O WHY is man so thoughtless grown?
'Why guilty souls in haste to die?
'Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown,
'Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

II.

'Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
'Why will ye join such wide extremes,
'And stake immortal souls, in play
'At desp'rate chance, and bloody games!

III.

'Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
'Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
'Calmly she meets the deadly shot,
'Secure of life above the stars.

IV.

'But frenzy dares eternal fate,
'And spurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
'Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
'And force a passage to the flames.'

V.

Thus hov'ring o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heav'nly love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraso left the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

VI.

Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls:
'Vows are but wind,' the hero cries;
Then swears by heav'n, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs and dies.

Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c.

1708.

I.

I JUDGE the muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with an heav'nly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence and fire, and ugly raging sin.

II.

Die, Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her shade.

III.

* Strephon, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)
As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
'Burn, burn,' he cry'd with sacred rage,
'Hell is the due of ev'ry page,

* Earl of Rochester.

'Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven!
'So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiv'n!)
'Burn on my songs: For not the silver Thames
'Nor Tiber with his yellow streams
'In endless currents rolling to the main,
'Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the stain.'
So Moses by divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand,
When deep the fatal spot was grown,
'Break down the timber, and dig up the stone.'

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

Against Tears.

I.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away;
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

II.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sov'reign drop for all my pain.

III.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

IV.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

V.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miseries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

VI.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

VII.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe:
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few Happy Matches.

August, 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flame; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

V.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd, just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heav'nly consorts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

VII.

Nor can the soft inchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

December, 1702.

An Epistle.

I.

LET useless souls to woods retreat;
Polhill should leave a country-seat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent*, nor Sussex*, should have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

III.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a † base-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your sword!

IV.

Factions amongst the ‡ Britons rise,
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, ' 'Tis of divincr weight,
' To save the steeple, than the state.'

VI.

The § bold machine is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandsire shades with jealous eye
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

VIII.

If ‖ Trevia fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At least ¶ petition for the land.

* His country-seat and dwelling.
† The pretender, proclaim'd king in France.
‡ The parliament.
§ The bill against occasional conformity, 1702.
‖ Mrs. Polhill, of the family of the Lord Trevor.
¶ Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish petition to the parliament, in the reign of King William, to hasten their supplies, in order to support the king in his war with France.

The celebrated Victory of the Poles over Osman, the Turkish Emperor, in the Dacian Battle.

Translated from Casimire, b. iv. od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy and the strong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muse
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he resum'd the toil: And fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets, and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear, and breathes; yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead
Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,
I was their captive, and remind their dress:)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In august port, and regular array,
Led on to conquest: Here the Turkish chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears; when polish'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun
Restoring all his beams! but frowning war
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd awhile
By wise command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And scymiter and sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds

Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hissing death: With adverse edge
The crooked fauchions met; and hideous noise
From clashing shields, thro' the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
Roar diverse: And in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold North, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous crash, rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless, plunging in the subject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills,
Such was the noise of war: The troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame and blood,
And sweat and dust array the broad campaign
In horror: Hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the flight; and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal, as the iron arms of death.
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift t' obey; bold feats of arms
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more surprising brightness
Than glittering helms or spears. What loud applause
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly thro' the battle ring!
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more num'rous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, tho' with lesser wings.

But what the Dahees or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cicilians seaping from the slaughter,
Or Parthian beasts, with all their raeing riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging thro' the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep,
Precipitant, and bears along the stream,
Rocks, woods and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussian smoking from afar
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!
What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder, and an equal storm,
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,
And rush on the sharp point; while baleful mischiefs,
Deaths, and bright dangers flew across the field
Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murmuring thro' their wounds. I stood aloof,
For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish moons
Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse
Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons: At length disrob'd
The standards fell; the barbarous ensigns torn
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heav'n:
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built size prevails: 'Tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single ax,
And steel well-sharpened: So a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty chiefs
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night.
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: For at their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood; to the Warsovian troops
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen poll-ax flew
With speedy terror thro' the feebler herd,

And made rude havock and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand different ways
Thro' brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy mountains
Bellowing; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe; till the last relics of the war
The thin Edonians, flying had disclos'd
The ghastly plain: I took a nearer view.
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay welt'ring on the ground; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
All taste of pain! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years, and scars, and groans aloud
Torn with fresh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of nature, to sustain
Long torment: His wild eye-balls roll: His teeth
Gnashing with anguish, chide his lingering fate,
Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Amongst their neighbouring dead; they round their lord
Lay prostrate; some in flight ignobly slain,
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd
Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richest Ott'man blood
Extended on the field: In friendship join'd
Nor fate divides them: Hardy warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in showers of darts they fell
Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,
In vain: For on those orbs of friendly brass
Stood groves of javelins: Some, alas, too deep
Where planted there, and thro' their lovely bosoms
Made painful avenues for cruel death.
O my dear native land, forgive the tear
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compassion
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls
Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the blest. 'Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair
'Gently,' I cry'd, 'worthy of better fate,
'And better faith.' Hard by the general lay
Of Saracen descent, a grizly form
Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a surly brow
Louring in death, and vext; his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bite hard the Polish spear.
In that dead visage my remembrance reads
[illegible] Caracas: In vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the sultan threat'ning fierce
With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies,
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Insulting hopes! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

But whither am I borne? This thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls
What generous horse should hear. Break off, my song,
My barbarous muse be still: Immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening-star
Shines o'er the western hill: My oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer home.

TO MR. HENRY BENDISH.

August 24, 1705.

DEAR SIR,

THE following song was yours when first composed: The muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill matched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this Ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love: Persevere and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this Poem: Nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

The Indian Philosopher.

September 3, 1701.

I.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendish, 'tis strange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

II.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

III.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood
For sacred use design'd.

IV.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream:
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

V.

He sang—'Th' eternal rolling flame,
'That vital mass, that still the same
'Does all our minds compose:
'But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
'Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
'And jarring tempests rose.

VI.

'The mighty power that form'd the mind
'One mould for every two design'd,
'And bless the new-born pair:
'This be a match for this:' He said,
'Then down he sent the souls he made,
'To seek them bodies here:

VII.

'But parting from their warm abode
'They lost their fellows on the road,
'And never join'd their hands:
'Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
'Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
'On Europe's barbarous lands.

VIII.

'Happy the youth that finds the bride
'Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
'The sweetest joy of life:
'But oh the crowds of wretched souls
'Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
'And chain'd t' eternal strife!'

IX.

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
'Sure then,' I cry'd, 'might I but see
'That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
'I may be happy too.

X.

'Some courteous angel, tell me where,
'What distant lands this unknown fair,
'Or distant seas detain?
'Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
'I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
'And wear the joyful chain.'

The happy Man.

SERENE as light is Myron's soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In manly beauty shines his face;
Every muse, and every grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood scarce begun!
Behold his race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won!
Nor fame denies the merit, nor withholds the prize;
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's name.

'Airy bliss,' the hero cry'd,
'May feed the tympany of pride;
'But healthy souls were never found
'To live on emptiness and sound.'

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours
Gather'd from the Indian coast:
Not Danäe's lap could equal treasures boast,
When Jove came down in golden show'rs.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say,
'Bliss is not made of glitt'ring clay.'

Now pomp and grandeur court his head
With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread:
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards and chariots, at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait:
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they rise,
Watch every motion of their Lord,
Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
With swift ambition seize th' unfinish'd word,
And the command fulfil.

Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropt a tear, and pity'd kings:
Then flying from the noisy throng,
Seeks the diversion of a song.

Music descending on a silent cloud,
Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
By slow degrees from soft to loud
Changing she rose: The harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
'In crowds of pleasure still I find
'A painful solitude of mind.
'A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
'Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring snares,
'Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
'Ye unperforming promisers!
'Be all my baser passions dead,
'And base desires, by nature made
'For animals and boys:
'Man has a relish more refin'd,
'Souls are for social bliss design'd,
'Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
'A kindred soul to double and to share my joys.'

Myrrha appear'd: Serene her soul
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In softer beauties shone her face;
Every muse, and every grace,
Made her heart and tongue their seat,
Her heart profusely good; her tongue divinely sweet:
Myrrha, the wonder of his eyes;
His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
With joys unknown before:
His soul, dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
Enough!' th' impatient hero cries,
And seiz'd her to his breast,
'I seek no more below the skies,
'I give my slaves the rest.'

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

An Answer to an infamous Satire, called Advice to a Painter; *written by a nameless Author, against King William III. of glorious Memory*, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this satire into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage, employed in the defence of your king and country. And, since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND must the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? Must William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame;
Can your zeal sleep! Or are your passions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?
Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Appelles, from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Appelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
Fierce how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scatt'ring just vengeance thro' the red campaign.
Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror thro' the squadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock he stood
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.

Calmly he leaves the pleasure of a throne,
And his Maria weeping; whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own:
But heav'n secures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hov'ring angels; tho' they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

Now noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
Then imitate the glory; on the strand
Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint:
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow.
At his right-hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands———
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
And bless the piece; these statutes are your own,
That sway the cottage, and direct the throne;
People and prince are one in William's name.
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.

Let liberty, and right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heav'nly mien;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise
Dwell in his looks; majestic, but serene;
Sweet, with no fondness; cheerful but not vain:
Bright, without terror; great, without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example thro' the land:
Not so the former reigns;———
Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast to be exprest:
Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

NOW, muse, pursue the satirist again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,
In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law;
At one slight dash he cancels every name
From the white rolls of honesty and fame:
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and brave,
And with unpardonable malice sheds
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,
With silent influence shedding civil war;
Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,
And scatters hellish feuds the nation round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague, and then the pain describe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Pecling the subjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mothers bowels through.
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

To the Discontented and Unquiet.

Imitated partly from Casimire, book iv. ode 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety:
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloys:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed,
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a lodging in our breast;
She finds or frames vexations still.
Herself the greatest plague we feel,
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life

From peevish humours are not free;
Still we affect variety:
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old track; and still, and still
Rise red behind yon eastern hill,
And chides the moon that darts her light
Thro' the same easement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes:
Silvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit-saint!
She loaths her patches, pins and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But Humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: She's hurry'd still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will:
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
By purling streams, and silent groves,
Or with her furies, or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Silvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move; for she can dwell
In her old grandsire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home,
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
And mingle earth and seas, and skies,
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole,
Still she's at peace; for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shows,
And makes her home where'er she goes.
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from east to west
On the soft air; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

(NOW SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.)

Casimire, book i. ode 4. Imitated.

Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c.

July, 1700.

I.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say,
'Inglorious here he lies,'
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By ev'ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not:
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slipp'ry sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

III.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows!

IV.

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream,
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right-hand bestows,
Falsly her left conveys away,
And shuffles in our woes.
So have I seen a mother play,
And cheat her silly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

V.

Airy chance, and iron fate
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harnest hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive——
——down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half so fast, the galley flies
O'er the Venetian sea,
When sails, and oars, and lab'ring skies
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The rest lie still yet in their nest
And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire, book iv. ode 12. Imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight, and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heavens I rise.

II.

Yet they will urge, 'This private life
'Can never make you blest,
'And twenty doors are still at strife
'T' engage you for a guest.'
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T' employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

III.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

IV.

There's a day hast'ning, 'tis an awful day!
When the great Sov'reign shall at large review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
These he approves, and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I shall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

V.

I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath, and empty sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the wound;
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down Glory falls and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite concealed from Fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston, I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

VI.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of power;
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat,
While she withdraws from public praise
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil:
But if she once advance to light,
Her charms are lost in Envy's sight,
And Virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

(NOW SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.)

The Disdain.

1700.

I.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood and all thy heav'nly line
Look thro' the stars, and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beast,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

An Epistle.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following Poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth: But you will quickly discover, that the muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the social life. In the second, perhaps she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

The Mourning Piece.

LIFE's a long tragedy: This globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
Gay fields, and skies, and seas: The actors many:
The plot immense: A flight of dæmons sit
On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose;
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate. Lo she glides
Single thro' all the storm, and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. 'But, O my lov'd Marilla,
'My sister, once my friend,' Dianthe cries,
'How much art thou expos'd! Thy growing soul
'Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
'Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
'That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage:
'Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest pieces
'Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
'How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
'And soften every fibre to improve
'The mother's sad capacity of pain!
'I mourn Fidelio too; tho' heaven has chose
'A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
'The pride and flower: How blest the lovely pair,
'Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves
'And woes well-mingled could improve our bliss!
'Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
'The father and the husband; flatt'ring names,
'That spread his title, and enlarge his share
'Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
'To multiply his joys, but every hour
'Renews the disappointment and the smart.
'There not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
'Of his fair partner, or her infant train,
'(Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmost soul.
'Strange is thy pow'r, O love! What num'rous veins,
'And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
'Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,
'By strong but secret strings! With vain attempt
'We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
'To break the ties of nature and of blood;
'Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion
'Inviolably firm: Their thrilling motions
'Reciprocal give endless sympathy
'In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
'Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
'These avenues of love to reach our souls,
'And pain had never found 'em!'

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sat on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops

Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy: But thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds: They lodge too near the heart,
Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: The region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond enquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe: Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd death;
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' every vein. Speak, does the stranger-muse
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
Or has she fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd,
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendship and oblivion; lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in sad succession; while his soul
Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men? So parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: The widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood———

THE SECOND PART: OR,

The bright Vision.

THUS far the muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus she sang
Partial; for melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe: The pensive muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
In the fair world of love: But while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
United, bless'd, the cruel shade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of misery: Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss: Behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
Nor malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station,
To act thy part of life, serene and blest
With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership! One hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)
For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing muse new dresses the fair garden
Amid this desart world, with budding bliss,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties
Without one dang'rous tree; there heav'nly dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires: The spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and thro' the air diffus'd
Salute your waking senses with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalise the structure of your clay.
On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unsully'd, (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise

Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening-bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! Hark, thro' the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!
And the fair muse proclaims the heav'n below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men: Again returning
I see the ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny the affairs
Of heaven! (So Milton sings, enlight'ned bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high-favour'd.) Thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;
And with soft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve his sole auditress; and deep dispute
With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strow'd:
But high their conference! How self-suffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories; arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendors unsufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abasement deep they fall
Before his sovereign majesty, to pay
Due worship: Then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but sov'reign still;
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah: There the Son,
The filial godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to earth.
Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
A second father, studious to regain
Lost paradise for men, and purchase heav'n.

The Lovers with indearment mutual thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fix'd: She musing sat
On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
'She sang the Infant God; (mysterious theme)
'How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
'The ox and ass his mean companions; there
'Inhabit vile the shepherds flock around,
'Saluting the great mother, and adore
'Israel's anointed King, the appointed Heir
'Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
'Beneath his regal state; for thee, my Mitio,
'Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
'Minist'ring round their charge with folded wings
'Obsequious, tho' unseen; while lightsome hours
'Fulfill'd the day, and the gray evening rose.
'Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head
'Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
And with their fanning pinions purge the air
'From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
'And impure taint; while their ambrosial plumes
'A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
'Alternate hymns the heav'nly watchers sung
'Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
'And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
'Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
'Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
'Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
'Smiles in the east with eye-lids opening fair,
'But not so fair as thine; O I could fold thee,
'My young Almighty, my creator-babe,
'For ever in these arms! For ever dwell
'Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
'And every pulse should beat seraphic love!
'Around my seat should crowding cherubs come
'With swift ambition, zealous to attend
'Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the sky.'

'Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
'Of female-fondness, and forgive the man
'That interrupts such melting harmony!'
Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay just worship to the sacred King,
Jesus, the God; nor with devotion pure
Mix the caresses of her softer sex;
(Vain blandishment) 'Come, turn thine eyes aside
'From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful steep
'Of bloody Calvary, where naked scalls
'Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.
'Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
'Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
'Hard-burden'd? Can thy heart attend his cross?
'Nail'd to the cruel wood he groans, he dies,
'For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine
'(Horrible load!) the sinful Saviour groans,
'And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
'Adoring angels pry with bending head

'Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
'This infinite design. Here peace is made
'Twixt God the Sov'reign, and the rebel man:
'Here Satan overthrown with all his hosts
'In second ruin rages and despairs;
'Malice itself despairs. The captive prey
'Long held in slavery hopes a sweet release,
'And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive
'Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of death.'

The fair disciple heard; her passions move
Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
Refin'd devotion: While new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred Three
In heav'n; and seal'd on earth with God's own blood,
Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blest co-heirs
Celestial! Ye shall grow to manly age,
And spite of earth and hell, in season due
Possess the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they survey
The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: Riches divine
And honours which the Almighty Father God
Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
High-Treasurer of heaven. The Son bestows
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. 'Then, my Charissa, all is thine.'
'And thine, my Mitio,' the fair saint replies.
'Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
'And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
'And past, and present; for our interest stands
'Firm in our mystic bead, the title sure.
''Tis for our health and sweet refreshment (while
'We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful earth
'Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
'Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
'For us this cheerful sun and cheerful light
'Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
'Hangs, a rich canopy above our heads
'Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
'Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
'For us time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
'Her wheels in motion; and her fabric stands.
'Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight
'Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
'Awaits us, where the saints unbody'd live.
'Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin:
'Thither our hearts with most incessant wish
'Panting aspire; when shall that dearest hour
'Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
'Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home?'

O blest connubial state! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unsociated souls
Who seek their faithful twins! Your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer evenings. The vile sons of earth
Grov'ling in dust with all their noisy jars
Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions with unrival'd sway
Mutual and everlasting: Friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: There's not one thought
Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
But every passage open as the day
To one another's breast, and inmost mind.
Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely grow.

THE THIRD PART: OR,

The Account balanced.

I.

SHOULD sov'reign love before me stand,
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring muse relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t' express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign love,
Vastly out-weigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene,
Damon is half-divinely blest,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,
Without a jealous thought, or busy care between:
Then the sweet passions mix and share;
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstasy
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy,
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or sporting innocently at thy feet
Thy kindest thoughts engage:

Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

III.

But short is earthly bliss! The changing wind
Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
Relentless death sits close behind:
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans salutes his ears,
Thro' every vein the thrilling torments roll:
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.
The pleasing sense of love awhile
Mixt with the heart-ache may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes
Darkling and solitary waits the slow-returning light.

IV.

Here then let my ambition rest,
May I be moderately blest
When I the laws of love obey:
Let but my pleasure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and sink again,
And share just measures of alternate sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
On this dull stage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern bear
Submit to darkness half the year,
Since half the year is day.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

Just after Mr. Dryden. 1700.

An Epigram.

DRYDEN is dead, Dryden alone could sing
The full-grown glories of a future king.
Now Glo'ster dies: Thus lesser heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give;
And scarce survive the muse: But William stands,
Nor asks his honours from the poet's hands.
William shall shine without a Dryden's praise,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

AN EPIGRAM

OF

MARTIAL TO CIRINUS.

Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo ut mecum possis, &c.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH HORT.

NOW LORD BISHOP OF KILMORE IN IRELAND.

1694.

SO smooth your numbers, Friend, your verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest you decline the public stage,
To fix your friend alone amidst the applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
And leaves the Ode to dance upon his Flaccus strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Tho' his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could silence all the lyric quire.
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments will every friend bestow;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, wit.

EPISTOLA

Fratri suo dilecto R. W. I. W. *S. P. D.*

RURSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortassè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane est inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, & concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam crescat indies, & vigescat mutua charitas; faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat & defæcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cœleste illud & adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est.

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras) sufferre vices; sponsores obivit
Munia, & in sese Tabulæ maledicta Minacis
Transtulit, & sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet descrtus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula patris
Amplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, & sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * sagittas,
'Hæc, ait, iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum,
'Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis.'

Dixit, & horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli
Infensusque Deus; (quem jam posnisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta silet,) jam dissilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, & pœnarum thesauros mille cocreet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicatartus
†Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acriter, & somno languentem suscitat ‡ ensem:
'Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, & imbue sacro
'Flumine mucronem; vos hinc, mea spicula, latè
'Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,
'Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera pœnæ
'Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola Numen.
'Et tu sacra Decas Legum, violata tabella,
'Ebibe vindictam; vastâ satiabere cæde,
'Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
'Permistus Deitate cruor.'———

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, sævis avidus dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem scrutator, & ilia mordet;
Intereà servator § ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illustri ‖ perfusus membra cruore,
Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget patris honos, & non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miseros sontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cœlesta?

* Job iv. 6. † Luke xxii. 44. ‡ Zech. xiii. 7.
§ Col. ii. 15. ‖ Luke xxii. 24.

At subsidat phantasia, venescant imagines; nescio quo me propripuit amens musa: Volui quatuor linias pedibus astringere, & ecce! Numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læscrit, & audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata est ad me epistola indicans matrem meliusculé se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi & crescentes versus noluêre plura, & coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale, amice frater, & in studio pietatis & artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

Datum à musæo mco Londini xvto Calend. Feb. Anno salutis cIↃIↃ cxciii.

Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo.

September 30, 1691.

FELIX, pede prospero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cœrula
Pandas carbasa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, & liquidum chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; & zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævum boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

AD REVERENDUM VIRUM

Dm. JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adolescentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen.

1694.

I.

ET te, Pinorni, musa Trisantica
Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam
Graté fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates

Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aspera gressus
Non durâ duxisse manu.
Tuo patescunt lumine Thespii
Campi atque ad arcem Piëridôn iter:
En altus assurgens Homerus
Arma deosque virosque miscens
Occupat ætherеum Parnassi culmen: Homeri
Immensos stupeo manes———
Te, Maro, dulcè canens sylvas, te bella sonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ:
Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita thura lyræ.
Vobis, magna Trias† Clarissima nomina, semper,
Serinia nostra patent, & pectora nostra patebunt,
Quum mihi cuique levem concesserit otia & horam
Divina Mosis pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipse pudendas
Deponat veneres: Venias, sed * ' purus & insons
' Ut te collaudem, dum sordes & mala lustra'
Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisæ
Hâc lege accedant satyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longé cæcus abesset
Persius, obscurus vates, nisi lumina circumfusa
forent, Sphingisque ænigmata, Bonde scidisses.
Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
Ordine, & ambabus simul hos amplector in ulnis.
Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: Improba tinea
Obiit, nec audet sæva castas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Insulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi
Spureos Nasonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab arâ
En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jessiadæ salveto; potens sen Numinis iras
Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.
Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
Seu levi mensæ simul assidere
Dignabere, seu lecticæ
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos suadebis inire somnos,
Sacra sopitis superinferens oblivia curis,
Stet justà † Casimirus, huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulsit nec musa armavit alumnum
† Sarbivium rudiore lyrâ.
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
‡ Humana linquens (en sibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu forté virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatosve thronos & patrium Polum
Visurus consurgis ovans,
Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

IV.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida inealet
Musa, simul totus fervescere
Sentio, stellatas levis induor
Alas & tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter sidera radens vertice
Longè despecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sêcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miseras! Cano,
Et miseras nugas diademata!
Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Gestit & effrænis divinum offundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo———
——at vos heroes & arma
Et procul este dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! Aut vestris, Dionyse Thyrsis?
Et clava, & anguis, & leo, & Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris,
Abstate à carmine nostro.

V.

Te, Deus omnipotens! Te nostra sonabit Jesu
Musa, nec assueto cœlestes barbiton ausû
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numen &
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor; divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet.

Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano conamini; fragmen hoc rude licet & impolitum æqui boni consulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

* Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

† M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski poeta insignis Polonis.

‡ Ode V. Lib. 2.

Votum, seu Vita in terris beata.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Bartum.

1702.

I.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges
Quem mea musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter & ampliùs,
Et similes superis annos agit.
'Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.'
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
Se musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

II.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
(Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, vestra fulgor arenulæ
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

III.

O si daretur stamina proprii
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.
Longè à triumphis, & sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstate fasces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis——
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, & amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! & inane sacri
Nomen amici!

VI.

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watsianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO MRS. SINGER.

(NOW MRS. ROWE.)

On the Sight of some of her divine Poems, never printed.

July 19, 1706.

I.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath the evening sky
I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighb'ring shepherds knew the silver sound;
'Tis Philomela's voice,' the neighb'ring shepherds cry;
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My soul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal strings;
Now those immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heaven, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers with awe profound
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON

KING WILLIAM III.

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY,

Who died March the 8th, 1701-2.

I.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb,
Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

II.

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British isle,
Weeping commits her richest dust.

III.

Ye gentlest ministers of fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

IV.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand:
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

V.

Ye sister-arts of Paint and Verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

VI.

High o'er the grave Religion set
In solemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallowed feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

VII.

Fair Liberty in sables drest,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
'William, the scourge of tyrants past,
'And awe of princes yet unborn.'

VIII.

Sweet Peace his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
To bless the nations with the shade.

IX.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

X.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forky tongue.

XI.

Night and the grave remove your gloom;
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

XII.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF

MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac Song, sent in a Letter of Condolence to Mr. N. P. Merchant, at Amsterdam.

I.

HARK! She bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Thro' liquid teleseopes of tears.

II.

Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

III.

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

IV.

O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from ev'ry string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

V.

Come, sov'reign Lord, dear Saviour, come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it stays!

VI.

How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.

VII.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releast,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

VIII.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM VIRI VENERABILIS

DOM. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum est,
Si quæris, hospes, quantus & qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
Non fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum & docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At supra corpus & formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atq; eruditio:
Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invito obruit silentio.
Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Purum ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum majestas, & Deus
præsens.
Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum & salutare vulnus:
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatabant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recèns delibutus,
Et semper supra socios;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversùs & latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio & in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Properè & exultim attigit.
Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20° Martii, 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut semper) providentiam secutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
Quos doctrinâ, precibus, & vitâ beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore solutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis piisque omnibus
Infandum sui desiderium:
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulce dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN SHOWER,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. ANNE WARNER.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

HOW great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: Your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

Sir,

Dec. 22, 1707.

Your affectionate humble servant,

I. W.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT ON

MRS. ANNE WARNER,

Who died of the Small-pox, Dec. 18, 1707, at one o'Clock in the Morning, a few Days after the Birth and Death of her first Child.

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Vernera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrole
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And Paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'scapes thy search, nor can'st thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of amarant, or cheerful ever-green
She sits, recounting to her kindred minds
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels thro' this howling wilderness;
By what divine protections she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but heav'n secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' eternal sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There
Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due
Such as are paid in heav'n: And last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: 'This,' with sure presage she cries,
'Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
'How long, alas, how long! (Then calls her mate)

'Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
'Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever one.'

Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind dreams
Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated pow'rs,
And call her thoughts her own: So lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumb'rous flesh
Pass the great seal of heav'n? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!——

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight
Of the uncover'd godhead face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems: But vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight!
I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness: Tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease,
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
So sweet a structure! The impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust!

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? This the face
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on these checks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage; mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light? So sits the sun
(Fair eye of heaven!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Opprest with darkness.——

On the Death of an aged and honoured Relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13, 1693.

I.

I KNOW the kindred mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she;
Among the heav'nly forms I see
The kindred mind from fleshly bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between!

II.

Long did the earthy house restrain
In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest;
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till by the weight of num'rous days oppress
The earthy house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years,
The pris'ner smil'd to be releast,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

III.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;
Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe
That hang around thy memory, and becloud it so.
Come, Fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
With youthful green, and spotless white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a shade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid.
But if the features too divine
Beyond the power of fancy shine,
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful shrine.

IV.

Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Observe how near it stands to the almighty seat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
And joys unknown below the skies.

Virtue that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.

V.

The painter-muse with glancing eye
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh*,
That death had long disjoin'd:
'In the fair tablet they shall stand
'United by a happier band:'
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly mind,

Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round!)
Since he was seen on earth no more:
He fought in lower seas and drown'd;
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore.
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
Let th' awful trunchcon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit
And every art and science meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his feet.

VI.

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright Original!
'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music, and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

A FUNERAL POEM ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ABNEY, LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.

MADAM, JULY, 1701.

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse: But the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other: It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that

belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more christian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

Madam,

Your ladyship's most hearty

And obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

To the dear Memory of my honoured Friend, THOMAS GUNSTON, *Esq. who died November* 11, 1700, *when he had just finished his Seat at Newington.*

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heav'nly muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous and the young,
Gunston the friend is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'Tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! And hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joys still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while num'rous years
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw th' uncommon thread to an unusual length,
But hasty fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair Fabric that thy dying friend
Built nameless: 'Twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting; there a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his hearse with never-ceasing cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on ev'ry plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey,
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable load;
But no dear son to tread the mournful road,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say,
'This was my father's,' with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend: But awful fate
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame
Stand here for strangers? Must some unknown name
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hov'ring light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: Earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,
'How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
'Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!'

Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languish; and each lofty wall
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall,
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and square it rises from below:
A noble air without a gaudy show
Reigns thro' the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best-lov'd name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off;
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the grey twilight, and the early dawn.
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,
Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts! Substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief;
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My wand'ring feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to sooth my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day;
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun adorn'd with all his light
Smiles on these walls again: But endless night
Reigns uncontrol'd where the dear Gunston lies,
He's set for ever, and must never rise.
Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks thro' the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds 'em: While vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns thro' all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's face.
Yet nature's wheels will on without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly bears walk round and watch the pole.

See while I speak, high on her sable wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the eastern hill:

Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away
Slowly pursuing the declining day;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah fruitless wish! How are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret: Just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noisy town, my friend
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone wou'd sit
Free and secure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings, and rise,
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies:
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats,
Built high in heaven for souls: We'd trace the streets
Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains yield:
Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode;
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' almighty seat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts shou'd lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound
Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
At swelling glory, straight the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles insolent and proud
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To fav'rite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heav'n bestow'd with liberal hand:
Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! For we shall never meet,
And smile, and love, and bless each other here,
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd, where my Gunston lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know
The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe,
Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound;
Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eye-lids, and disorder'd hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt a parting stroke: 'Tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
O infinite distress! Such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound:
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows, and declare your own;

Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again;
Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintry robes, instead of youthful green;
And bid the brook, that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul with mine.
Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn,*
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves, instead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds: Thus it becomes your age
To show your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here Friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway:
Hither our souls the constant off'rings brought,
The burdens of the breast, and labours of the thought;
Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled ev'ry care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
And all the passions there thro' both our bosoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic pow'rs
Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?
Bound to thy foot we boast our birthright still,
And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,
And chang'd away our souls: At thy command
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own;
As though our mother nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out the store.
Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death dissolves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! The raving muse
Wild and despairing knows not what she does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy vot'ress too; and at thy shrine,
O sacred Friendship, offer'd songs divine,
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine.
Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And sweet the aids of sense! Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting thro' the trees;
The linnet and the lark their vespers sung
And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung;
The slow-declining sun with sloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,
Ye green inclosures, and ye growing sweets
Lament, for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon
In conference divine, while heav'nly fire
Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls
In rapture and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my song! This is too much to bear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever!———

Oh for a general grief! Let all things share
Our woes, that knew our loves: The neighbouring air
Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales, that ev'ry breath that flies
Over these fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: This is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heav'nly breath
That could speak life lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips all cold and pale
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, one gentle word, and then
Gunston aloud I call: In vain I cry
Gunston aloud; for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wand'ring I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves;

* There was a long row of tall elms then standing where some years after the lower garden was made.

While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them not:
He hath forgot me: In the lonesome vault
Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay.————

But whither am I led? This artless grief
Hurries the muse on, obstinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:
The pleasing hours, the happy moments past
In these sweet fields reviving on my taste
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.
Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roofs its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows: Rattling showers
Lash the fair sides; above loud thunder roars;
But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heav'nly thunders strive to rouse it thence.

One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: See thro' the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night:
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Thro' the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars;
'So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,'
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
'We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
'We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, He dies!
'Mistaken grief! to call the flesh the friend!
'On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
'All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love,
'And sung his welcome to the courts above.
'Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
'The buildings struck him with immense surprise;
'The spires all radiant, and the mansions bright,
'The roof high vaulted with ethereal light:
'Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat
'In heav'nly diamond; and for every gate
'On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
'Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
'Millions of glories reign thro' every part;
'Infinite power, and uncreated art
'Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
'How it outshines the noblest seats below.
'The stranger fed his gazing pow'rs awhile
'Transported: Then, with a regardless smile,
'Glanc'd his eyes downward thro' the crystal floor,
'And took eternal leave of what he built before.'

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain;
Raphael commands: Assume thy joys again.
In everlasting numbers sing, and say,
'Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day;
'Gunston the friend lives still:' And give thy groans away.

AN ELEGY ON MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

WORTHY SIR,

THE subject of the following Elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has received from the living, it is a double pleasure to,

Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. THOMAS GOUGE,

WHO DIED JANUARY THE 8TH, 1699-700.

I.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint*
Could teach Euphrates not to flow,†
Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe:
Awake, ye virgin-souls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's urn.
O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate such charming grief,
I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies
Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies;
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came commission'd for the fates
Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge to dust.

III.

Great Gouge to dust! How doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
Oh painful stroke! distressing death
A wound unmeasurably wide!
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he resign'd his breath.
The muse that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And in deep-sounding numbers tell,
How Sion trembled, when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herself, with all her store,
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

IV.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
Sure he was some æthereal mind,
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His soul was of th' angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and the mould the same,
When the Creator makes a minister of flame.
He was all form'd of heav'nly things.
Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly
Up thro' the ocean of the sky,
Tow'rd the celestial coast!
With what amazing swiftness soar,
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost!
Scarce could the muse pursue him with her sight:
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wondrous flight,
And knew the stranger well;
Say, how he past the radiant spheres
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.
The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy, full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law,
In that majestic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With most profound abasement and exalted joy.
The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by;
The volumes open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

VII.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was thro' the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own;
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blasphemers shrink and fear:*

* Psalm cxxxvii. † Lament. i. 2, 3.

* Though he was so great and good a man he did not escape censure.

Impudent tongues! to blast a prophet's name!
The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame!
Impudent tongues! You should be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Useless and dead till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

VIII.

'We saw him,' say th' ethereal throng,
'We saw his warm devotions rise,
'We heard the fervour of his cries,
'And mix'd his praises with our song:
'We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours:
'Nightly he wak'd his inward powers;
'Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
'And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial towers,
'To reach the blessing down for those that sought his blood.
'Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand
'Rais'd high to crush the factious foe;
'As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand
'Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
'While his ascending pray'r upheld the falling blow.'

IX.

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
My muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight.
Place him surrounded as he stood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And every ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its silver way,
Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong:
Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent flood,
And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts and souls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this grosser air,
This atmosphere of sin, calamity and care.

X.

But heav'nly scenes soon leave the sight
While we belong to clay,
Passions of terror and delight,
Demand alternate sway.
Behold the man, whose awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.
He stands the herald of the threat'ning skies,
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in his eyes.
Round the high roof the curses flew
Distinguishing each guilty head,
Far from th' unequal war the atheist fled,
His kindled arrows still pursue,
His arrows strike the atheist thro',
And o'er his inmost powers a shudd'ring horror spread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound:
Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the sound.
The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride sinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

XI.

Now, muse, assume a softer strain,
Now sooth the sinner's raging smart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the surging conscience, and assuage the pain;
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the souls that guilt had slain,
And straight the dying rebel lives,
The dead arise again;
The opening skies almosto bey
His powerful song; a heav'nly ray
Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful day.
His wond'rous voice rolls back the spheres,
Recals the scenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Thro' all his labours and his loves,
The anguish of his cross, and triumphs of his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,
And sets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celestial sorrow reigns;
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he sung the vital flood
Where all our sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood.
In his discourse divine
Afresh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While ev'ry accent gave a doleful sound,
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

XIII.

Down to the mansions of the dead,
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of light reclines his head
Darkness and shades among.

With pleasing horror we survey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark! the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs:
The rising God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing train.

XIV.

See the bright squadrons of the sky.
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high.
A shining car the Conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheels.
The opening gates of bliss receive their King,
The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head;
Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons, and the shining globes,
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

XV.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below,
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal.
His hallowed lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command:
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out to hear
The embassies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue.
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
Attention stood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

XVI.

But, O my everlasting grief!
Heav'n has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
Nor hope th' impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe
Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language so divine?
Our passions want the heav'nly flame,
Almighty love breathes faintly in our songs,
And awful threat'nings languish on our tongues;
Howe is a great but single name:
Amidst the crowd he stands alone;
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone;
Eternal God, command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariots come,
And shining guards, t' attend thy prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

RELIQUIÆ JUVENILES.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

ON

NATURAL, MORAL, AND DIVINE SUBJECTS;

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN YOUNGER YEARS.

ET JUCUNDA SIMUL ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.——HOR.

TO THE

Right Honourable the Countess of HERTFORD.

I BEG leave, madam, to flatter myself, that the same condescension and goodness which has admitted several of these pieces into your closet in manuscript, will permit them all to make this public appearance before you. Your ladyship's known character and taste for every thing that is pious and polite, give an honourable sanction to these writings which stand recommended by your name and approbation: It is no wonder then that these Essays should seek the favour of such a patronage.

Though the author professes himself much a stranger to the great and splendid part of mankind, yet since your ladyship was pleased to indulge him a share in the honours of your friendship, he cannot but take pleasure to have been a witness of those virtues, whereby you bear up the dignity of our holy religion and the blessed gospel, amidst all the tempting grandeurs of this world, and in an age of growing infidelity. He acknowledges it a part of his felicity, that he has had opportunity to learn how happily the leisure which you borrow from the magnificence and ceremonies of a court, is employed in devout contemplations, in the study of virtue, and among the writings of the best poets in our own, or in foreign languages, so far as they are chaste and innocent.

But it is no easy task, as a late ingenious pen* has expressed it, " to speak the many nameless graces and native riches of a mind, capable so much at once to relish solitude, and adorn society."

May such a valuable life be drawn out to an uncommon length, as the richest of blessings to your noble family! May you shine long in your exalted station an illustrious pattern of such goodness as may command a reverence and imitation among those who stand round you in higher or lower life! And when your spirit shall take its flight to superior regions, and that blissful world whither your meditation and your hope have often raised you, may the court of Great Britain never want successors in your honourable house to adorn and support it. In the sincerity of these wishes, I take leave to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

Humble servant,

I. WATTS.

* Mr. Thomson, in the dedication of his poem on the Spring.

THE

PREFACE.

As every man has some amusements for an hour of leisure, I have chosen Mathematical Science, Philosophy, and Poesy, for mine; and the fruits of some of those hours have been communicated to the world. I acknowledge my obligation to the present age, which has given a favourable acceptance to the Lyric Poems printed in my youth, the Plain Rudiments of Geography and Astronomy, and the Treatise of Logic, published some years ago, and to those scattered Essays of Philosophy which I put together last year. These gleanings of Verse, and occasional Thoughts on Miscellaneous Subjects, which have been growing under my hands for thirty years, are now collected for a present to the public, under the encouragement it has given me to expect the same candour.

That the composure of verse is not beneath the dignity even of sublime and sacred characters, appears in the example of David the prophet and the king; to which, if I should add Moses and Solomon, it would still strengthen the argument, and support the honour of this art. And how far poesy has been made serviceable to the temple and the interest of religion, has been set in a sufficient light by several pens; nor need I repeat here what is written, in the preface to my book of poems, on that subject. But I must confess it needs some apology, that when I had told the world twenty-five years ago that I expected the future part of my life would be free from the service of the muse, I should now discover my weakness, and let the world know that I have not been able to maintain my purpose.

It is true indeed, some of these copies were written before that time, yet a good part of them must date their existence since; for where nature has any strong propensity, even from our infant-life, it will awake and show itself on many occasions, though it has been often and sincerely resisted, and subdued, and laid to sleep. And as I have found my thoughts many a time carried away into four or five lines of verse ere I was aware, and sometimes in opposition to my will, so I confess I have now and then indulged it for an hour or two, as an innocent and grateful diversion from more severe studies. In this view I offer it to my friends; and amongst the many pieces herein contained, I hope there are some which will give them an agreeable amusement, and perhaps some elevation of thought towards the things of heaven. But in order to taste any degree of pleasure, or reap any profit by the reading, I must entreat them sincerely to seek the entertainment of their hearts, as in the conversation of a friend; and not to hunt after the painful and awkward joys of sour criticism, which is ever busy in seeking out something to disgust itself.

I make no pretences to the name of a poet, or a polite writer, in an age wherein so many superior souls shine in their works through this nation. Could I display the

excellencies of virtue and christian piety in the various forms and appearances of it, with all the beauty and glory in which Mr. Pope has set the kingdom of the Messiah by his well-mingled imitations of Isaiah and Virgil; could I paint nature and the animated wonders of it in such strong and lively colours as Dr. Young has done; could I describe its lovely and dreadful scenes in lines of such sweetness and terror, as he has described them in his Paraphrase on part of the book of Job; I should have a better ground for a pretence to appear among the writers of verse, and do more service to the world. Could I imitate those admirable representations of human nature and passion which that ingenious pen has given us, who wrote the late volumes of "Epistles from the Dead to the Living, and, Letters moral and entertaining," I should then hope for happier success in my endeavours to provide innocent and improving diversions for polite youth. But since I can boast of little more than an inclination and a wish that way, I must commit the provision of these amusements to such celebrated authors as I have now mentioned, and to the rising geniuses of the age: And may the honour of poesy be retrieved by them, from the scandal which has been cast upon it by the abuse of verse to loose and profane purposes.

If there are many of these pieces which may seem to carry in them something too youthful and trivial, I entreat my friends to remember, it is a collection of such compositions of this kind from my early years as I have found among my papers; and if I had never published them myself, I fear it would have been done some time or other by persons into whose hands they might have been dispersed; and then the many mingled blunders, which always arise from frequent transcriptions, would have utterly disgusted the reader, as well as brought a double disgrace upon the writer.

It is impossible for the nicest and most correct pen to avoid the offence of those readers who carry an excess of delicacy always about them, much less do I expect it here: Nor is it within the power of any man who writes, to escape the censure of those whose minds are so full of vile and uncleanly images, that they will impose their own dishonest and impure ideas upon words of the most distant and innocent sound. Every low and malicious wit may turn even sacred language to wicked and abominable purposes, and clap a set of perverse ideas on the purest diction. Where neither a David nor a Paul, neither prophets nor evangelists are safe, no human writer should expect an exemption; but the crime is still in him that construes, and not him that writes. If *Oleo* finds an ill savour in every place where he comes, I suspect that he has some foul ulcer about him; and when I hear *Flavinus* tell me, on a snowy day, that the ground looks yellow, I may venture to pronounce that *Flavinus* has the jaundice.

As for the characters which are found here in some of the Essays, I profess solemnly there is not one of the vicious or foolish kind that is designed to represent any particular person. I never thought it proper to have mankind treated in that manner, unless upon some very peculiar and extraordinary occasions, and then I would leave the unpleasing work to other hands. It has been the aim and design of my life, in my hours of leisure as well as my seasons of business, to do what service I could to my fellow-creatures without giving offence. I would not willingly create needless pain or uneasiness to the most despicable figure amongst mankind. There are vexations enough distributed among the beings of my species, without my adding to the heap: And yet I confess I have often attempted to hit the sore part in general; but it is with this sincere intent,

that the wise and thoughtful, whosoever they are, may feel their disease and be healed.—My readers may be assured therefore, that though the vices and the follies which are here displayed may appear to be as just and sincere a representation as if they were all borrowed from life, yet there are not features enough to describe any person living. When a reflecting glass shows the deformities of a face so plain as to point to the person, he will sooner be tempted to break the glass, than to reform his blemishes: But if I can find any error of my own happily described in some general character, I am then awakened to reform it in silence, without the public notice of the world; and the moral writer attains his noblest end.

My particular friends, to whom I have sent any of these pieces, will generally be pleased to read them in print, and addressed to a feigned name, rather than their own: This I found the safest way to avoid offence on all hands, and therefore I have not mentioned one proper name here, but what was in print before.

In the disposition of these pieces, I pretend to no order, but only aimed to diversify every sheet of the collection with verse and prose. In a nosegay, or a flower-piece, no man expects an exact regularity of situation among the parts that compose it: It is sufficient if the colours and fragrance entertain the senses with a grateful confusion.

I presume nobody will expect in such a book an entrance into deep arguments upon difficult subjects of any kind whatsoever. The design is to please and profit every gentle reader, without giving pain and fatigue to the mind. If any thing here written may induce strangers to take up so good an opinion of the writer as to peruse any of his other works, it is his hearty desire and prayer, that they may find abundant compensation in their own improvements in knowledge, virtue or piety, and may thereby grow fitter for the heavenly world; to which important and happy end all our labours here on earth should conspire, and even our amusements, whether we read or write. *Amen.*

Newington, March 25, 1734.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

I.—SEARCHING AFTER GOD.

SINCE we find in ourselves that we think and reason, we fear and hope, and by an act of our will we can put this body of ours into various forms of motion, we may boldly pronounce that We are, and that We live; for we are conscious of active power, and life, and being. But where is the hand that made us, and that gave us this life and power? We know that we did not make ourselves in time past, because we cannot promise ourselves a minute of time to come: We feel no power within to preserve ourselves a moment, nor to rescue or withhold this being or this life of ours from the sudden demands of death.

It is evident yet farther, that we did not give ourselves these wondrous properties and powers which we possess; for though we are sensible of many deficiencies and imperfections, yet neither the most perfect nor most defective amongst us can add to our present self the least new power or property. While we are all surrounded with wants which we cannot supply, and exposed to death which we cannot avoid, it is a ridiculous pretence to be our own makers.

We conclude then with assurance, that we are the work of some more powerful and superior hand; but how we came first into being we know not: The manner of our original existence is hid from us in darkness: We are neither conscious of our creation, nor of the power which created us. He made us, but he hid himself from our eyes and our ears, and all the searches of sense. He has sent us to dwell in this visible world, amidst an endless variety of images, figures, and colours, which force themselves upon our senses; but he for ever disclaims all image, colour and figure himself. He hath set us, who are inferior spirits, this task in these regions of mortal flesh, to search and feel after him, if haply we may find the supreme, the infinite and eternal Spirit. We are near a-kin to him, even his own offspring, but we see not our Father's face; nor can all the powers of our nature come at the knowledge of him that made us, but by the labours and inferences of our reason. We toil and work backward to find our Creator: From our present existence we trace out his eternity; and through the chain of a thousand visible effects, we search out the first, the invisible and almighty cause.

For the most part indeed, we are so amused and ingrossed by the things of sense, that we forget our Maker, and are thoughtless of him that gave us being: Or if we seek and follow after him, it is on a cold scent, and with lazy inquiries; and when we fancy we perceive something of him, it is at a distance, and in a dusky twilight. We espy some faint beams, some glimmerings of his glory breaking through the works of his hands; but he himself stands behind the veil, and does not show himself in open light to the sons and daughters of mortality. Happy creatures, if we could make our way so near him as to behold the lovely and adorable beauties of his nature; if we could place our souls so directly under his kindest influences, as to feel ourselves adore him in the most profound humility, and love him with most sublime affection!

My God, I love and I adore:
But souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand?
Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls:
The starry arch proclaims thy pow'r,
Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r:
In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats,
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
The meanest pin in nature's frame,
Marks out some letter of thy name.
Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.

But are his footsteps all that we,
Poor grov'ling worms, must know or see?
Thou Maker of my vital frame,
Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast form'd, thy language hear.
Where is thy residence? Oh, why
Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense? Thou great Unknown,
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
The pow'r that gives me leave to be.

Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundless space, a present God,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near?
What shall I do to find thee here?
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel thy presence at my heart?
To hear thy whispers soft and kind,
In holy silence of the mind?
Then rest my thoughts; no longer roam
In quest of joy, for heav'n's at home.

But, oh, thy beams of warmest love!
Sure they were made for worlds above.
How shall my soul her pow'rs extend,
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach those heights, thy best abode,
And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?
What shall I do? I wait thy call;
Pronounce the word, my life, my all.
Oh for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning-star!
Fain would I trace th' immortal way,
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confess'd,
In his own fairest glories dress'd.
Some shining spirit help me rise,
Come waft a stranger through the skies;
Bless'd Jesus, meet me on the road,
First offspring of th' eternal God,
Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's throne.

II.—ROMAN IDOLATRY.

It has been an old temptation to mankind, almost ever since human nature was made, that we desire to find out something just like God. Hence arose a great part of the idolatry of ancient ages, and of almost all the heathen world: Hence the skilful and impious labours of the statuary and the painter: Hence all the gaudy glittering images, and all the monstrous shapes that possess and inhabit the temples of the gentiles. They were all designed to represent the shining glories, or the active powers of divinity. The

fruitful brain of the poet and the priest have yet farther multiplied the images of godhead, to make it appear like something which we can feel, hear, or see. But *to whom shall we liken God; with what likeness will ye compare me? saith the Holy One of Israel;* Isaiah xl. 18, 25. He is, and will be for ever, the Great Inimitable, and the Infinite Unknown.

And yet this folly has not spent itself all in the heathen world. The Jewish nation was often fond of idols, and they would more than once have the figure of divinity among them; though the wilderness of Sinai, in the days of Moses, and the tents of Dan and Bethel in Jeroboam's reign, can bear witness that it looked much more like a calf than a god. Israel too often fell in with the rest of the nations, and *changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.*

The christian world indeed has much clearer light, and nobler discoveries of the invisible nature of God; and yet how has the Romish church fallen into gross idolatry in this respect, and with profane attempt they have painted all the blessed Trinity! Whatsoever pretence they may derive from the human nature of the Son of God, or from the dove-like appearance of the Holy Spirit, to draw the figures of a dove or a man, as a memorial of those sacred condescensions; yet I know no sufficient warrant they can have to fly in the very face of divine prohibition, and to paint and carve the figure of God the Father like an old man, when he never appeared among men in any bodily forms; and our Lord Jesus himself says of him, *Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape;* John v. 37.

But this popish church descends yet to meaner idolatry; and because Christ, who is God manifest in the flesh, represents himself in a metaphor, as the bread of life, to support and nourish our souls, therefore they turn their Saviour into a real piece of bread: They make a god of dough, and they devour and they worship the work of the baker. O sottish religion, and stupid professors! Could we ever have imagined, that such an absurd superstition, that gives the lie grossly to sense and reason at once, should ever find room in the belief of man, in spite of all his sensible and his rational powers? Could one have imagined, I say, that such a glaring falsehood, that shocks at once our intellectual and our animal faculties, should be lodged and fostered in the bosom and heart of the sons of Adam? But experience here exceeds imagination. What a shameful reproach and scandal is it to human nature, that a faith with so much nonsense in it, should overspread whole nations, and triumph over the largest part of the knowing and refined world! But every dawning daylight is a witness of these national idolatries, these scandals to mankind and all their intellectual glory. Every sun that sets or rises in some part or other of the earth, beholds multitudes of fools and philosophers, ploughmen and princes, acknowledging the breaden god, bending the knee to the wafer-cake, and bowing towards the sacred repository of the kneaded idol.

It was the first ambition and iniquity of man to affect a forbidden likeness to God; there is insolence added to the ambition, when we bring down God to our level, and make him a man, like ourselves: But when we sink the Deity beneath our own nature, when we make a mere animal or vegetable of him, and turn him into a bit of senseless paste, the madness of this impiety must for ever want a name.

III.—TO DORIO. THE FIRST LYRIC HOUR.

THERE is a line or two that seem to carry in them I know not what softness and beauty, in the beginning of that ode of Casimire, where he describes his first attempts on the harp, and his commencing a lyric poem.

'Albis dormiit in rosis,
'Liliisque jaeens & violis dies,
'Primæ eui potui vigil
'Somnum Pierîâ rumpere barbito,
'Curæ dum vacuus puer
'Formosi legerem littora Narviæ.
'Ex illo mihi posteri
'Florent sole dies,' &c.

I have tried to imitate these lines, but I cannot form them into English lyrics: I have released myself from the fetters of rhyme, yet I cannot gain my own approbation. I have given my thoughts a further loose, and spread the sense abroad, but I fear there is something of the spirit evaporates; and though the elegant idea perhaps does not entirely escape, yet I could wish for a happier expression of it. Such as it is, receive it, Dorio, with your usual candour, correct the deficiencies, and restore the elegance of the Polish poet, to those six or seven lines wherein I have attempted an imitation.

'Twas an unclouded sky: The day-star sat
On highest noon: No breezes fann'd the grove,
Nor the musicians of the air pursu'd
Their artless warblings; while the sultry day
Lay all diffus'd and slumb'ring on the bosom
Of the white lily, the perfum'd jonquil,
And lovely blushing rose. Then first my harp,
Labouring with childish innocence and joy,
Brake silence, and awoke the smiling hour
With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,
(Heaven's highest work) the fair enamell'd meads,
And tall green shades along the winding banks
Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days
Commenc'd harmonious; there began my skill
To vanquish care by the sweet-sounding string.

Hail happy hour, O blest remembrance, hail!
And banish woes for ever. Harps were made
For heaven's beatitudes: There Jesse's son
Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound,
To the creating and all-ruling power
Not unattentive: While ten thousand tongues
Of hymning seraphs and disbodied saints
Echo the joys and graces round the hills
Of paradise, and spread Messiah's name.
Transporting bliss! Make haste, ye rolling spheres,
Ye circling suns, ye winged minutes, haste,
Fulfil my destin'd period here, and raise
The meanest son of harmony to join
In that celestial concert.

IV.—THE HEBREW POET.

This Ode represents the Difficulty of a just Translation of the Psalms of David, in all their Hebrew Glory: with an Apology for the Imitation of them in Christian Language.

(The first Hint borrowed from Casimire, *Jessæa quisquis*, &c. Book IV. Ode 7.)

I.
Show me the man that dares and sings
Great David's verse to British strings:
Sublime attempt! But bold and vain
As building Babel's tower again.

II.
The bard* that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,
Reaching at Zion, sham'd his skill,
And bids the sons of Albion own,
That Judah's psalmist reigns alone.

III.
Blest poet! Now, like gentle Thames,
He sooths our ears with silver streams:
Like his own Jordan, now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

IV.
Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads:
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

V.
Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars; and lo, the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

VI.
When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre;
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

VII.
Behold the God! Th' almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

VIII.
Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse;
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach, like melting snow.

IX.
But who those frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heav'n, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail and smoke.

X.
He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire:

XI.
In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watry mountains guard their way.

XII.
Turning his hand with sov'reign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep:
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Thro' deserts to the promis'd land.

XIII.
Here camps with wide imbattl'd force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course:
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strew'd with ruin'd walls.

XIV.
See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And moves down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

XV.
Lo, the great poet shifts the scene,
And shows the face of God serene:
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation ride,
With guards of justice, at his side.

XVI.
No meaner muse could weave the light,
To form his robes divinely bright;
Or frame a crown of stars to shine
With beams for majesty divine.

XVII.
Now in prophetic light he sees
Ages to come, and dark decrees:
He brings the Prince of glory down,
Stript of his robe and starry crown.

XVIII.
See Jews and heathens fir'd with rage;
See their combining pow'rs engage
Against th' Anointed of the Lord,
The man whom angels late ador'd,

* Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his poem called Cooper's Hill, failed in his translation of the Psalms of David.

XIX.

God's only Son: Behold, he dies:
Surprising grief! The groans arise,
The lyre complains on ev'ry string,
And mourns the murder of her King.

XX.

But heav'n's Anointed must not dwell
In death: The vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay;
The grave resigns th' illustrious prey.

XXI.

Messiah lives! Messiah reigns!
The song surmounts the airy plains,
T' attend her Lord with joys unknown,
And bear the Victor to his throne.

XXII.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of glory nigh:
Eternal doors, your leaves display,
To make the Lord of glory way.

XXIII.

What mortal bard has skill or force
To paint these scenes, to tread this course,
Or furnish through the ethereal road
A triumph for a rising God?

XXIV.

Astonish'd at so vast a flight
Thro' flaming worlds and floods of light,
My muse her awful distance keeps,
Still following but with trembling steps.

XXV.

She bids her humble verse explain
The Hebrew harp's sublimer strain;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What course the sun of glory goes.

XXVI.

Here he ascends behind a cloud
Of incense*, there he sets in blood†;
She reads his labours and his names
In spicy smoke†, and bleeding lambs†.

XXVII.

Rich are the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and jewish laws;
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

XXVIII.

Grace is her theme, and joy, and love:
Descend, ye blessings, from above,
And crown my song. Eternal God,
Forgive the muse that dreads thy rod.

XXIX.

Silent, she hears thy vengeance roll,
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bold, nor sheds
Th' immortal curses on their heads.

XXX.

Yet since her God is still the same,
And David's son is all her theme,
She begs some humble place to sing
In concert with Judea's king.

* Christ's intercession.

† His sacrifice.

V.—THE THANKFUL PHILOSOPHER.

Among all the useful and entertaining studies of philosophy, there is none so worthy of man as the science of human nature. There is none that furnishes us with more wonders of divine wisdom, or gives higher occasion to adore divine goodness. Charistus, a gentleman of great piety and worth, has spent many an hour upon this delightful theme. In the midst of his meditations one day, he was debating thus with himself, and enquiring what sort of being he was:

Now I stand, said he, now I lie down; I rise again and walk, I eat, drink and sleep; my pulse beats, and I draw the breath of life: Surely I have the parts and powers of an animal; I am a living body of flesh and blood, a wonderful engine, with many varieties of motion. But let me consider also what other actions I perform.

I think, I meditate and contrive, I compare things and judge of them; now I doubt, and then I believe; I will what I act, and sometimes wish what I cannot act: I desire and hope for what I have not, as well as am conscious of what I have, and rejoice in it: I look backward and survey ages past, and I look forward into what is to come: Surely I must be a spirit, a thinking power, a soul, something very distinct from this machine of matter with all its shapes and motions.

Mere matter put into all possible motion, can never think, reason and contrive, can never hope and wish, as I do, and survey distant times, the past and future: Yet it is as impossible also that a mind, a soul, should walk or lie down, should eat or drink; but I feel, I know, I am assured I do all these. I perform some actions that cannot belong to a spirit, and some that flesh and blood can never pretend to.

What am I then? What strange kind of being is this, which is conscious of all these different agencies, both of matter and spirit? What sort of thing can I be, who seem to think and reason in my head, who feel and am conscious of pain or ease, not at my heart only, but at my toes and fingers too? I conclude then, I can be nothing else but a compound creature, made up of these two distinct beings, spirit and matter; or, as we usually express it, soul and body.

It is very plain also to me, upon a small enquiry, that this body and this soul did not make themselves, nor one another. But did not I myself join these two different natures together when they were made? Did not my soul take this body into union with itself? By no means: For the first moment that I knew any thing of myself, I found the powers of thought working in an animal nature; that is, I found myself such a compounded being as I now am: I had no more hand in the union of these two principles, or in the composition of myself, than I had in the making of those two distinct beings of which I am compounded: It was God only, that great God who created both parts of me, the animal and the mind, who also joined them together in so strange an union; and if I were to enter into the mysteries of this union, it would open a wide and various scene of amazement at his unsearchable wisdom.

But let me examine a little: Was there no ancient and early kindred between this particular spirit and this flesh of mine, this mind and this animal? Is there no original relation, no essential harmony and special congruity between my body and my soul, that should make their union necessary? None at all that I can find, either by my sense or reflection, my reason or experience. These two beings have dwelt above thirty years together, strangely united into one, and yet I have never been able to trace any one instance of previous kindred between them. This mind might have been paired with any other human body; or this body with any other mind. I can find nothing but the sovereign will of God that joined this mind and this animal body together, and made the wondrous compound: It was he ordained me to be what I am, in all the circumstances my nativity.

Seest thou, O my soul, that unhappy cripple lying at thy neighbour's door, that poor mis-shapen piece of human nature? Mark how useless are his limbs! he can neither support nor feed himself. Look over against him, there sits one that was blind from his birth, and begs his bread, if thou hadst been originally united to either of these pieces of flesh and blood, then hadst thou been that poor cripple, or that very blind beggar.

Yonder lies a piteous spectacle, a poor infant that came into the world but three months ago, its flesh covered with ulcers, and its bones putrifying with its father's sins: I hear its whining cries, and long piteous wailings; its bitter groans touch my heart, and awaken all my tenderness: Let me stand and reflect a little. Surely I had been that wretched thing, that little, pining, perishing infant, and all those pains and agonies had been mine, if God had reserved my soul in his secret counsels till a few months ago, and then confined it to that unhappy mansion of diseased and dying flesh.

Once more let my eyes affect my heart. What a strange awkward creature do I see there! The form of it is as the form of a man, but its motions seem to be more irregular, and the animal more senseless than a very beast: Yet they tell me, it is almost forty years old. It might have been by this time a statesman, a philosopher, general of an army, or a learned divine; but reason could never act nor show itself in that disordered engine. The tender brain was ruffled perhaps, and the parts of it disturbed in the very embryo, or perhaps it was shaken with convulsions when it first saw the light; but the place of its birth was the same with mine, and the neighbours say, it was born the next door to me. How miserable had I been, if, when the body was prepared, my soul had received order to go but one door farther, to fix its mortal dwelling there, and to manage that poor disabled machine! And if the spirit also that resides there had been united to my flesh, it had been a sad exchange for me! That idiot had been all that I was by nature, and I had been that idiot.

My meditations may rove farther abroad, may survey past ages and distant nations, and by the powers of fancy, I may set myself in the midst of them.

Had this spirit of mine been joined to a body formed in Lapland or Malabar, I had worshipped the images of Thor or Branma; and perhaps I had been a Lapland wizard with a conjuring drum, or a Malabarian priest, to wear out my life in ridiculous eastern ceremonies.

Had my soul been formed and united to a British body fifteen hundred years ago, I had been a painted Briton, a rude idolater, as well as my fathers; a superstitious druid had been my highest character, and I should have paid my absurd devotions to some fancied deity in a huge hollow oak, and lived and died in utter ignorance of the true God, and of Jesus my Saviour. Or had my spirit been sent to Turkey, Mahomet had been my prophet, and the ridiculous stories of the Alcoran had been all my hope of eternal life.

If *Gnatho* the flatterer stood by, I know what he would say, for he has told me already, that as my stature is tall and manly, so my genius is too sublime and bright to be buried under those clouds of darkness. Last week he practised upon my vanity, so far as to say, "*Charistus* has a soul and reason which would have led him to the knowledge of the true God, if he had been born in the wilds of America, and had for his father a savage Iroquois, or his ancestors had been all Naraganset Indians." But I gave him a just and sharp reproof for his want of sense, as well as for his flattery.

Fond foolish man, to imagine there are no geniuses which outshine me in the wild and barbarous world, no bright and sublime intellects but those which are appointed to act their part in the nations of Europe! Good sense and natural smartness are scattered among most of the nations of mankind. There are ingenious Africans, American wits, philosophers and poets in Malabar; there are both the sprightly and the stupid, the foolish and the wise, on this and on the other side of the great Atlantic ocean: But the brighter powers of nature cannot exert themselves and shine in the same glory, when the affairs and circumstances all around them are mean, and low, and despicable; when their life, and time, and all their powers from their very infancy, are employed in providing a sorry sustenance for the body, and supplying the importunate appetites of nature.

Had I the largest share of natural understanding and sprightliness, far beyond what my friends can imagine, all the advantage of it would have been, that perhaps I had

shaped a nicer bow, or set the feathers on an arrow for swifter flight than my neighbour: Perhaps I might have sooner hit the flying partridge, and laid a surer trap for a wild goose or a pigeon; I had learnt to outwit the brutal creation with more success. Egregious victory and triumph! Or if I had employed my best spirits and vigour in the affairs of my religion, I might have danced in more antic postures round some sacred bonfire, and contrived some new superstitions, or perhaps authorized some new gods or goddesses; or I might have howled among my fellows with more hideous airs than they; and have worshipped the devil with more zeal and activity. Wretched prerogatives of a sprightly nature, left without the beams of illuminating grace!

To thee, O my God, to thee are due my eternal praises; and to thee will I offer the humblest acknowledgments and songs of highest gratitude. It is thou hast made my compounded nature what it is, in all the comfortable and hopeful attendants of it: Thou hast not joined my spirit to the disturbed brain of an idiot, to a crippled carcase, or a piece of rumpled deformity. Thou hast given to my soul a body, with its proper limbs and organs of sense, capable of activity, converse and service among the reasonable world. Blessed be my God for ever, that he has appointed me to act my part in Great Britain, while it is a land of divine light; he has placed my soul in such a dwelling, and with such circumstances among the sons of men, as may, through his grace, prepare it for the company of angels, and for his own blissful presence in the world above.

But has not my spirit been depressed by a sickly constitution, and confined to a feeble engine of flesh under daily disorders? Have I not sustained many sorrows on this account, and wasted some years among the infirmities of the body, and in painful idleness? Are there not several souls favoured with a more easy habitation, and yoked with a better partner? Are they not accommodated with engines which have more health and vigour, and situated in much more happy circumstances than mine? What then? Shall I repine at my lot; and murmur against my Creator, because he has made some hundreds happier than I; while I survey whole nations, and millions of mankind, that have not a thousandth part of my blessings?

I dare not complain, O my God, that I am not one of the few who enjoy the highest pleasures, and the most easy circumstances on earth; but I have infinite reason to adore thy distinguishing goodness, who hast not suffered me to be one of the miserable millions!

VI.—THE PRAISE OF GOD.

What is praise? It is a part of that divine worship which we owe to the power that made us: It is an acknowledgment of the perfections of God, ascribing all excellencies to him, and confessing all the works of nature and grace to proceed from him. Now when we apply ourselves to this work, and dress up our notions of a God in magnificence of language, when we furnish them out with shining figures, and pronounce them in sounding words, we fancy ourselves to say great things, and are even charmed with our own forms of praise: But alas! the highest and best of them, set in a true light, are but the feeble voice of a creature, spreading before the almighty being that made him, some of his own low and little ideas, and telling him what he thinks of the great God, and what God has done. When the holy Psalmist would express his honourable thoughts

of his Maker, they amount only to this, *Thou art good, and thou dost good;* Psalm cxix. 68. How inconsiderable an offering is this for a God! And yet so condescending is his love, that he looks down, and is well pleased to receive it. Let us meditate on this a little, and learn how utterly unworthy our highest attempts of worship, and our most refined strains of praise, are of divine acceptance.

1. " We can tell God but a very little of what he is, or has done." How small a portion do we know! and how mean must our praise be! Now to speak of the worth of another so very poorly and imperfectly, would be an affront among men; yet the great God takes it well at our hands, when we labour to say what we know of his greatness or his goodness. Our brightest ideas of him eclipse his glory, and our highest language sinks beneath the dignity of his nature: *God is great, and we know him not;* Job xxvi. 26. *He is exalted above our praises;* Nehem. ix. 5.

2. " We can tell God nothing but what he knows much better himself.". It is not to increase his knowledge when we spread our own concerns before him in prayer; for he knows what we are, what is our frame, what are our weaknesses and our wants, far better than we ourselves are acquainted with them: Much less when we praise him, can we presume to know what God is, or what he does, or tell him any thing that relates to himself, but what he knew eternally before us, and knows infinitely better than we do; we can add no new ideas to his mind, nor enlarge one of his own ideas.

3. " We can only tell God what angels and happy souls tell him more of, and in a much better manner:" And yet all that angels can say bears no proportion to what God is; for if it did, God were not infinite. Should a little emmet, that feels the sun-beams, lift up its head and say, " O sun, thou art warm;" a creeping insect that knows nothing of the nature, the glory, the wonderful properties, operations and effects of this prodigious and astonishing world of fire, nothing of its various and admirable motions, real or supposed, nothing of its vast circumference and greatness; yet this despicable emmet gives praise to the sun much more than we can do to our God, much more than angels can do, more than all created nature can do: Because there is some proportion between the praises of this creeping worm, and the glories of the sun; they are both finite: But the glories of our God are infinite; therefore no created praise bears any proportion. It is only the godhead that can fulfil its own praises; that voice that built the heavens and the earth can tell what God is, and what God has done. If he pronounce a word, and create all things by it, it is only that word can pay him sufficient praise.

How far then are our feeble and mean essays of worship from adding any thing to our Maker! A sorry ant gives heat and glory to the sun, by telling it is warm, as much as all the acclamations of heaven and earth can add real glory to the blessed God. His essential perfections are uncapable of receiving the least grain of addition from all the thoughts and tongues of the intellectual world. His own idea of himself is his noblest praise.

How far are the most exalted praises we pay to God, below the danger of flattery! Flattery exalts a thing beyond its nature and merit; but no fellow-creature would call himself flattered, should we speak of him in so mean terms, and so much below his worth, as we must do when we speak the highest praises of our God that our thoughts can reach to: And yet, Psalm l. 23. *He that offereth praise glorifies me.* O divine condescension, that a God will esteem our despicable praises some of his glories!

VII.—A MEDITATION FOR THE FIRST OF MAY.

WHAT astonishing variety of artifices, what innumerable millions of exquisite works, is the God of nature engaged in every moment! How gloriously are his all-pervading wisdom and power employed in this useful season of the year, this spring of nature! What infinite myriads of vegetable beings is he forming this very moment, in their roots and branches, in their leaves and blossoms, their seeds and fruit! Some indeed begun to discover their bloom amidst the snows of January, or under the rough cold blasts of March: Those flowers are withered and vanished in April, and their seeds are now ripening to perfection. Others are showing themselves this day in all their blooming pride and beauty; and while they adorn the gardens and meadows, with gay and glowing colours, they promise their fruits in the days of harvest. The whole nation of vegetables is under the divine care and culture, his hand forms them day and night with admirable skill and unceasing operation, according to the natures he first gave them, and produces their buds and foliage, their flowry blossoms, and rich fruit in their appointed months: Their progress in life is exceeding swift at this season of the year; and their successive appearances, and sweet changes of raiment are visible almost hourly.

But these creatures are of lower life, and give but feebler displays of the Maker's wisdom. Let us raise our contemplations another story, and survey a nobler theatre of divine wonders. What endless armies of animals is the hand of God moulding and figuring this moment throughout his brutal dominions! What immense flights of little birds are now fermenting in the egg, heaving and growing towards shape and life! What vast flocks of four-footed creatures, what droves of large cattle are now framed in their early embryos imprisoned in the dark cells of nature! and others perhaps are moving toward liberty, and just preparing to see the light. What unknown myriads of insects in their various cradles and nesting-places are now working toward vitality and motion! and thousands of them with their painted wings just beginning to unfurl and expand themselves into fluttering and day-light; while other families of them have forsaken their husky beds, and exult and glitter in the warm sun-beams!

An exquisite world of wonders is complicated even in the body of every little insect, an ant, a gnat, a mite, that is scarce visible to the naked eye. Admirable engines! which a whole academy of philosophers could never contrive; which the nation of poets hath neither art nor colours to describe; nor has a world of mechanics skill enough to frame the plainest, or coarsest of them. Their nerves, their muscles, and the minute atoms which compose the fluids fit to run in the little channels of their veins, escape the notice of the most sagacious mathematician, with all his aid of glasses. The active powers and curiosity of human nature are limited in their pursuit, and must be content to lie down in ignorance.—" Hitherto shall ye go, and no further."

It is a sublime and constant triumph over all the intellectual powers of man, which the great God maintains every moment in these inimitable works of nature, in these impenetrable recesses and mysteries of divine art! And the month of May is the most shining season of this triumph. The flags and banners of almighty wisdom are now displayed round half the globe, and the other half waits the return of the sun, to spread the same triumph over the southern world. This very sun in the firmament is God's prime minister in this wondrous world of beings, and he works with sovereign vigour on

the surface of the earth, and spreads his influences deep under the clods to every root and fibre, moulding them into their proper forms, by divine direction. There is not a plant, nor a leaf, nor one little branching thread, above or beneath the ground, that escapes the eye or influence of this beneficent star: An illustrious emblem of the omnipresence and universal activity of the Creator.

But has this all-wise Creator, this supreme Lord of all nature, no intellectual prime minister at all in these his dominions? Has he delegated all his powers to that bulky globe of fire which we call the sun, that inanimate and unthinking mass of matter? Is this huge burning and senseless body commissioned to penetrate every dark cranny of nature either with its light or heat, and to animate every atom in the vegetable and animal kingdoms; and yet no intellectual being, no spirit so much a-kin to God, as to be favoured with the like extensive vicegerency? Though the light of reason does not tell his name, yet has not revelation informed us? Yes, surely, there is a man after God's own heart, the fairest image of the Creator, and nearest a-kin to him, among all the works of his hands: There is a man, and his name is Jesus, who holds most intimate and personal union with the godhead, in whom all divine wisdom dwells bodily, and to his care has the Father committed all the infinite varieties of the vegetable and animal worlds. By him are all these wonders produced in the course of providence, as by an under-agent in the kingdom of nature. Is not the government of heaven and earth put into his hands? Is he not made Lord of principalities and powers, of men, angels, and devils, and of all their works? And can we think that he has been denied the government of the lower parts of his Father's workmanship? Does he not manage all things in the world of grace? Surely then we may infer, he rules us wisely and as spaciously in the upper and lower regions of the creation, as an intellectual and conscious instrument of the providence of his Father, God. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. I and my Father are One. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever." *Amen.*

VIII.—DIVINE GOODNESS IN THE CREATION.

Those authors have been very entertaining to me, who have taken a survey of the wisdom of God in the works of nature; such are the reverend and pious Mr. Ray, in his treatise on that subject; Mr. Derham, in his two volumes written on that divine theme; and the Archbishop of Cambray, in his Demonstration of the Existence of God. But I do not remember to have read in those authors this one instance of the wide-spreading diffusion of divine goodness through this lower world, namely, that the most universal and conspicuous appearances both of the earth and sky, are designed for the convenience, the profit and pleasure of all the animal creation: All that we see above us, and all beneath us, is suited to our nourishment or to our delight.

What is more necessary for the support of life, than food? Behold the earth is covered with it all round; grass, herbs and fruits for beasts and men, were ordained to overspread all the surface of the ground, so that an animal could scarce wander any where, but his food was near him. Amazing provision for such an immense family!

What is more joyful than the light? "Truly the light is sweet," says the wisest of

men, "and a pleasant thing it is to behold the light of the sun." See the whole circuit of the heavens is replenished with sun-beams, so that while the day lasts, wheresoever the eye is placed, it is surrounded with this enjoyment; it drinks in the easy and general blessing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular varieties of the creation. It is light conveys to our notice all the riches of the divine workmanship; without it nature would be a huge and eternal blank, and her infinite beauties for ever unknown.

Again; What are the sweetest colours in nature, the most delightful to the eye, and most refreshing too? Surely the green and the blue claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as well as philosophy, tells us, that bodies of blue and green colours send us such rays of light to our eyes, as are least hurtful or offensive; we can endure them longest: Whereas the red and the yellow, or orange colour, send more uneasy rays in abundance, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; therefore the divine goodness dressed all the heavens in blue, and the earth in green. Our habitation is overhung with a canopy of most beautiful azure, and a rich verdant pavement is spread under our feet, that the eye may be pleased and easy wheresoever it turns itself, and that the most universal objects it has to converse with might not impair the spirits, and make the sense weary.

I.

When God the new-made world survey'd,
His word pronounc'd the building good;
Sun-beams and light the heav'ns array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

II.

Colours that charm and ease the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

III.

Let envious atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants or skill, or care;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T' avoid their Maker's goodness there.

IX.—THE SACRED CONCERT OF PRAISE.

I.

Come, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade,
Here let our different notes in praise conspire:
'Twas the same hand your painted pinions spread,
That form'd my nobler pow'rs to raise his honours higher.

II.

Fair songsters, come; beneath the sacred grove
We'll sit and teach the woods our Maker's name:
Men have forgot his works, his power, his love,
Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wondrous frame.

III.

I search the crowded court, the busy street,
Run thro' the villages, trace every road:
In vain I search; for every heart I meet
Is laden with the world, and empty of its God.

IV.

How shall I bear with men to spend my days?
Dear feather'd innocents, you please me best:
My God has fram'd your voices for his praise,
His high designs are answer'd by your tuneful breast.

V.

Sweet warblers, come, wake all your cheerful tongues,
We join with angels and their heav'nly choirs;
Our humble airs may imitate their songs,
Tho' bolder are their notes, and purer are their fires.

VI.

Had I ten thousand hearts, my God, my Love,
Had I ten thousand voices all are thine:
Where love inflames the soul, the lips must move,
Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme's divine.

X.—THE WORLD A STRANGER TO GOD.

I.

Infinite beauty, everlasting love,
How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from thee!
Th' eternal God surrounds us; yet we rove
In chase of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

II.

Oh could I cry, and make the nations hear,
From north to south my voice should teach thy name;
I'd tell them, that they buy their joys too dear,
And pay immortal souls for glitt'ring dust or fame.

III.

Almighty pow'r, break off these chains of sense,
Melt them away with love's celestial fire,
Create the world anew; let man commence
A seraph here on earth, let man to heav'n aspire.

XI.—PURGATORY.

It was a gainful contrivance of the priests of Rome, to erect a building between heaven and hell, where to dispose of good christians after death till they are completely fit for heaven: This is purgatory; a place where the remaining vices of the dying man are purged out with fire: The torments of it are said to be equal with the torments of hell, and differ only in the duration. Those souls for whom the priest is hired to say most masses, are soonest freed from the relics of iniquity, and get the speediest release to the heavenly regions. This fills the coffers of the clergy by the legacies of the dead: Every one that leaves the world, takes something away from his friends and his heirs to purchase prayers for himself, and to shorten the anguish of his purification. Even that excellent man, the Archbishop of Cambray, in his posthumous book called his Spiritual Works, speaks of the necessity of this purifying fire, for good christians to burn out the remnant of self-love, by teaching them patience and entire resignation of the will, and perfect contentment under the fiery discipline.

But I cannot imagine how this doctrine should be any temptation to men to become proselytes to the church of Rome. One instance of this kind which I am going to relate, methinks should affright persons for ever from turning papists.

Promedon was bred in the Protestant faith, but having a superstitious turn of mind, and being much impressed by the discourse of an uncle who was a devout Catholic, he began to waver, and was inclined to change. He went lately to pay a visit to this uncle on his death-bed; where, after many crossings and anointings, and holy charms, he saw the dying man continue still in utmost distress and horror; for notwithstanding all the devotions of his life, and the ceremonies at his last moments, yet, according to the doctrines of his own church, he thought himself plunging into torments equal to hell: His flesh was convulsed, and his soul confounded at the thoughts of such immediate anguish. He ordered in his will five hundred pounds worth of masses, yet he was not assured whether the state of his purgation would continue months, or years, or ages. Amidst these agonies, *Promedon* saw his uncle expire, and performed the last kind office to close his eyes.

In his return home he talked thus with himself, "What! Can the pope promise no more than this? Must a man that is almost fit to be sainted be sent to hell for a season, till the priests are well fee'd to say prayers enough to fetch him out of it? Is the mercy of God so limited in the Popish doctrine, and reduced to such a scantling, as not to

save us without some atonements of our own? Is not the blood of our Redeemer sufficient of itself to purchase our full pardon, but must we buy part of it with the anguish of our own souls after death? Cannot the blessed Spirit make his own sanctifying work perfect, but the fire of purgatory must help to burn out our sins? Has not Christ promised me in the Bible, That if I am faithful till death, I shall receive a crown of life; and has the priest power to delay my crown, and keep me so long out of the possession, till his masses and prayers shall bring me into it? Is not all the grace of the gospel a sufficient security against the pains of hell, but after all my faith and the labours of my devotion, I must be consigned to hellish torments, coloured and softened with another name? Does not the word of God give encouragement to hope, that when we depart hence we shall be with Christ? That when I am absent from the body I shall be present with the Lord? And this is not only the blessing of an apostle, but even a disciple of Christ of the lowest rank, and whose character could make no pretence to merit, has the same privilege. A thief upon the cross, put to death by the hand of justice for his crimes, and who, as some divines suppose, had reviled our Saviour just before, (because some of the sacred historians charge both the thieves with reviling him:) Such a wretch, I say, who did not begin to repent till he began to die, has a promise from our blessed Lord, That he should be with him in paradise that very day, because his repentance and faith were sincere. And according to these encouragements of the gospel, have I not heard of many a religious protestant dying upon the faith of the New Testament with joy, and good assurance of his immediate entrance into blessedness? And are these terrors and agonies of spirit which I just now beheld, all the consolation that the priest of Rome will allow to so religious and devout a man as my uncle was?

"Farewell, farewell, ye deceivers: My Bible shall be my only guide; and the grace of God for ever preserve me in that religion which puts so much honour on the sufferings of our blessed Saviour, as to secure heaven to a good man, as soon as he departs from earth."

XII.—THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

If I were an idolater, and would build a temple for the sun, I should make the whole fabric to consist of glass; the walls and roof of it should be all over transparent, and it should need no other windows. Thus I might every where behold the glory of the God that I worship, and feel his heat, and rejoice in his light, and partake of the vital influences of that illustrious star in every part of his temple. But may not this happiness be obtained without forsaking the true God, or falling off to idolatry?

Surely the blessed ordinances of christianity are thus contrived and designed. Such are baptism and the Lord's-supper, preaching, praying, and psalmody. These institutions of worship are chosen and appointed with such divine wisdom, that they represent to us the glory of the several perfections of our God in his works of nature and grace, and transmit the beams of his power and love to enliven and to comfort our dark and drooping spirits. When we are brought as it were by his spirit into his courts, the glory of the Lord will fill the house, and we shall hear him speaking to our souls. The sun of righteousness will shine into our hearts: All the powers of our nature will rejoice in the light of his majesty, and under the rays of his mercy. We frequent his

sanctuary with delight to behold the beauty of the Lord there, to feel the warm shines of divine goodness, and partake of his promised salvation; *Ezek.* xliii. 5, 6. *Psalm* xxvii. 4. and lxiii. 2. But to carry the similitude yet further:

Suppose when I had finished this heathen temple, and basked there with pleasure under the rays of my bright idol, some fanciful and ingenious painter should attempt to cover the building all around with his own ornaments; suppose Raphael himself should use his pencil with exquisite art, and with mingled colours and images of a rich variety and beauty overspread all the walls, the doors, and the transparent roof of it; how would this seclude the sun's best influences, and shut this idol deity out of his own temple? Nay, though the image of the sun should be drawn there ten thousand times over in lines of gold, with a pretence to represent him in all his wondrous effects, yet every line will forbid the entrance of a sun-beam, and the worshipper within must dwell in twilight, or perhaps adore in darkness; he must lose the true sight of his planetary god, and the benefit of his cheering beams. Not the richest skill of a Zeuxis or Apelles beautifying the walls of this fabric, could ever supply the absence of the sun, or compensate the loss of light and heat.

Such are the rites and ceremonies of human wisdom, when they are contrived as ornaments of divine worship. A sacred institution mingled with the devices of men, is in truth nothing else but glass darkened with the colours of a painter, laid thick upon it. These inventions may appear to the fancy, not only grave and decent, but artful and honourable too: They may pretend assistance to the devout worshipper, and glory to God himself; but in reality they exclude him from his own temple. Sometimes they show a painted idol in the stead of him, for nothing can effectually represent God, but his own pure appointments; and so far as the ornaments prevail above the simple ordinance, they prevent all the kind influences of his power and grace; for he vouchsafes to transmit these no other way, but through his own institutions. "When the church of Rome honours God with her lips, and her priests set up their thresholds by my thresholds, saith the Lord, and their posts by my posts, they have even defiled my holy name by their abominations, and in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." *Isaiah* xxix. 13. compare with *Matt.* xv. 8, 9. and *Ezek.* xliii. 8.

XIII.—THE MIDNIGHT ELEVATION.

I.

Now reigns the night in her sublimest noon,
Nature lies hush'd; the stars their watches keep;
I wait thy influence, gentle sleep,
Come shed thy choicest poppies down,
On every sense, sweet slumbers seal my eyes,
Tir'd with the scenes of day, with painted vanities.

II.

In vain I wish, in vain I try
To close my eyes and learn to die;
Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly:
Then be my thoughts serene as day,
Be sprightly as the light,
Swift as the sun's far-shooting ray,
And take a vigorous flight:
Swift fly, my soul, transcend these dusky skies,
And trace the vital world that lies
Beyond those glimmering fires that gild and cheer the night.

III.

There Jesus reigns, adored name!
The second on the throne supreme:
In whose mysterious form combine
Created glories and divine:
The joy and wonder of the realms above:
At his command all their wing'd squadrons move,
Burn with his fire, and triumph in his love.

IV.

There souls releas'd from earth's dark bondage live,
My Reynolds there, with Howe and Boyle are found;

Not time nor nature could their genius bound,
And now they soar, and now they dive
In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is drown'd.
They aid the seraphs while they sing,
God is their unexhausted theme;
Light, life and joy for that immortal spring
O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless stream.
Amazing state! Divine abode!
Where spirits find their heaven while they are lost in God.

V.

Hail, holy souls, no more confin'd
To limbs and bones that clog the mind;
Ye have escap'd the snares, and left the chains behind.
We wretched prisoners here below,
What do we see, or learn or know,
But scenes of various folly, guilt and woe?
Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play
Round our fond sense, and waste the day,
Inchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul;
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
Beholds the busy slavery we endure;
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.

VI.

Reynolds, thou late ascended mind,
Employ'd in various thought and tuneful song,
What happy moment shall my soul unbind,
And bid me join th' harmonious throng?
Oh for a wing to rise to thee!
When shall my eyes those heav'nly wonders see?
When shall I taste those comforts with an ear refin'd?

VII.

Roll on apace, ye spheres sublime,
Swift drive thy chariot round, illustrious moon,
Haste, all ye winkling measures of time,
Ye can't fulfil your course too soon.
Kindle my languid pow'rs, celestial love,
Point all my passions to the courts above,
Then send the convoy down to guard my last remove.

VIII.

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys!
There light and shade succeed no more by turns,
There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

XIV.—THE HONOURABLE MAGISTRATE.

Invido was a man of shrewd understanding, but had so much ill humour in his make, that he could speak well of no body: Yet there once happened an incident in conversation, that betrayed him, without thinking, into a good-natured truth: And even while he was practising his own malicious temper, he was surprised into the acknowledgment of superior worth, and paid a nobler testimony to virtue.

The Story was this.

A friend of mine had drawn up the character of an excellent magistrate, where, among other admirable qualifications, these were inserted:

——" He never aimed at superiority over his neighbours, though by the bounty of Providence he grew richer than they: He had the universal respect due to goodness, long before he was made great; and when his fellow-citizens voted him into power and honour, he surveyed the province with a just reluctance, and shrunk away from grandeur; nor could any thing overcome his sincere aversion, but a sense of duty and hopes of public service.

" He passed through the chief offices of the city, and left a lustre upon them by the practice of such virtue and such piety as the chair of honour has seldom known: Those who have attended that court since the year of his magistracy search the register backward for twenty annual successions, and confess he has had no rival. ——

" While he stood in that eminence, he surveyed the whole nation, took a just view of its wants and its dangers; and by the divine blessing, which his daily retirements engaged on his side, he secured the nation's best interest, the exclusion of a child of Rome from the throne of England, and the succession of a Protestant government. At the appointed season he resigned with pleasure the fatigues of power, the tiresome hours of state, and the tedious train of pomp and equipage; but he daily fulfils the duties of subordinate authority to the terror of vice, to the support of the good, and to the reformation of a sinful land. He vindicates the poor with courage, against the oppression of the mighty, and sends gay criminals to the place of correction: He puts the rich offenders to public shame, as well as the poor, and he doth it with a noble security of soul: So spotless a character fears no recriminations.

" When the days of public show and procession return, he hides himself often at his country-seat, and makes a very trifling obstacle a sufficient excuse for his absence from honours, scarlet and gold: But none so zealous and constant in their attendance on the hours of business; and at the honourable board there is no seat empty so seldom as his. Neither gain nor diversion can tempt him aside, when the duty of his post requires his presence, and the public weal demands his counsels. His health, his ease and his estate are at the call of his country; his life lies ready too for the same service; but his nation gives thanks to Providence that has not demanded the precious sacrifice.

" He has no spreading dimensions nor lofty advantages of stature, whence he might look down upon the multitude, and command them into reverence; but such unblemished virtue has grandeur and majesty in it, and spreads fear and respect around. When he goes out to the gate through the city, he neither wears nor needs the ensigns of honour about him, nor attendants to follow him in the street; the vain young men see him and hide themselves; the aged arise and stand up. When the ear hears him, then it blesses him; the eye that sees him gives witness to him; because he has delivered the distressed soul that cried, he has relieved the fatherless, and him that had none to help. The blessing of those that are ready to perish comes daily upon him, and he causes the widow's heart to sing for joy. He is a father to the poor, and the cause which he knows not he searches out. He breaks the jaws of the wicked, and plucks the spoil out of their teeth; *Job* xxix.

" The vilest wretches of the earth cannot but love the man, while they hate the reforming magistrate. Not the united malice of his worst enemies can find any occasion against him, but concerning the law of his God; and were it not upon that account, he would have no enemies at all.

" The world wonders and enquires, Whence all these accomplishments? How did this man arrive at this true greatness, and all these uncommon excellencies? Those who are his intimates know the spring of them. He makes the word of God his daily counsellor, and he seeks directions from heaven in all his affairs on earth: He reads the examples of Daniel and Job in his Bible, and joins them together in his own practice; for he thinks one of them alone too little for a christian."

When I had read this in a room where *Invido* was present, one of the company commended the ingenuity of my friend in drawing up so fair, so divine a character. Some of them gave it as their opinion, that the excellencies and good qualities were set too thick together, and that there was no such person in nature, therefore it must

be the mere work of fancy: They confessed it was well imagined indeed, it was a fine picture, but there was no such original.——

Invido had no longer patience to hear such compliments passed on the writer; but with his usual eagerness, "Your friend," said he, "was never capable of composing such a piece; there is not a line of it owing to his own invention, for the whole character is a mere copy. This friend of yours has lived some years in *Albinus*'s family, and has only stole his picture."

You are much in the right, *Invido;* it was so designed; and I am glad the features are so well touched, and the likeness so finely preserved, that a man of your temper should consent to know the piece, should name the original, and confess the likeness.

Happy *Albinus*, and favoured of heaven beyond the common rate even of the best of men, when envy itself is constrained to pay public honours to his merit.

XV.—A LESSON OF HUMILITY.

How vain a thing is man! How ready to be puffed up with every breath of applause, and to forget that he is a creature, and a sinner! He that can bear to be surrounded with approbations and honours, and yet keep the same air and countenance without swelling a little at heart, has passed an hour of temptation, and come off conqueror. *As the fining-pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, so is a man to his praise;* Prov. xxvii. 21.

Eudoxus is a gentleman of exalted virtue, and unstained reputation: Every soul that knows him, speaks well of him: He is so much honoured, and so well beloved in his nation, that he must flee his country if he would avoid praises. So sensible is he of the secret pride that has tainted human nature, that he holds himself in perpetual danger, and maintains an everlasting watch. He behaves now with the same modesty as when he was unknown and obscure. He receives the acclamations of the world with such an humble mien, and with such an indifference of spirit that is truly admirable and divine. It is a lovely pattern, but the imitation is not easy.

I took the freedom one day to ask him, How he acquired this wondrous humility, or whether he was born with no pride about him? "Ah, no," said he, with a sacred sigh, "I feel the working poison, but I keep my antidote at hand; when my friends tell me of many good qualities and talents, I have learnt from St. Paul to say, What have I that I have not received? My own consciousness of many follies and sins constrains me to add, What have I that I have not misimproved? And then reason and religion join together to suppress my vanity, and teach me the proper language of a creature and a sinner; What then have I to glory in?" 1716.

XVI.—THE WASTE OF LIFE.

Anergus was a young gentleman of a good estate, he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste at all for the improvements of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in his bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch, and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour. Five or six of the rest he sauntered away, with

much indolence: The chief business of them was to contrive his meals, and to feed his fancy before-hand with the promise of a dinner and supper; not that he was so very a glutton, or so entirely devoted to appetite; but chiefly because he knew not how to employ his thoughts better, he let them rove about the sustenance of his body. Thus he had made a shift to wear off ten years since the paternal estate fell into his hands; and yet according to the abuse of words in our day, he was called a man of virtue, because he scarce ever was known to be quite drunk, nor was his nature much inclined to lewdness.

One evening as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support his carcase, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with those offerings. He had not quite lost all the arithmetic that he learned when he was a boy, and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man.

"Above a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolong mine, which in ten years time amounts to at least six thousand.

"Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest part offered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts out of the flock and the herd have been slain in ten years time to feed me, besides what the forest and the park have supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their varieties, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smaller fry as many thousands.

"A measure of corn would hardly afford fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six-score bushels; and many hogsheads of ale and wine, and other liquors, have passed through this body of mine, this wretched strainer of meat and drink.

"And what have I done all this time for God or man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life, and a worthless liver! There is not the meanest creature among all these which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it hath done so. Every shrimp and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honour than I have done: O shameful waste of life and time!"

In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole course of life, to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age: He lived many following years, with the character of a worthy man, and an excellent christian; he performed the kind offices of a good neighbour at home, and made a shining figure as a patriot in the senate-house; he died with a peaceful conscience in the faith and hope of the gospel, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

The world, that knew the whole series of his life, stood amazed at the mighty change: They beheld him as wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the divine power and mercy, which had transformed him from a brute to a man.

But this was a single instance; and we may almost venture to write miracle upon it.

Are there not large numbers of both sexes among our young gentry, and among the families of quality, in a degenerate age, whose lives thus run to utter waste without the least tendency to usefulness and reformation, and with a scorn of all repentance?

When I meet with persons of such a worthless character as this, it brings to my mind some scraps of Horace.

'Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati.
'————Alcinoique juventus
'Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies,' &c.

Paraphrase.

There are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish:
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their plae,
And swallow corn and carcases.
Then if their tomb-stone, when they die,
Ben't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better will be said,
Than that, 'They've eat up all their bread,
'Drank up their drink, and gone to bed.'

There are other fragments of that heathen poet, which occur on such occasions, one in the first of his satires, the other in the last of his epistles, which seem to represent life only as a season of luxury.

———'Exacto contentus tempore vitæ
'Cedat uti conviva satur.———
'Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;
'Tempus abire tibi.'

Which may be thus put into English.

Life's but a feast; and when we die,
Horace would say, if he were by,
'Friend, thou hast eat and drank enough,
'Tis time now to be marching off:
'Then like a well-fed guest depart,
'With cheerful looks, and ease at heart;
'Bid all your friends good-night, and say,
'You've done the business of the day.'

Reflection.

Deluded souls! that sacrifice
Eternal hopes above the skies,
And pour their lives out all in waste,
To the vile idol of their taste!
The highest heav'n of their pursuit
Is to live equal with the brute:
Happy, if they could die as well,
Without a judge, without a hell!

XVII.—THE TABLE BLESSED.

How do we upbraid and condemn the Romish clergy for pretending to consecrate the wafer for all the people, by muttering a few Latin words over it, which they cannot understand! While we abhor the idolatry of the mass, yet we cannot help smiling at the silly superstition, and pity the ignorance of the multitude: They believe the bread sufficiently consecrated for them to all the purposes of their salvation, though they never joined with the priest in attending to the words of blessing: Nor indeed was it possible they should have their hearts engaged in that part of the worship, because it was performed in an unknown tongue. Who is there among us, that does not blame and reprove so absurd a practice? And yet we imitate the same folly daily, and think ourselves unconcerned in the reproof.

Formulo says grace constantly at a plentiful table, but he hurries over his words as a school-boy does his lesson, and he whispers in so low a voice, as though he were muttering some secret charm to consecrate the dishes. Does he think it sufficient if the words may be heard in heaven, while the company in the room know little of the matter, and the quickest ears can distinguish no more than a few broken syllables? Yet I have heard this man maintain a fine argument against Popish superstition and the Latin liturgy: I have heard him assert, with very good reason, that no part of the bread is sanctified to the people at the holy sacrament by all the communion-service, where the hearts of the communicants are absent, and never join with the church in her prayers: Then why will not *Formulo* let his friends at the table join with him in his graces? No wonder that the family and the guests stare about thoughtless, and sit down to their food without a blessing, when the lips that pronounce it do not suffer the blessing to reach their ears. But chaplains are not the only persons culpable in this matter, nor are they always to blame.

Asebion, a gay gentleman of one-and-twenty, was present at a table where God is addressed in a more religious manner, and with a devout and becoming solemnity. He sits down and eats heartily; he doubts not but the food is sufficiently blessed to his use, though he never raised his thoughts towards heaven, nor attended at all while the good man *Serenus* performed his office. *Asebion* was busy in the disposal of his hat and sword, and surveying all the faces of the company, while the blessing of heaven was sought on the food.

His sister *Asebina*, a pert young creature of fifteen, was observed to employ that minute in drawing off her gloves, adjusting her dress, giving herself airs, and preparing for her seat. At the same time there was at the table a pious and elder lady, a near relation of theirs, who with grief observed the careless conduct of her niece and nephew; and being seated next above *Asebina*, she had the opportunity to whisper a gentle admonition, "How can you expect, niece, a blessing on your meat, who did not so much as lift up a thought to God to ask for it?" *Asebina* replied aloud, with an air of assured ignorance, "I know the chaplain did that for us all!" And thus she affected to let all the company know that she received a secret reproof, and despised the reprover. Should it be granted here, that the admonition was a little ill-timed; yet it is certain the reply was not a little insolent, nor a little irreligious.

While we were eating, one of the guests diverted the table with no improper amuse-

ments; he entertained the company with agreeable and facetious discourse, but still within the rules of religion and decency.

The dishes being withdrawn, and the table uncovered, *Serenus* stood up to conclude his office; *Asebina* opened her snuff-box, and regaled her nose; but *Asebion* employed himself with his tooth-pick, and then set himself in an attitude to wait for the Amen, that he might make his honours gracefully to all the table.

After dinner the conversation turned upon the subject of saying grace before and after meat. When several of the company had given their thoughts, *Serenus* acknowledged it was not necessary to offer a solemn and particular petition to heaven on the occasion of every bit of bread that we tasted, or when we drink a glass of wine with a friend; nor was it expected we should make a social prayer when persons each for themselves took a slight repast in a running manner; either the general morning devotion is supposed sufficient to recommend such transient actions and occurrences to the divine blessing, or a sudden secret wish, sent up to heaven in silence, might answer such a purpose in the christian life: But when a whole family sits down together to make a regular and stated meal, it was his opinion, that the great God should be solemnly acknowledged as the giver of all the good things we enjoy; and the practice of our Saviour and St. Paul had set us an illustrious example.

Asebion had not yet arrived at such impiety, as to pronounce it a foolish and senseless custom; but he declared his sentiment with freedom, that " we might all share enough in the grace that was said for a dinner, without putting on such a demure countenance, and such grave airs, as if we were at church in the midst of divine service."

Profane and foolish speech! But it is hard to say, whether more foolish or more profane.

Tell me, *Asebion*, is our addressing the God of heaven with prayer and praise at meals no part of divine service? Is God never worshipped but when it is done at church? Little do these creatures think what a dangerous thing it is to trifle with an almighty Being, even in the smallest act of worship! Did the great God ever appoint tooth-picks to be the sacred utensils of our asking a blessing on food? Or is a cloud of snuff the incense that must ascend with this prayer? How thoughtless are these mortals, and how unconcerned about the serious and important things of religion! They behave with such a regardless air, as though grace before meat were a needless old-fashioned ceremony; as though it were enough for the chaplain to worship their Maker for the whole family; or that when they speak to the Majesty of heaven for a blessing on their food, there was no need of a composed countenance, or any show of bodily reverence. Yet *Asebion* and *Asebina* every morning ask their father's blessing on their knees. Methinks I would ask them, " Why so solemnly on your knees for your father's blessing, and so utterly negligent of all solemnity and outward decencies when you seek a blessing from God?"

After I had written this paper, I lent it to a friend, who put it into the hands of *Sedentius*, and desired him to read it. In the perusal of it, he seemed pleased, and gratified with the just reproof of such irreligion, and showed his satisfaction by an approving smile, till he came to the close; there he paused a little, and a grave dejected air spread over his countenance: " Well," said he, " I hope these young gentry will learn to be more devout while the provision of the table is blessed, but I take my share also

in the reproof; nor will I indulge any more appearance of irreverence for time to come in these domestic and daily acts of worship: I and my fathers before me have sat down to meat these forty years, and never asked a blessing till after we were all seated; but my children shall learn of me to stand up and adore the God who made and feeds us, nor shall our seats nor our consciences upbraid us with any appearances of indecency in our addresses to the living God *."

XVIII.—YOUTH AND DEATH.

————'Tener vitulus relictâ
'Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
'In mea vota:
'Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
'Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
'Quà notam duxit niveus videri,
'Cetera fulvus.'——HORAT.

While we read these lines of Horace, wherein he describes his young yellow calf with the white crescent in his forehead, while he paints out the pretty brute in most agreeable verse, one is ready to feel a sort of fond pity working in us, when we find that the creature is destined to speedy sacrifice: The poet himself, who devotes its blood to the altar, yet seems to dwell with a sort of compassion and mournful pleasure on the description of its beauty and sprightliness.

A milk-white mark its spreading front adorns,
Shaped like a moon of three days old:
The silver curve divides its budding horns,
And all besides is gold.
The pretty creature, wild in wanton play,
Now frisks about the flow'ry mead;
Loose from the dam, it knows no grief to-day,
But must to-morrow bleed.

* It hath been suspected that *Sedentius* reproves himself here without any just reason, since our Saviour seated the multitude on the grass before he blessed the food; *Luke* ix. and *John* vi. and the apostles were sitting at the Paseal table when Christ instituted the Lord's-supper, and blessed the elements.

To this it may be replied, (1.) Who can say that our Saviour did not rise and ask the blessing on the food, standing, though the others might sit? (2.) The jewish custom and gesture at meals was something between lying and sitting, whereby it might become much more inconvenient to have all the guests rise up, and lie down after the food was set on the table, which must be very low, and near the ground; and mere external gestures are not so precisely necessary in such short occasional acts of worship, as to break in upon the common conveniencies of life. This was certainly the case when Christ fed the multitudes; for he ordered them to sit down, that they might all be disposed into proper ranks, which could not so well have been done while they were standing, and might change their places. (3.) If it could be proved that our Saviour himself, as well as the multitudes, sat at blessing the food, this could only prove the lawfulness of the gesture, but by no means the neeessity of it; because standing and kneeling are more frequently described in scripture as gestures of prayer.

It is certain, that standing, kneeling, or prostration, are natural tokens of reverence and supplication, which sitting is not: Now when any of the natural gestures of reverence and supplication may be used with equal conveniency, it seems more proper to use them, and to worship God with flesh and spirit together. Whatever might be the jewish custom then, yet it is the constant custom of our age now, to pray standing or kneeling; and this has made sitting at prayer appear much more indecent. Now where natural signs of reverence join with the customs of the age and country wherein we dwell, is it not much more proper to pay our addresses to God in that posture, by which both nature and custom agree to express reverenee and honour; though for reasons that are not obvious now, Christ might heretofore indulge a posture which carries less appearance of reverence in it?

When I see the youth of either sex arrived at that age wherein nature is just risen to its elegance and vigour, and when they begin to show themselves to the world, my heart pities them, as so many borderers upon the grave; yet most of them are utterly thoughtless of dying. Little do they imagine in those years of gaiety, mirth, and madness, that they are treasuring up vengeance to themselves, by their thoughtless rebellion against the power that made them. Little do they think that their lives are every moment due to the justice of God as a sacrifice, each for their own iniquity: Young creatures, but bold sinners! They are weaned from the nursery, they are got loose from their parents' wing, and like the Roman poet's calf, they vainly exult and riot in their new freedom; they gad abroad in the wide world, wanton and lavish in all the delights which the vigour of depraved nature inspires. They know not how to bear the checks of piety, and the restraints of wisdom, nor will they endure the tenderest admonitions of a parent or an aged friend. They have no apprehension of the angel of death near them, as though it was beyond the reach of his commission or the flight of his arrows to smite any of their station or character. In the morning of nature they feel themselves live, and they fancy it is immortality.

Especially if they are adorned with any peculiar charms of wit or beauty, then the flatteries of the glass, and their own warm imagination, the compliments and caresses of the company that attend them, banish all that is solemn or serious: The inchanting allurements that surround their senses, render them deaf to all the warnings of God and conscience, and thoughtless of every thing but the gay successions of pleasure. The powers of animal life reign in them without control, and they forget there is a soul within them, or a God above them, or a tribunal of judgment at which they must be arraigned.

In the midst of this flowery scene, *Amelistus* was seized with a sudden fever; in three days time it was heightened into a raging delirium, which gave no room for any penitential reflections; and thus in the bloom of nature, and full of the sins of his youth, he was surprised into eternity: He seemed to be singled out from the rest of his wild associates, and made a victim to death, and to divine displeasure. A loud alarm to secure sinners, and a flaming warning-piece to the companions of his guilt!

Our natural compassion drops some tears of humanity on the grave of such a fine young gentleman; but the divine Being that made him, is not moved with those prettinesses of flesh and blood, which engage our senses, and melt our hearts to softness. What is a little rose-coloured skin and well-set limbs, in the eyes of that almighty Power that can create millions of such beautiful engines with his breath, and destroy them without loss? Ten thousand gay worms and shining insects arise hourly at his command in a summer's day: But if an insect or a worm affront its Maker, our own reason would sentence it to immediate death.

Happy were such a wretch as *Amelistus*, if he had been a mere animal, and had nothing in him capable of immortality. Happy had it been, if he were a worm or shining insect, or in all respects like that pretty young brute, which the poet describes; then the term of his mortal life would have finished his existence: But the sin of man, and the justice of God, demand the sacrifice of a soul; his rebellion arose against heaven; he affronted the infinite majesty of his Creator, and since he died without repentance, the threatenings of the Bible doom him to everlasting punishment. "Hear this, young sinners, who forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you."

XIX.—BABYLON DESTROYED; OR, THE 137TH PSALM TRANSLATED.

Had Horace or Pindar written this Ode, it would have been the endless admiration of the critic, and the perpetual labour of rival translators: But it is found in the scripture, and that gives a sort of disgust to an age which verges too much toward infidelity. I could wish the muse of Mr. Pope would choose out some few of these pieces of sacred psalmody, which carry in them the more sprightly beauties of poesy, and let the English nation know what a divine poet sat on the throne of Israel. He has taken Homer's rhapsodies, and turned them into fine verse and agreeable entertainment; and his admirable imitation of the Hebrew prophets, in his poem called The Messiah, convinces us abundantly, how capable he is of such a service. This particular psalm could not well be converted into christianity, and therefore it appears here in its jewish form: The vengeance denounced against Babylon, in the close of it, shall be executed, said a great divine, upon antichristian Rome; but he was persuaded the Turks must do it, for Protestant hearts, said he, have too much compassion in them to imbrue their hands in such a bloody and terrible execution.

I.

When by the flowing brooks we sat,
The brooks of Babylon the proud;
We thought on Zion's mournful state,
And wept her woes, and wail'd aloud.

II.

Thoughtless of every cheerful air
(For grief had all our harps unstrung)
Our harps, neglected in despair,
And silent, on the willows hung.

III.

Our foes, who made our land their spoil,
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues,
Bid us forget our groans awhile,
And give a taste of Zion's songs.

IV.

How shall we sing in heathen lands
Our holy songs to ears profane?
Lord, shall our lips at their commands
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain?

V.

Forbid it heaven! O vile abuse!
Zion in dust forbids it too:
Shall hymns inspired for sacred use
Be sung to please a scoffing crew?

VI.

O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Fast to my mouth in silence still;
Let some avenging pow'r bereave
My fingers of their tuneful skill.

VII.

If I thy sacred rites profane,
O Salem, or thy dust despise;
If I indulge one cheerful strain,
Till I shall see thy tow'rs arise.

VIII.

'Twas Edom bid the conqu'ring foe,
'Down with the tow'rs, and raze thy walls:'
Requite her, Lord: But, Babel, know,
Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance calls.

IX.

As thou hast spared nor sex nor age,
Deaf to our infants' dying groans,
May some bless'd hand, inspir'd with rage,
Dash thy young babes, and tinge the stones.

XX.—EPITAPHIUM MONSTRI CUJUSDAM,

APUD ANGLOS VULGO DICTI

BIGOTRY,

Terræ & Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, viro ingenioso & verè pio

JOHANNE REYNOLDS.

I.

‘ Hic jacet (sempcrque jaceat!)
‘ Pietatis cadaver,
‘ Improbitatis corpus,
‘ Religionis larva,
‘ Sanctimoniæ hostis & umbra,
‘ Divini imago zeli, & pestis,
‘ Ecclesia simia simul & lupus.

II.

‘ Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
‘ Romæ antiquæ natum,
‘ Novæ in tutelam acceptum,
‘ In caliginosis Vaticani adytis,
‘ Humano sanguine & pulvere pyrio
‘ Nutritum, saginatum.

III.

‘ Hispanicæ ditionis incola,
‘ Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
‘ Jamdudum gratissimis;
‘ Veteris quidem, novique orbis,
‘ Humani generis & commodi causâ
‘ Peregrinator assiduus.

IV.

‘ Linguarum utpote quarumcunque peritus,
‘ Sexûs itidem utriusque particeps.
‘ Mentium illuminator flammeus,
‘ Acutissimis dubitantium ductor,
‘ Qui laqueis, ensibus incendiisque,
‘ Reluctantium animarum catervas
‘ Festinas in cœlum amandat,
‘ Celerrimus orbis conversor.
‘ Conspirationum exitialium,
‘ Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
‘ (Mali reverà machinarum infandi)
‘ Artifex dexterrimus.

V.

‘ Ecclesiæ sub nomine & cultu,
‘ Sub pelle ovina & vultu,
‘ Libertatis penitùs ecclesiasticæ,

XX.—AN EPITAPH ON BIGOTRY,

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

Which was written by the late pious and ingenious

MR. JOHN REYNOLDS,

And inserted in the Occasional Paper,

Vol. III. Numb. 6.

I.

Here lies (and may it here for ever lie)
The carcase of dead piety,
Shadow of grace, substantial sin,
Religion's mask and gaudy dress,
The form and foe of holiness,
The image and the plague of zeal divine.
Its dwelling was the church; in double shape,
Half was a murdering wolf, and half a mimic ape.

II.

A monster horrid to the sight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of light;
'Twas born at Rome,
'Twas nurs'd at home,
In the dark cloisters of the Vatican;
Its lungs inspir'd with heaving lies,
Its bulk well-fatten'd to prodigious size
With gun-powder and blood of man.

III.

Ancient inhabitant of Spain,
And long in France a welcome guest;
Over the continent and main,
Over the old world and the new,
Mankind and money to pursue,
On dragons' wings the harpy flew,
And gave its feet no rest.

IV.

All languages the fury spake,
And did of either sex partake:
Flaming enlight'ner of the mind,
And headlong leader of the blind,
Oft has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to speak,
While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind.
By gibbet, sword and fire,
It made whole tribes of men expire;
And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,
A swift converter of the world.
Dext'rous in all the arts of blood:
Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
Mysterious mischief, plots of state,
Those murd'rous engines to destroy the good.

[*The muse here tiring, begs the reader's leave to release herself from the bonds and labours of rhyme and meter, by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in prose.*]

V.

Under the name and habit of the church,
Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,
It became the most savage and rampant

' Commercii penè civilis,
' Ac societatis humanæ
' Indomitus vastator & prædo.

VI.

' Artibus politis, politicisque,
' Critices nexibus, logicæque strophis
' Calamorum, linguæque telis,
' Conciliorum, canonumque bombardis,
' Cæterisque gentis togatæ armamentis
' Bellator instructissimus.

VII.

' Cui furor, ac odium, ac nefas,
' Fastusque ac seculi amor,
' Perjuria, piæque fraudes,
' Truculenta partium studia,
' Implicitæ fidei, tyrannidisque,
' Obsequii proinde passivi,
' Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia
' Comites fuerunt solennes.

VIII.

' Cui nugæ, tricæque, calendæ,
' Quisquiliæ, diræ, exequiæque,
' Bullæ minantes, & bruta fulmina,
' Vota sacrilega, ac legendæ,
' Jecur theologicum, bilisque
' Aspera æque ac atra,
' Pompæ theatrales, ritusque
' Obsoleti simul & decentes,
' Cordi fuere & cibo.

IX.

' Ordinis ut plurimùm clericalis,
' Gregis potissimùm Loyolitici,
' Congregationis prætereà venerandæ
' De propagandâ per orbem fide,
' Coccenatus antistes.

X.

' Nobilissimæ inquisitionis curiæ,
' (Solertissimæ hærcticorum muscipulæ)
' Primævus fundator, & præses.

Plunderer and waster of human society,
Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
And left religious liberty expiring.

VI.

A warrior well furnish'd
With all arts politic and polite,
With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,
The hampering chains and subtleties of logic,
And the javelins of pen and tongue,
With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,
And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

VII.

Fury, hatred and mischief,
Love of this world, pride and disdain,
With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds,
And raging party-zeal,
Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.
High encomiums and endless applause
Of guides infallible, and faith implicit,
Of hereditary and divine right,
Of unlimited power and passive obedience
To tyrant priests and kings,
With the immortal praise and merit
Of stupid ignorance, and blind submission,
Were heralds to prepare its way.

VIII.

Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,
Legends and silly tales,
Old almanacks, and mouldy musty relics,
Sweepings of ancient tombs,
Vows, pilgrimages, charms and consecrations,
Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies
Both decent and indecent,
Monkish vows, and superstitious austerities,
With words of sacerdotal absolution,
And sacerdotal vengeance,
Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
Roaring bulls, and vain thunders,
Mixt up with priestly choler, bitter and black,
Were its delicious food.

[*Now metre and rhyme proceed.*]

IX.

A purple prelate, chosen to preside
Over the whole Ignatian drove,
And all the clergy-tribes beside,
All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love.
In ev'ry different sect 'twas known,
It made the cassock and the cowl its own,
Now stalk'd in formal cloak, now flutter'd in the gown.

X.

At what dark hour soe'er,
The curst divan at Rome were met,
Catholic faith to propagate,
This monster fill'd the chair.

'Amplissimo cardinalium concessui,
'Necnon sanctissimo S. R. ecclesiæ
'Patri capitique.
'A secretioribus semper consiliis.

The conclave drest in bonnets red,
With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,
Made it their privy-counsellor.
The inquisition court (a bloody crew,
Artful to set the solemn trap
That lets no heretic escape)
Owns it her president and founder too.

XI.

'Christiani insuper orbis totius
'Tam per orientales, quam occidentales
'Mundi plagas
'Miserè secum militantis
'(Et quid, quæso, dicendum?)
'Antesignanus semper triumphans.

XI.

Oft as the church in east or western lands
Rising against herself in arms,
In her own blood imbru'd her hands,
This chief led on th' unnatural war,
Or did the bloody standards bear,
Or sound the fierce alarms;
Victorious still. (And what can more be said
Of all the living warriors, or the heroes dead?)

XII.

'Insulæ Britannicæ extraneis ab hostibus
'Pelagi mœnibus, necnon ab navium
'Propugnaculis bene munitæ,
'Bonis præterea domesticis,
'Quà sacris, quà civilibus
'(Bona si tandem sua noverit)
'Omnium fortunatissimæ
'(Proh dolor! Proh pudor!)
'Intestinus divisor & helluo.

XII.

Britain, a land well stor'd with every good,
That nature, law, religion gives;
A land where sacred freedom thrives;
Blest isle! If her own weal she understood!
Her sons, immur'd with guardian ocean, sleep,
And castles floating on the deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign foes, O shame! O sin!
Her sons had let this baleful mischief in;
This hellish fury, who with flatt'ring breath
Did first divide, and then devour,
And made wild waste where'er she spread her pow'r,
Behold she meets her fatal hour
And lies inchain'd in death.

XIII.

'I fuge viator, malignum
'Hujusce sepulchri vaporem!
'Lætare, festina, & ora
'Ne sphingi adeo nefandæ
'Ullus in ævum
'Resurrectionis concedatur locus.'

XIII.

Shout at thy grave, O traveller;
Triumphant joys that reach the skies
Are here the justest obsequies:
Shout thrice; then flee afar
The pois'nous steams and stenches of the sepulchre;
Go, turn thy face to heaven, and pray,
That such a hateful monster never may
Obtain a resurrection-day.

XXI.—THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

What a wondrous difference there is betwixt the soul and the body of a poor distressed dying christian? His flesh perhaps with Lazarus is full of diseases, and in a few moments time it lies dead upon the dunghill; a noisome carcase! an unlovely and offensive sight! Then, as though it were unworthy for the earth to bear it, it is thrown under ground to rot in darkness, as a companion and food for worms: But his soul (like one of the lamps of Gideon shining out at midnight from a broken pitcher) appears immediately in its native brightness and beauty, as a creature born of heaven, and

a-kin to God; it is taken up as an honourable burden for the wings of angels; it is swiftly conveyed above the heavens, and made a companion for all the sons of God in glory. *Luke* xvi. 20, 22. *Judges* vii. 16, 19.

Let us take a distinct review of each of these different circumstances of the flesh and spirit, and set them in a just light and in due opposition.

The body with all its bones and nerves lies dead and moveless, a demolished prison and broken fetters; the soul all life and vigour, a prisoner released from all its chains, and exulting in glorious liberty.

The body an unworthy load of earth; the soul a burden fit for an angel's wing.

The body thrown under ground, and hid in darkness; the soul rising above the skies and shining there in garments of light.

The body the entertainment and the contempt of worms; the soul proper company for Christ and his saints.

Was it not a stroke of divine love that demolished the prison-house, and released the captive; that broke the dark earthern pitcher, and bid the lamp appear and shine?

XXII.—AN HYMN TO CHRIST JESUS, THE ETERNAL LIFE.

I.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

II.

Say, will the Stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find these blissful streams,
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

III.

In vain I ask; for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

IV.

Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

V.

All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our surety, and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

VI.

Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal life, and Jesus' name;
A word of his almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

VII.

But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

XXIII.—DISTANT THUNDER.

WHEN we hear the thunder rumbling in some distant quarter of the heavens, we sit calm and secure amidst our business or diversions, we feel no terrors about us, and apprehend no danger. When we see the slender streaks of lightning play afar off in the horizon of an evening sky, we look on and amuse ourselves as with an agreeable spectacle, without the least fear or concern. But, lo, the dark cloud rises by degrees, it grows black as night, and big with tempest; it spreads as it rises to the mid-heaven, and now hangs directly over us; the flashes of lightning grow broad and strong, and like sheets

of ruddy fire, they blaze terribly all round the hemisphere. We bar the doors, and windows, and every avenue of light, but we bar them all in vain; the flames break in at every cranny, and threaten swift destruction. The thunder follows, bursting from the cloud with sudden and tremendous clashes; the voice of the Lord is redoubled with violence, and overwhelms us with terror; it rattles over our heads as though the whole house were broken down at once with a stroke from heaven, and were tumbling on us amain to bury us in the ruins. Happy the soul whose hope in his God composes all his passions amidst these storms of nature, and renders his whole deportment peaceful and serene amidst the frights and hurries of weak spirits and unfortified minds.

What lesson shall we derive from such a scene as this? Methinks I see here in what manner the terrors of the book of God and the threatenings of divine vengeance are received and entertained by secure sinners. These threatenings appear to them like streaks of lightning afar off: The most dreadful predictions of the fury of God sound in their ears but like the feeble murmurs of the sky, and far distant thunder. The poor among mankind go on to pursue their labours of life, and the rich their vain amusements; they have no fear about these future storms afar off, nor any solicitude to avoid them. But the hour is hastening when every threatening in the Bible shall appear to be the voice of God, and his power shall employ all the terrible things in the creation for the accomplishment of his dreadful word. The wings of time bring onward the remote tempest: These dark clouds unite and grow big with divine and eternal vengeance; they rise high, they hang over the nations, and are just ready to be discharged on the head of impenitents. The God of thunder will roar from heaven, and cause his voice to be heard through the foundations of the earth, and to the very centre of hell. The spirit of the haughtiest sinner shall tremble with unknown astonishment, and the man of mockery shall quiver to his very soul. The lightnings of God shall kindle the world into one vast conflagration; the earth with all its forests and cities, shall make a dreadful blaze; the enemies of the Lord shall be fuel for this devouring fire, and a painful burning shall be kindled in the consciences, which innumerable ages shall not extinguish. "Who can dwell with this devouring fire? Who can endure these everlasting burnings?"

Blessed souls, who in a wise and happy hour have heard these divine warnings, who stood in awe of these distant thunders, and reverenced and obeyed the voice of the Lord in them. Blessed souls, who beheld the flashes of the wrath of God while they were yet afar off; who saw them kindling terribly in the threatenings of the broken law, and fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel! They are divinely secured amidst the promises of the covenant of grace, from all the approaches of the fiery indignation. Jesus has sprinkled his own blood upon them; a sovereign and preventive remedy against these terrors, a sure and eternal defence against the power of the destroying angel, and the burning tempest. "Their feet shall stand on high, their habitation is a munition of rocks;" they shall live secure, and rejoice in their God amidst the ruins of the lower creation.

XXIV.—DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN; 2 SAM. i. 19, &c.

THE Jews were acquainted with several arts and sciences long ere the Romans became a people, or the Greeks were known among the nations. Though Moses might learn some of them in his Egyptian education, yet perhaps others were taught by God himself amidst their travels in the wilderness, when they formed such a wonderful portable structure as the tabernacle, and wrought such garments of exquisite glory and beauty to adorn the high-priest in his sacred ministrations. Nor is it unlikely that Moses introduced among them the art of verse; for the most ancient poetical composures which are known in the world, are the xvth chapter of Exodus, where he triumphs over Pharoah and his army, the xcth Psalm, where he describes the frailty and misery of human life, and the xxxiid of Deuteronomy, where he leaves behind him a noble divine ode at his death, for the perpetual memory of God and his wonders.

The next remarkable instance we have of this kind, are the writings of David, the sweet psalmist of Israel; but even David could never be supposed to borrow any thing from the Greeks, when Homer, the father of their verse, was supposed to be but a contemporary with Solomon the son of David. If the Greeks had been acquainted with the songs of Moses, which I have mentioned, or the Romans had ever known the odes of David, and amongst the rest this admirable elegy, they would never have spoke of the Jews with so much contempt, as a rude and barbarous people; at least I am persuaded their poets would have conceived a much better opinion of them, when they found them so far exceed any thing that their own nations had ever produced. I believe I might fairly challenge all the antiquity of the heathens to present us with an ode of more beautiful sentiments, and greater elegancy, than this lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. It is rehearsed in the scripture indeed, but perhaps not written by inspiration, for there is scarce any thing of God or religion in it. David the mere man was a sublime poet, and God made him a prophet.

I have seen this piece several times in an English dress, but none of them have given me any more satisfaction, than perhaps I shall give to those who read mine. It was a mere admiration of this Hebrew song that set my imagination at work, in this attempt to imitate.

I shall here first transcribe it from the scripture, though it is impossible that it should appear at this distance of time, and in our language, with half the lustre in which it stood in that age and nation when it was written.

2 *Sam.* i. 17. "And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son.

19. The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: How are the mighty fallen!

20. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

21. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

22. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

23. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

24. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

25. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wert slain in thy high places!

26. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

27. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Paraphrased thus.

I.

Unhappy day! Distressing sight!
Israel, the land of heav'n's delight,
How is thy strength, thy beauty fled!
On the high places of the fight
Behold thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory dead.

II.

Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known
Among the streets of Askelon:
How will Philistia's youth rejoice
And triumph in our shame,
And girls with weak unhallowed voice
Chant the dishonours of the Hebrew name!

III.

Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew
Nor fruitful show'rs descend on you:
Curse on your fields thro' all the year,
No flow'ry blessings there appear,
Nor golden ranks of harvest stand
To grace the altar, or to feed the land.
'Twas in those inauspicious fields
Judean heroes lost their shields:
'Twas there (ah base reproach and scandal of the day!)
Thy shield, O Saul, was cast away,
As tho' the prophet's horn had never shed
Its sacred odours on thy head.

IV.

The sword of Saul had ne'er till now,
Awoke to war in vain,
Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow,
Without an army slain.
Where truth and honour mark'd their way,
Not eagles swifter to their prey,
Nor lions strong or bold as they.

V.

Graceful in arms and great in war
Were Jonathan and Saul,
Pleasant in life, and manly fair;
Nor death divides the royal pair,
And thousands share their fall.

Daughters of Israel, melt your eyes
To softer tears, and swell your sighs,
Disrob'd, disgrac'd, your monarch lies,
On the bleak mountains, pale and cold:
He made rich scarlet your array;
Bright were your looks, your bosoms gay
With gems of regal gift, and interwoven gold.

VI.

How are the princes sunk in death!
Fall'n on the shameful ground!
There my own Jonathan resign'd his breath:
On the high places where he stood,
He lost his honours and his blood;
Oh execrable arm that gave the mortal wound!

VII.

My Jonathan, my better part,
My brother, and (that dearer name) my friend,
I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart,
And here my comforts end.
How pleasant was thy love to me!
Amazing passion, strong and free!
No dangers could thy steady soul remove:
Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,
Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love.
To name my joys, awakes my pain;
The dying friend runs cold through every vein.
My Jonathan, my dying friend,
How thick my woes arise! Where will my sorrows end?

VIII.

Unhappy day! Distressing sight!
Israel, the land of heaven's delight,
How are thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory slain!
The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,
With all the sully'd pomp of war,
In rude confusion spread,
Promiscuous lie among the dead,
A lamentable rout o'er all the inglorious plain.

XXV.—THE SKELETON.

Young *Tramarinus* was just returned from his travels abroad, when he invited his uncle to his lodgings on a Saturday noon; his uncle was a substantial trader in the city, a man of sincere goodness, and of no contemptible understanding; *Crato* was his name. The nephew first entertained him with learned talk of his travels. The conversation happening to fall upon anatomy, and speaking of the hand, he mentioned the carpus and metacarpus, the joining of the bones by many hard names, and the periosteon which covered them, together with other Greek words which *Crato* had never heard of. Then he showed him a few curiosities he had collected; but anatomy being the subject of their chief discourse, he dwelt much upon the skeletons of a hare and a partridge; "Observe, sir," said he, "how firm the joints! How nicely the parts are fitted to each other! How proper this limb for flight, and that for running! And how wonderful the whole composition!" *Crato* took due notice of the most considerable parts of those animals, and observed the chief remarks that his nephew made; but being detained there two hours without a dinner, assuming a pleasant air, he said, "I wish these rarities had flesh upon them, for I begin to be hungry, nephew, and you entertain me with nothing but bones." Then he carried home his nephew to dinner with him, and dismissed the jest.

The next morning his kinsman *Tramarinus* desired him to hear a sermon at such a church, for I am informed, said he, the preacher will be my old schoolmaster. It was *Agrotes*, a country minister, who was to fulfil the service of the day, an honest, a pious, and an useful man, who fed his own people weekly with divine food, composed his sermons with a mixture of the instructive and the pathetic, and delivered them with no improper elocution. Where any difficulty appeared in the text or the subject, he usually explained it in a very natural and easy manner, to the understanding of all his parishioners; he paraphrased on the most affecting parts largely, that he might strike the conscience of every hearer, and had been the happy means of the salvation of many: But he thought thus with himself, "When I preach at London, I have hearers of a wiser rank, I must feed them with learning and substantial sense, and must have my discourse set thick with distinct sentences and new matter." He contrived therefore to abridge his composures, and to throw four of his country sermons together to make up one for the city, and yet he could not forbear to add a little Greek in the beginning: He told the auditors how the text was to be explained, he set forth the analysis of the words in order, showed the hoti and the dioti, (that is, that it was so, and why it was so) with much learned criticism (all which he wisely left out in the country;) then he pronounced the doctrine distinctly, and filled up the rest of the hour with the mere rehearsal of the general and special heads: But he omitted all the amplification which made his performances in the country so clear and so intelligible, so warm and affecting. In short, it was the mere joints and carcase of a long composure, and contained above forty branches in it. The hearers had no time to consider or reflect on the good things which were spoken, or apply them to their own consciences; the preacher hurried their attention so fast onward to new matters, that they could make no use of any thing he said while he spoke it, nor had they a moment for reflection, in order to fix it in their memories, and improve by it at home.

The young gentleman was somewhat out of countenance when the sermon was done, for he missed all that life and spirit, that pathetic amplification which impressed his conscience when he was but a school-boy: However he put the best face upon it, and began to commend the performance. "Was it not," said he, "sir, a substantial discourse? How well connected were all the reasons! How strong the inferences, and what a variety and number of them!" It is true, saith the uncle, but yet methinks I want food here, and I find nothing but bones again. I could not have thought, nephew, you would have treated me two days together just alike; yesterday at home, and to-day at church, the first course was Greek, and all the rest mere skeleton.

XXVI.—WORDS WITHOUT SPIRIT.

Emera was much displeased with her maid-servants for some pieces of cross ill-conduct in domestic affairs. The occasion of her displeasure was great and just, but she had not the spirit of reproof. *Criton*, the partner of her life, happening then to be in his closet, she went up and made her complaints there; he entreated her to excuse him from the economy of the kitchen and the parlour: It was all entirely under her dominion, and if her maids were so culpable, she must reprove them sharply: "Alas," said she, "I cannot chide; however to show my resentment, if you will write down a chiding, I will go immediately and read it to them." This is no fable, but true history of an occurrence in a family: Now what better improvement can be made of it, than to make a parable like it for the service of the church.

Lectorius is a pious man, and worthy minister in a country parish; his discourses are well formed, his sentiments on almost every subject are just and proper, his style is modern and not unpolite, nor does he utterly neglect the passions in the turn of his composures: Yet I cannot call him a good preacher, for he does not only use his written notes to secure his method, and to relieve his memory, which is a very proper and useful practice, but he scarce ever takes his eye off from his book to address himself with life and spirit to the people: For this reason, many of his hearers fall asleep; the rest of them sit from January to December, regardless and unconcerned: An air of indolence reigns through the faces of his auditory, as if it were a matter of no importance, or not addressed to them, and his ministrations have little power or success.

In his last sermon he had an use of reproof for some vices which were practised in a public and shameless manner in his parish, and as the apostle required Timothy to reprove such sinners before all, so he supposed that these sins, at least, ought not to escape a public rebuke. The paragraph was well drawn up, and indeed it was animated with some just and awful severities of language; yet he had not courage enough to chide the guilty, nor to animate his voice with any just degree of zeal. However, the good man did his best, he went into the pulpit and read them a chiding.

His conduct is just the same when he designs his address in his paper to any of the softer passions; for by the coldness of his pronunciation, and keeping his eye ever fixed on his notes, he makes very little impression on his hearers. When he should awaken senseless and obstinate sinners, and pluck them as brands out of the burning, he only reads to them out of his book some words of pity, or perhaps a use of terror; and if he would lament over their impenitence and their approaching ruin, he can do no more than read them a chapter of lamentation.

Since there are so many of the kindred of *Lectorius* in our nation, it is no wonder that some of them arise to vindicate the family and their practice. Do not the English sermons, say they, exceed those of other nations, because they are composed with so much justness and accuracy, and by careful reading, they are delivered with great exactness to the people, without trusting one sentence to the frailty of the memory, or the warmth of sudden imagination?

I am sure it may be replied, that if the English sermons exceed those of our neighbours, the English preachers would exceed themselves, if they would learn the art of reading by the glance of an eye, so as never to interrupt the force of their argument, nor the vivacity and pathos of their pronunciation; or if they made themselves so much masters of what they had written, and delivered it with such life and spirit, such freedom and fervency, as though it came all fresh from the head and the heart. It is by this art of pronouncing, as well as by a warm composure, that some of the French preachers reign over their assemblies, like a Cicero or a Demosthenes of old, and that with such superior dignity and power, as is seldom seen now-a-days in an English audience, whatsoever esteem may be paid to our writings.

A paper with the most pathetic lines written upon it, has no fear nor hope, no zeal or compassion; it is conscious of no design, nor has any solicitude for the success; and a mere reader, who coldly tells the people what his paper says, seems to be as void of all these necessary qualifications, as his paper is.

XXVII.—THE CHURCH-YARD.

When I enter into a church-yard, I love to converse with the dead. See how thick the hillocks of mortality arise all around me, each of them a monument of death, and the covering of a son or daughter of Adam. Perhaps a thousand or ten thousand pieces of human nature, heaps upon heaps, lie buried in this spot of ground; it is the old repository of the inhabitants of the neighbouring town; a collection of the ruins of many ages, and the rubbish of twenty generations.

I say within myself, What a multitude of human beings, noble creatures, are here reduced to dust! God has broken his own best workmanship to pieces, and demolished by thousands the finest earthly structures of his own building. Death has entered in, and reigned over this town for many successive centuries: It had its commission from God, and it has devoured multitudes of men.

Should a stranger make the enquiry which is expressed, Deut. xxix. 25. *Wherefore has the Lord done thus to the work of his own hands? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?* The answer is ready, verse 25, &c. *Because they have sinned, they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God, therefore the Lord has rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and hath cast them into another land, even the land of corruption and darkness, as it is at this day.*

But have not other towns, cities and villages their church-yards too? My thoughts take the hint, and fly abroad through all the burying-places of the nations. What millions of mankind lie under the ground in urns, or mingled with common clay? Every ancient town and city in the world has burnt or buried all its inhabitants more than thirty times over: What wide-spreading slaughter, what lamentable desolation, has death made among the children of men! But the vengeance is just in all; each of them

are sinners; " and the anger of God hath kindled against them to bring upon them the first curse that is written in his book," *In the day that thou sinnest, thou shalt surely die;* Gen. ii. 17.

Go to the church-yard then, O sinful and thoughtless mortal; go learn from every tombstone and every rising hillock, that the wages of sin is death. Learn in silence among the dead that lesson which infinitely concerns all the living; nor let thy heart be ever at rest till thou art acquainted with Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life.

XXVIII.—TO A PAINTER RESTORING AN OLD PICTURE.

SIR,

When you take a review of the former labours of your pencil, and retouch the features of *Idalio* with so skilful a hand, you remove the brown veil which rolling years have spread over them, and brighten all the piece into its early form and loveliness. There rises a fresh vigour upon the looks, and the spirit of the poet is infused again into the image of our aged friend. We see and wonder how the eyes resume their youth and fire; what a genius glows in the countenance; and new light and life are scattered over all the shadow of the man, who himself is hasting to death and darkness.

O could you renew all the living originals, and recover them from the deformations and disgraces of time, as easily as your pencil calls their portraits back again from age, you would be the first man in the universe for wealth and fame. Even the grossest sensualist, who is strongly attached to his cups and his amours, would relinquish them both to make his way to your hand, and offer all the remnant of his patrimony for a cast of your favour: *Aurato*, the decrepid miser, would bring his mines of gold, and lay them at your foot; while his daughter *Quadrilla*, in her fortieth year, throws down her cards in haste to increase the crowd at your door, and intreat the blessings of your art.

But nature, alas! hath fixed the limits of youth, beauty, and vigour; narrow limits indeed! and when once passed, they are unrepassable. The broken lines of an ancient painting may be reunited and grow strong, the features may rise round and elevated, and the colours glow again with sprightly youth; but our real form grows cold and pale, it sinks, it flattens, it withers into wrinkles; the decay is resistless and perpetual, and recovery lies beyond the reach of hope. This shadow of *Idalio*, touched by your pencil, lives again, and will see another age; but the substance dies daily, and is ready to drop into the dust.

To this point of mortality, since it is certain and inevitable, let us often direct our eyes; let our scattered thoughts be recollected from all their wanderings, and pay a daily visit to death. Acquaintance with it in the light of christianity will dispel its darkest terrors. And since Idalio and Apelles, poets and painters, with all their sprightly airs, are borne away with the rest of mankind by the sweeping torrent of time, let us hold the period of life ever in our view, let us all keep our spirits awake, and guard against a surprise. O may your soul and mine never start back from the gloomy gate which opens a passage into the world of spirits! We know we must leave our flesh behind us in the grave; and there let it lie till it hath finished the time of its appointed purification; let it lie and refine from all the dregs of sin and sensual impurities; let it wait for the beams of the last morning, and salute the dawn of the great rising-day.

Glorious and surprising day indeed, for the restoration of all the originals of mankind, when paintings and shadows shall be no more! Blessed hour, when our dust, at the creating call of heaven, shall start up into man; it shall glow with new life and immortal colours, such as nature in her gayest scenes hath never displayed; such as the dreams of poets were never able to represent, nor the pallet of Titian ever knew.

XXIX.—ON THE SIGHT OF QUEEN MARY, IN THE YEAR 1694.

I.

I saw th' illustrious form, I saw
Beauty that gave the nations law:
Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
In condescending grandeur shone.

II.

That blooming face! How lovely fair
Hath nature mix'd her wonders there!
The rosy morn such lustre shows
Glancing along the Scythian snows.

III.

Her shape, her motion, and her mien,
All heav'nly; such are angels seen,
When the bright vision grows intense,
And fancy aids our feeble sense.

IV.

Earth's proudest idols dare not vie
With such superior majesty:
A kindling vapour might as soon
Rise from the bogs, and mate the moon.

V.

I'll call no Raphael from his rest;
Such charms can never be exprest:
Pencil and paint were never made
To draw pure light without a shade.

VI.

Britain beholds her Queen with pride,
And mighty William at her side
Gracing the throne, while at their feet
With humble joy three nations meet.

VII.

Secure of empire, she might lay
Her crown, her robes, and state away,
And 'midst ten thousand nymphs be seen:
Her beauty would proclaim the queen.

Epanorthosis.

VIII.

Her guardian angel heard my song,
Fond man, he cry'd, forbear to wrong
My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
Gaze at the stars, and praise the skies.

IX.

Rudely they praise, who dwell below,
And heav'n's true glories never know,
Where stars and planets are no more
Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor.

X.

So, where celestial virtues join'd
Form an incomparable mind,
Crowns, sceptres, beauties, charms and air,
Stand but as shining servants there.

XXX.—ON THE EFFIGIES OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE, LATE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF GREAT BRITAIN, MADE IN WAX, AND SEATED AT A BANQUET NEAR THE EFFIGIES OF HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN ANNE.

All happily performed in a very near imitation of the life, by Chrysis. 1705.

So look'd the hero, coming from the board
Of naval counsels, and put off his sword.
So sat the Prince, when with a smiling air
He relish'd life, and pleas'd his Sovereign Fair,
Surprising form! Scarce with a softer mien
Did his first love address his future Queen.
Publish the wonder, fame.* But O! forbear
T' approach the palace and the royal ear,
Lest her impatient love and wishing eye
Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn and die.
Or stay: The royal mourner will believe
Her George restor'd, and so forget to grieve.

* This poem was written just after prince George's death.

What cannot *Chrysis* do? Those artful hands
Shall raise the hero: Lo, in arms he stands:
Fairbourn* and Leak* submissive shall espy
War on his brow, and orders in his eye,
Auspicious, just, and wise: The fleet obeys,
And the French pirates flee the British seas.

* Two British admirals.

XXXI.—TO VELINA, ON THE DEATH OF SEVERAL YOUNG CHILDREN.

I HAVE a comely fruit-tree in the summer season, with the branches of it promising plenteous fruit; the stock was surrounded with seven or eight little shoots of different sizes, that grew up from the root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful defence and ornament for the mother tree: But the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the danger; he cut down those tender suckers one after another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in my heart, and said, "How pretty were these young standards! How much like the parent! How elegantly clothed with the raiment of summer! And each of them might have grown to a fruitful tree:" But they stood so near as to endanger the stock; they drew away the sap, the heart and strength of it, so far as to injure the fruit, and darken the hopeful prospect of autumn. The pruning-knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was wise; for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit quickly grew fair and large, and the ingathering at last was plenteous and joyful.

Will you give me leave, *Velina*, to persuade you into this parable? Shall I compare you to this tree in the garden of God? Your agreeable qualifications seem to promise various fruits, of faith, of love, of universal holiness and service: You have had many of these young suckers springing up around you; they stood awhile your sweet ornaments and your joy, and each of them might have grown up to a perfection of likeness, and each might have become a parent-tree: But say, did they never draw your heart off from God? Did you never feel them stealing any of those seasons of devotion, or those warm affections that were first and supremely due to him that made you? Did they not stand a little too near the soul? And when they have been cut off successively, and laid one after another in the dust, have you not found your heart running out more toward God, and living more perpetually upon him? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to God every day, since the last was taken away? Are you not aiming at some greater fruitfulness and service than in times past? If so, then repine not at the pruning-knife; but adore the conduct of the heavenly husbandman, and say, "All his ways are wisdom and mercy."

But I have not yet done with my parable.

When the granary was well stored with excellent fruit, and before winter came upon the tree, the gardener took it up by the roots, and it appeared as dead. But his design was not to destroy it utterly; for he removed it far away from the spot of earth where it had stood, and planted it in a hill of richer mould, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its attendants. The spring appeared, the tree budded into life again, and all those fair little standards that had been cut off, broke out of the ground afresh, and stood up around it (a sweet young grove) flourishing in beauty and immortal vigour.

You know now where you are, *Velina*, and that I have carried you to the hill of

paradise, to the blessed hour of the resurrection. What an unknown joy will it be, when you have fulfilled all the fruits of righteousness in this lower world, to be transplanted to that heavenly mountain! What a divine rapture and surprise of blessedness, to see all your little offspring around you that day, springing out of the dust at once, making a fairer and brighter appearance in that upper garden of God, and rejoicing together, (a sweet company) all partakers with you of the same happy immortality; all fitted to bear heavenly fruit, without the need or danger of a pruning-knife. Look forward by faith to this glorious morning, and admire the whole scheme of providence and grace. Give cheerful honours beforehand to your almighty and all-wise Governor, who by his unsearchable counsels has fulfilled your best wishes, and secured your dear infants to you for ever, though not just in your own way; that blessed hand which made the painful separation on earth, shall join you and your babes together in his own heavenly habitation, never to be divided again, though the method may be painful to flesh and blood. Fathers shall not hope in vain, nor "Mothers bring forth for trouble: They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them;" *Isaiah* lxv. 23. Then shall you say, "Lord, here am I, and the children that thou hast given me. For he is your God, and the God of your seed, in an everlasting covenant." *Amen.*

XXXII.—EARTH, HEAVEN, AND HELL.

I HAVE often tried to strip death of its frightful colours, and make all the terrible airs of it vanish into softness and delight: To this end, among other rovings of thought, I have sometimes illustrated to myself the whole creation, as one immense building, with different apartments, all under the immediate possession and government of the great Creator.

One sort of these mansions are little, narrow, dark, damp rooms; where there is much confinement, very little good company, and such a clog upon one's natural spirits, that a man cannot think or talk with freedom, nor exert his understanding, or any of his intellectual powers with glory or pleasure. This is the earth in which we dwell.

A second sort are spacious, lightsome, airy and serene courts open to the summer-sky, or at least admitting all the valuable qualities of sun and air, without the inconveniencies; where there are thousands of most delightful companions, and every thing that can give one pleasure, and make one capable and fit to give pleasure to others. This is the heaven we hope for.

A third sort of apartments are open and spacious too, but under a wintry-sky, with perpetual storms of hail, rain and wind, thunder, lightning, and every thing that is painful and offensive; and all this among millions of wretched companions cursing the place, tormenting one another, and each endeavouring to increase the public and universal misery. This is hell.

Now what a dreadful thing is it to be driven out of one of the first narrow dusky cells into the third sort of apartment, where the change of the room is infinitely the worst! No wonder that sinners are afraid to die. But why should a soul that has good hope, through grace, of entering into the serene apartment, be unwilling to leave

the narrow smoky prison he has dwelt in so long, and under such loads of inconvenience?

Death to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O may the rays and splendors of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through!

XXXIII.—A HORNET'S NEST DESTROYED.

What curious little creatures were these! How bright and beautiful the body of them! How nimble and sprightly the several limbs! How swift the wing of this insect for flight, and the sting as dreadful for its own defence, and for the punishment of those that hurt it. What rich contrivance is there in all the invisible springs of this little engine! And yet here are thousands of them destroyed at once, and reduced to common earth.

If any artist among men could have framed but one such a wonderful machine as this, it would have been sold for thousands of gold and silver, it would have been valued at the price of royal treasures, and thought fit only for the cabinet of the greatest princes. The destruction of such a rare piece of workmanship would have been an uncompensable loss among men; but it is the work of God, and here are thousands of these elegant structures demolished, and cast out to the dunghill, without any concern or injury to God or man. Glorious indeed, and all divine is the magnificence of the great Creator! With what a profusion doth he pour out the riches of his heart even amongst the meaner parts of the creation! He makes yearly millions of these animals without labour, and he can part with millions out of his kingdom without loss.

Yet these are not superfluous or useless beings in the dominions of God. There was a time when he raised an army of them, and sent them upon a great expedition, to drive the nations of the Canaanites and their kings out of their own land, when he would plant his beloved Israel there; *Exod.* xxiii. 28. *Josh.* xxiv. 12. Thus he knows how to employ them, when and where he pleases: But he gives leave to every man to destroy their nests and their armies, wheresoever they become a nuisance to him; for if he want them himself, he can summon them from the most distant parts of the world, and they shall come at his first call. "He can hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of Egypt, and the bee that is in the land of Assyria;" *Isaiah* vii. 18. and they shall range themselves under his banner to execute his dreadful commission. Or if the whole creation does not afford legions of them sufficient for his purpose, he, who could animate the dust of the earth into lice, (*Exod.* viii. 16.) can command all the sands of the sea into swarms of hornets; or he can call millions out of nothing into being with a word, all dressed in their proper livery, and armed with their stings to carry on his war. What can be wanting to that God who has all the uncreated and unknown world of possibles within the reach of his voice? *Rom.* iv. 17. "He calleth the things that are not, as though they were."

XXXIV.—CITATIONS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

Ancient custom and modern fashion are two sovereign tyrants, who bear almost an universal sway over the practices of mankind. They are directly opposite to each other, and they share the empire of the world between them. The learned and the mighty, as well as the poor and the foolish, obey their dictates without further enquiry, and submit all to their authority, without reserve and without reason.

Why did the Persians worship the fire, and the Chinese the souls of their ancestors? Why do the Papists say their prayers in Latin, and the Jews wash their hands always before eating? It was the usage of ancient ages, and the custom of their fathers. Why did the ladies of Great Britain wear ruffs and fardingales a century and a half ago? And why do the men of fashion now-a-days keep two knots of hair dangling on their shoulders, with one long curl behind? Does nature find so much convenience, or spy so much decency in it? Neither of the two; but still there is supposed to be reason enough for any of these oddities, since it is the present mode. The mode will soon reconcile fancy to the most awkward appearances, and the most incommodious practices: But if nature, reason and convenience, make never so loud remonstrances, they must all stand aside and submit, while some old customs and some new fashions pronounce their absolute decrees concerning a thousand things, and determine without appeal.

Yet if reason, or religion, might have leave to put in a word, methinks there are some ancient fashions which should never have been antiquated, as well as there are some new ones which should never have been suffered to arise.

It was a fashion among our grandfathers, to cite a worthy or elegant sentence from some author of established fame, and that in their conversation, as well as their writings: They would choose to express their sentiments in the bright and beautiful language of some ancient poet or philosopher, which gave new life and strength to the period: But for these fifty years past you gain the name of a pedant, if you affront the modish world with a wise and pious saying borrowed from one of the ancients in their own language.

I will grant indeed, that it was a piece of pride, vanity and impertinence in some who lived in the last century, to interline all their discourses and almost every page of their books, with perpetual scraps of Greek and Latin; and it became yet more ridiculous in sermons and in treatises which were written only for the use of the English world, who knew nothing but their mother-tongue; but must so useful and entertaining a practice be banished for ever, because it has been abused, and carried to extremes? Suppose I have a fine and noble sentiment in my thoughts, which I learned from Seneca or Cicero, must I be bound to deliver it in my own ruder language, rather than let those ingenious ancients speak it in their own phrase; supposing always that the company in which I speak, understand the Roman tongue? Is it such a crime to let Juvenal or Horace say an agreeable and pertinent thing for me, when I thereby confess that I cannot say any thing myself so pertinent and so agreeable? And why may not a David or a Solomon, as well as a Virgil, a Milton or an Addison raise and dignify a period now and then with their noble, and just, and elegant lines, and enliven a modern page with their warm and splendid images? It is not nature and reason, but mere

fashion that hath branded this practice with the odious name of puritanism, or of pedantry; and I think I may congratulate the present age, that it begins a little to be revived, even by the writers of the first rank.

May I presume again to enquire why we should absolutely renounce the fashion of our fore-fathers, in adorning their churches and their houses with the wise and pious sayings of philosophers, or of prophets and men inspired? God himself invented this practice, and made it a law for the Jews, his favourite people, That they should write his statutes on the posts of their houses, and on their gates, to strike the eye and heart of them that come in. Nor is there any thing superstitious and jewish in this matter: The walls of christian temples were wont to be inscribed with remarkable precepts of piety taken from the word of God; moral and divine mottos were, in former centuries, thought an ornament to the narrow pannels of their wainscot, and long and beautiful sentences ran round the cornice of a private house, and carried virtue and peace with them all the way. That divine rule of equity, Deal with others, as you would have others deal with you, has stood guard in a tradesman's shop against every appearance of fraud, and every temptation to over-reach a customer. Closets and counting-houses often told our ancestors their duty when they were alone; and their large and spacious halls taught virtue and goodness to the world in fair and legible characters. The parlour and the dining-room put their friends in mind of God and heaven, in letters of vermillion and gold; and the kitchen and the out-houses instructed the servants in their duty, and reproved them to the face when they ventured to practise iniquity out of the sight of their master.

I know there is a decorum to be observed in all things of this kind. I am not for pasting up whole pages of morality round the rooms, nor filling every naked pannel with little Gothic emblems and ornaments, with pious rhymes or lectures of religion: But methinks we run to a wide extreme, when we absolutely exclude every such lesson of virtue from all the places of our residence. And since the present mode has condemned all these inscriptions of truth and goodness, I know not what is come in the room of them, unless it be the filthy abuse of letters, and a lewd or a profane couplet graven with a diamond on a pane of glass. Our walls in ages past wore the signatures of honour and virtue: Now there are too many windows, that as soon as they admit the light, discover our shame. I wonder how any man that pretends to politeness and elegancy, should scribble such lines as female modesty ought never to see, and which the rudest tongue of his own sex ought never to pronounce.

At other times you shall find some vile reproach on particular persons left standing on the glass to be read by future comers; and thus the scandal is conveyed to multitudes in a long succession; and every reader, by learning the unjust reproach may in some sense be said to increase the writer's guilt.

If they must write the names of their mistresses on the windows, and describe their beauties there, let them do it in such language as may not offend the tongue of modesty to repeat, nor raise a blush on the cheek of virtue.

'If the muse lavish her immortal wit
'To paint a fading face,
'And the firm diamond the frail honours write
'Upon the brittle glass,

'Let no foul word pollute that heav'nly ray
'Which makes the lines appear:
'Lewdness would taint the sun-beams in their way,
'Lewdness should ne'er be read but when keen lightnings play
'To blast the writer's hand, and shake his soul with fear.'

If they will write the name of a friend or a stranger there, let it be a name of worth and honour, let it be some example of virtue, and attended with a due encomium.

Albinus.

'Clear as the glass, his spotless fame,
'And lasting diamond writes his name.'

Or if a diamond must be used for a pen, and a pane of glass must be the tablet on which we write, I should rather choose that those pellucid mediums which transmit the light of heaven to our eyes, should convey some beam of sacred knowledge, or some useful memento to the mind.

'Words of eternal truth proclaim,
'All mortal joys are vain:
'A diamond-pen engraves the theme
'Upon a brittle pane.'

XXXV.—AGAINST LEWDNESS.

I.

WHY should you let your wand'ring eyes
Entice your souls to shameful sin?
Scandal and ruin are the prize,
You take such fatal pains to win.

II.

This brutal vice makes reason blind,
And blots the name with hateful stains:
It wastes the flesh, pollutes the mind,
And tears the heart with racking pains.

III.

Let David speak, with deepest groans,
How it estrang'd his soul from God,
Made him complain of broken bones,
And fill'd his house with wars and blood.

IV.

Let Solomon and Samson tell
Their melancholy stories here,
How bright they shone, how low they fell,
When sin's vile pleasures cost them dear.

V.

In vain you choose the darkest time,
Nor let the sun behold the sight:
In vain you hope to hide your crime
Behind the curtains of the night:

VI.

The wakeful stars and midnight moon
Watch your foul deeds and know your shame;
And God's own eye, like beams of noon,
Strikes thro' the shade, and marks your name.

VII.

What will you do when heav'n enquires
Into those scenes of secret sin?
And lust, with all its guilty fires,
Shall make your conscience rage within?

VIII.

How will you curse your wanton eyes,
Curse the lewd partners of your shame,
When death, with horrible surprise,
Shows you the pit of quenchless flame?

IX.

Flee, sinners, flee th' unlawful bed,
Lest vengeance send you down to dwell
In the dark regions of the dead,
To feed the fiercest fires of hell.

XXXVI.—AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

I.

Is it not strange that every creature
Should know the measure of its thirst,
(They drink but to support their nature,
And give due moisture to their dust;)

II.

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind
Should scorn to act beneath the beast,
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
And kills his soul to please his taste!

III.

O what a hateful, shameful sight,
Are drunkards reeling through the street!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their shame on all they meet.

IV.

Is it so exquisite a pleasure
To troll down liquor through the throat,
And swill, and know no bound nor measure,
'Till sense and reason are forgot?

V.

Do they deserve th' immortal name
Of man, who sink so far below?
Will God, the maker of their frame,
Endure to see them spoil it so?

VI.

Can they e'er think of heav'n and grace,
Or hope for glory when they die?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place,
Among the shining souls on high?

VII.

The meanest seat is too refin'd
To entertain a drunkard there.
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,
Repent, or perish in despair.

XXXVII.—VANITY CONFESSED.

It was a strange and thoughtless expression of a very ingenious author,* "Among all the millions of vices," says he, "that I inherit from Adam, I have escaped the first and father-sin of pride:" And he goes on to prove it by asserting his humility, after many boasted instances of his learning and acquirements. Surely, thought I, this man lived much abroad, and conversed but little at home; he knew much of the world, but he was not acquainted with himself; and while he practises his vanity in so public a manner, he strongly denies that any belongs to him.

Senotus was a man of more mortified soul, a sagacious self-enquirer while he lived; and among his most secret papers which escaped the flames, this following soliliquy was found after his death. How passionately does he mourn this frailty, and with what a becoming sense doth he lament and bewail this original blemish of his nature! It was written before he arrived at his sacred dignity, but it discovers the sentiments and the piety which attended him through all his life.

Pride, saith he, is so extensive, so universal a disease of mankind, that I know no part of the infection which we derive from our first father, that has so intimately mingled itself with the whole mass of blood, has so much corrupted our best powers, and runs without exception through the whole race. Methinks I can scarce move, or speak, but I feel the secret poison working, and I am betrayed at every turn into new folly and guilt by this flattering and subtle enemy.

If I am accepted in company, and find favour among men, how ready am I to impute it to my own merit! And if I meet with reproach, how does my heart swell against the

* Dr. Brown, in his Religio Medici.

tongue that uttered it, and I begin to charge the ignorant world that they have not known me! Or I accuse them secretly of doing injustice to my character; for I fancy myself to have deserved the honours of mankind, and not their censures.

This active iniquity is never at rest; whether I have to do with God or man, it besets me on every side, it breaks the commands of the first table, as well as the second, detracts from the honour that I owe to my Maker, and the charity due to my fellow-creatures.

I devote myself and all my powers to God in the morning, and I think I do it with solemn sincerity: Then I meditate, I compose, or perhaps I preach, and diffuse the knowledge and the glory of Christ, my Lord: But if some shining thought break into my meditations, how fond am I to spread and dress it, to make self shine a little; and thus sacrilegiously attempt to share the honour that is due alone to my Saviour and his gospel! How closely doth this serpent-iniquity twine about my nature, and defile my most religious services! Often do I assume those lines in my lips, and with the pleasing pain that belongs to repentance, I appropriate the words to myself, as though I had been the author of them.

'Tis pride, that busy sin,
'Spoils all that I perform;
'Curst pride, that creeps securely in,
'And swells a haughty worm!'

If I begin to write any divine thoughts in verse, to entertain myself or my fellow-christians with holy melody, I find this temper at my right-hand, abusing my poesy, to the ruin of my religion,——

'My God, the songs I frame
'Are faithless to thy cause,
'And steal the honours of thy name
'To build their own applause.'

Sometimes I raise my thonghts a little to contemplate my Creator, in the numerous wonders of his power and wisdom, in his inimitable perfections, and in the majesty and grandeur of his nature; I fall down before him, confounded in his presence: My own ideas of his transcendent excellency overwhelm me with a sense of my own meanness, and I lay myself low in the dust, whence I and all my forefathers sprang; but perhaps a sudden moment turns my thought aside to my brethren, my fellow-mortals; and when I imagine myself superior to some of them, the worm that lay level with the dust begins to swell and rise again, and a vain self-comparison with creatures interrupts the humble prostrations of my soul, and spoils my devotion to my God.

And here it is very astonishing to consider upon what trifles of circumstance foolish man is ready to exalt himself above his neighbour: I am even ashamed to think, that when I stand among persons of a low stature, and a mean outward appearance (especially if they are utter strangers), I am ready to look downward upon their undertakings, as beneath my own, because nature has formed my limbs by a larger model, has raised this animal bulk upon higher pillars, and given me a full and florid aspect. Ridiculous thought, and wild imagination! As though the size and colour of the brute were the proper measure to judge of the man.

At another time, when I have been engaged in free discourse, I have heard a sprightly youth talk most pertinently on the proposed subject, but I felt myself ready beforehand to despise whatever he should say, because I happened to be born ten years before him; and yet how wretchedly inconsistent is this distemper of mind! For I was tempted the next moment to neglect what was spoken by a grave gentleman present, because he was born twenty years before me: My own vanity would persuade me that the one was so much younger than I, that he had not yet arrived at sense, and the other so much older, that he had forgot it.

I find it is not youth or age, but it is self is the idol and the temptation. My foolish heart is apt to say within itself, even when I am in the midst of persons of thought and sagacity, "Methinks they should all be of my mind when I have given my opinion;" and I feel a secret inclination to flatter my own judgment, though I condemn the young and the old. Thus is pride busy and zealous to exalt itself on every occasion, to set up the idol, and make all bow down to it.

These silent and unseen turns of thought within me are so impudent, and so unreasonable, that I cannot bear to let them appear even before my own judgment: I scarce bring them to a trial, for I know they are evil; I condemn them as soon as they are born, I banish them for ever from my soul, and forbid their return. But ere I am aware they will come to their old native seat again, in spite of all the laws and rules of reason and religion, they overleap all the bars and fences that I raise perpetually to keep them out. This wicked pride is a home-born and domestic enemy, it knows every avenue of the soul, and is hardly excluded even by the severest watchfulness.

We are so fond to appear always in the right, that I find myself to need a good degree of self-denial, in order to believe that truth is truth, when I have happened to fall into a different sentiment; and what is this but pride of heart? I need not go far backward in my life, to find an instance of this folly or madness; something of this kind so often occurs.

Three days ago I was relating an affair of great consequence, and was opposed in my narrative by a friend, who knew the whole story perfectly: I felt my heart unwilling to yield to his opposition, though the reasonings that attended his narration carried superior light and force in them; I was hardly convinced that I was in the wrong, till I had left the company, and bethought myself. This cursed conceit, how it blinds the eyes to reason, and bars our conviction! And it is the same disease of the mind that prevents our confession of an error, even when we are inwardly convinced of it. It is pride that cramps the organs of speech, and makes these words, "I was mistaken," so hard to pronounce in every language.

When I am debating a point of controversy, how much am I pleased when I overcome! and how ready do I find my tongue to contend for victory, too often with greater solicitude than for truth! I feel the mischief working, though I hate it. I look inward, I blush, and chide myself; but in the next company nature returns, the inward distemper stirs again, I am ambitious of conquest in the next dispute; yet I profess to be a philosopher, a disciple of wisdom, and a lover of truth; but I feel I am a son of Adam.

I watch against the first risings of this inbred evil; but it is beforehand with me: I resolve to speak my sentiments with a modest air, but vanity sits upon my lips, and

forms the sentence, or at least gives some swelling accents to the sound: Then I sigh inwardly at the sudden reproach, What a vain wretch am I! And should condemn myself as the very vilest piece of human nature, if I did not observe the same folly working at my right hand and at my left, and showing itself all round me in a variety of shapes. Were all the progeny of Eve to be summoned to the bar of God, and tried upon this indictment,

> 'Alas for poor mankind! Nor sex nor age is free:
> 'What would become of man? What would become of me?'

Vanisso was in company while this paper was read, wherein *Senotus* confessed this foible of his soul; and with some confusion broke out thus: "What! *Senotus*, the wise and pious, the modest and the humble, say all this! *Senotus*, the venerable man of the episcopal order, and the glory of our church, talk at this rate? O for an eternal succession of such bishops in every see! But what lesson shall I learn by it? I will retire to my closet and search inward; for how many vices soever hung about me, yet I never thought myself a proud man before, but I begin to suspect me now."

XXXVIII.—PASSION AND REASON.

Among the multitude of words that are uttered by the passions, you may sometimes chance to hear the dictates of reason: But if you suffer yourself to be ruffled, and return wrath for wrath, you so effectually stop your ears against her softer voice, that you cannot believe there was a syllable of reason in all the discourse of your opponent; and thus, by indulging a spirit of contradiction, you forbid your own improvement.

Tranquillus is a gentleman of penetrating judgment, and a sedate temper: *Astrapé* is the partner of his life; a person of good understanding, but her imagination far exceeds; there is great brightness in her conversation, but her passions are warm, and she so far forgets herself, that her voice is sometimes a little elevated, even while company is present. When the clouds gather, and the storm rises, *Tranquillus* yields to the circumstances of the hour; he knows it is in vain to debate with a tempest, or reprove a whirlwind, but he calmly expects silence and fair weather to-morrow.

Many a time has the good man confessed, that he has gained some useful hints of knowledge under those lectures; for I have worn out, said he, many a campaign, I have learnt to read truth by the flash of gunpowder, and to hearken to good sense, even when the cannons roar. Her admonitions are assistant to my virtue, though sometimes they are pronounced louder than was needful.

Happy man, who is grown so familiar with wisdom, as to distinguish her voice in the midst of thunders, and to know and venerate that divine sun-beam among whole sheets and volumes of lightning! Happy man, whose soul never kindles at those flashes, nor doth he find his tongue inclined to echo to the noise!

Astrapé indeed would do well to correct her temper; but one would be almost content to live a month among those storms, if one might but gain by that means the placid and lovely virtues of *Tranquillus*.

I.

Let *Astrapé* forbear to blaze,
As lightning does, with dreadful rays,
Nor spoil the beauties of her face,
To arm her tongue with thunder:
That reason hardly looks divine,
Where so much fire and sound combine,
And make the way for wit to shine
By riving sense asunder.

II.

Yet if I found her words grow warm,
I'd learn some lesson by the storm,
Or guard myself at least from harm
By yielding, like *Tranquillus*.
Tempests will tear the stiffest oak,
Cedars with all their pride are broke
Beneath the fury of that stroke
That never hurts the willows.

XXXIX.—ONE DEVIL CASTING OUT ANOTHER.

Latrissa is often indisposed. Her friends attend her with most obliging visits, and sometimes give her relief in a gloomy hour. Last Friday she was seized with her usual discomposures; two ladies of her greatest intimacy spent the afternoon in her chamber; they talked of public business, and the commotions of the world; she was all silence and unmoved. They brought in virtue and religion, and tried to raise the conversation to heaven; her soul was very heavy still, and her ears were listless. They descended to common trifles, surveyed the green fields through the window, and blest the fine weather and the warm sun-shine; *Latrissa* was all cloudy within, and received the talk very coldly.

When they found all these attempts were in vain, they ran to the charming topic of dress and fashion, gay colours and new habits, they traversed the park, and rehearsed the birth-day; but even this would awaken no pleasing airs, nor introduce one smile, nor scarce provoke an answer.

At last one of the visitants happened to mention a name or two, for which *Latrissa* had a known aversion, and began to expose their conduct and their character. *Latrissa* soon felt the wicked pleasure; the luscious poison wrought powerfully within, her voice echoed to every accusation, and confirmed all the infamy. A discourse so agreeable, scattered the inward gloom, and awakened her gall and her tongue at once. After a few sentences past, she assumed the chair, and engrossed the whole conversation herself. She railed on triumphantly for an hour together without intermission, and without weariness, though when her friends first came in to see her she could hardly speak for fainting.

Thus have I seen an old lap-dog lie sullen or lazy before the fire, though pretty miss hath tried an hundred ways to awaken the creature to activity and play: But a stranger happening to enter the room, the little cur hath called up all his natural envy and rage, nor hath he ceased barking till the stranger disappeared. When the sullen animal would not play, he let us hear that he could bark.

But I reprove myself. This vice is too big to be chastised by ridicule, for it is a most hateful breach of the rules of the gospel. What a dismal spectacle is it to see this engine of scandal set on work so successfully among christians, to drive out the deaf and dumb spirit! To see Satan employed to cast out Satan, and one evil spirit dispossessed by another!

O the shameful gust and relish that some people find in reproach and slander! The great apostle says, "Speak evil of no man;" and he excludes railers and revilers from the kingdom of heaven: Yet *Latrissa* performs the duties of the church and the closet,

rails daily at some of her neighbours, and thinks herself a christian of the first rank still; nor will she see nor believe the iniquity of her temper or the guilt of her conversation.

XL.—EXCELLENCIES AND DEFECTS COMPENSATED.

Fame doth not always belong to the active and the sprightly, nor immortal memory to the sons of wit. *Gravonius* was a person of prudence and virtue, but rather of a slow conception, and a very moderate share of natural vivacity; a man of little discourse, but much thought. He would sometimes bring forth very valuable sentences, and furnish the company with wise observations that he had collected by many years reading, and long acquaintance with men and books. He travelled on daily in a regular round of life and duty to a good old age, he passed off the stage with honour amongst his friends, and was remembered twenty years after his death.

Lycidas was a gentleman of great parts, sprightly wit, far superior to *Gravonius* in the powers of the mind, and at least equal to him in virtue; he shone bright in every company, and put a lustre upon all his religion; he was the wonder and love of his friends while he lived. He was summoned away from the world in the bloom of life, deep lamentations were made at his grave, but in a few years time he was forgotten.

How came this to pass, that what blazed so bright should vanish so soon, and be lost at once? The reason is not far to seek. *Gravonius* kept his hours and his rounds as constant as the sun, and his track of life was drawn to a great length, and was well known to the world: He said over his apophthegms and lessons of prudence, till his acquaintance had learnt them by heart. *Lycidas* was active and ready in all the varieties of life, but never tied himself down to rules, and forms, and sentences, nor could he teach another to act as he did: He always entertained his friends with a rich profusion of new sentiments. Neither his wit nor his wisdom had any common places: His manner and his way was like an eagle in the air, that leaves no track behind. His conversation and his life had a thousand beauties in them, but they were neither to be imitated, or scarce rehearsed by another.

If I were to live always, surely I would wish to be *Lycidas*, that I might have my heart ever at my right hand, in the phrase of Solomon; that I might know on the sudden how to speak pertinently, and what course to take in every new occurrence of a world that is in perpetual changes: I would have an understanding ever ready to suggest the thing that is proper in every time and place. It must be allowed, that *Lycidas* was much the more useful man on earth; though his name was soon forgotten. But *Gravonius* hath this to compensate his slowness, that in some sense he lives the longer for it: His regular conduct was learned and copied by his family: His sentences are often rehearsed among his friends; he speaks while he is under ground, and gives advice to the living twenty years after he is dead.

There is nothing on earth excellent on all sides; there must be something wanting in the best of creatures, to show how far they are from perfection: God has wisely ordained it, that excellencies and defects should be mingled amongst men; advantage and disadvantage are thrown into the balance, the one is set over-against the other, that no man might be supremely exalted, and none utterly contemptible.

XLI.—ENVY DISCOVERED.

Envy is a malignant vice; of so hateful an aspect, and so black a character, that every man abhors it, when appearing in its own colours; and whosoever is accused, renounces the charge with indignation.

When *Athon* was a boy, and read the description of this foul fury in the books of the Greek and Roman poets, he imagined that it was some beldam that infested heathen countries; but he could not believe that she should dwell among christians, and have a temple in their very bosoms.

Could one ever suppose that envy should mix itself with the blood and spirits of a good man, or find any room in the same heart where there is a savour of true religion? Religion consists in an intercourse of divine and human love:

'But Envy smiles at sorrows not her own,
'And laughs to hear a nation groan.
'But Envy feeds on infamy and blood,
'And grieves at all that's great and good.
'But Envy pines, because her neighbours thrive,
'And dies to see a brother live.'

Yet this very malignant vice, this fury of hell, makes her way sometimes into the very soul that is born of God, and that hopes to be an inhabitant of heaven; but it generally takes care to conceal its name, and to disguise its odious appearance, that it may not be known in the heart where it dwells. It too often breaks out indeed before the eyes of the world, to the shame and scandal of religion, and appears in its own most hateful form, rejoicing in mischief; but it much more frequently sits brooding within, fretting at the peace and welfare of others, and spreads a melancholy gloom and painful horror round all the chambers of the soul, if the sun but shine upon a neighbour's house.

There is many a christian indulges this secret iniquity, and practises this vice without the reproaches of conscience, because he cannot believe his conduct deserves this name. And whither can I send such a one to learn the nature of this sin better than to his Bible?

The holy psalmist was once overtaken with a fit of envy, and after he had been divinely convinced and ashamed of it, the way wherein he confesses and describes it is this: That he enlarged his ideas of the prosperity of the wicked, he spread abroad all their honours and their riches before the eyes of his imagination, and magnified every circumstance of their health, their strength, and all their comforts of life; but he conceals or lessens all their troubles, as though they had nothing to complain of: While, at the same time, his mouth was filled with complaints of his own sorrows, he painted his own grievances upon his fancy in the darkest colours, and the most dismal shapes, and by the comparison of their condition and his own, his soul grew much more uneasy.

"As for my wicked neighbours," says he, "they thrive in the world, they increase in riches, they are not in trouble like other men, nor are they plagued as I am; their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart can wish; they oppress and

prosper, they are encompassed with pride and honours, they are gay and wanton in their garments of oppression and violence; in life their strength is firm, and they die easy, for they have no painful agonies in their death: But as for me, the waters of a full cup are wrung out to me; all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning;" *Psalm* lxxiii.

The good man, when he felt this evil temper working in him, indulged it too much at first; but upon a just review he chid himself, and submitted to call it by its proper name; "I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked."

O that it had been found only among the Jews and heathens, and never broke into christendom! But this is a fruitless wish.——

Thonillo has an affluence of all the blessings of life, except perfect health and public honour. He is sometimes confined to his chamber by small indispositions, while his next neighbour *Thiron* is half gone in a dangerous consumption, and *Thonillo* knows it too; but *Thiron* walks about the fields, and rides daily in the country, if possible to preserve his life; in the mean time he receives his friends with a becoming degree of cheerfulness and pleasure, and is much honoured and esteemed by all his acquaintance, nor yet beyond his merit.

Go visit *Thonillo*, and he entertains you with nothing but long tiresome complaints of his own pains and ailments; and with a sensible anguish at heart tells you, that he hears *Thiron* laugh aloud with his companions; that *Thiron* rides about at his ease, while himself is a prisoner: And while he enlarges upon all the topics that make his own life any way uncomfortable, he takes as much pains to expatiate upon all the better circumstances of his neighbour; he spreads them abroad in their most ample forms, and with an inward resentment paints out *Thiron*'s happiness in glaring colours: He magnifies it to a vast excess in his own fancy, and before his friends, that he may seem to have some reason to support his uneasy comparison, and his inward disquietude of soul.

Some of those that visit him, happen to speak well of *Thiron;* and while they pity his dying circumstances, they mention his virtues with praise. Ah! says *Thonillo*, my neighbour walks at his pleasure, he is courted and caressed, and he loves those that caress him; but if they knew all that I have heard of him, they would change their opinion, and regret his honours.

Thus *Thonillo* grows peevish with all around him, and frets away a good part of his own health, because his neighbours are not confined to their chamber too. He loses all his good character, by endeavouring to sully that of his neighbour; nor can you ever please him, unless you find fault with some of his acquaintance, and sink their names a little, and diminish their praise.

Yet *Thonillo* thinks himself a very good christian, and thanks God he has no envy belonging to him. *Thonillo* read the seventy-third psalm this morning, and could not see any thing of his own temper or features there. Who will help *Thonillo* to a pair of spectacles, and assist his eye-sight?

I had scarce written this, when *Sibylla* entered the room, and when she had read the paper, "Surely," said she, "you have drawn the picture of *Thonillo* to the life; for though I never saw the gentleman, yet I have heard much of him: I know a brother and sister of his, *Thonerus* and *Thonerina*, and am acquainted with many others of his near relations."

XLII.—THE ROUGH MAN SOFTENED.

EGRIDIA was of a sickly constitution, but she was born of quality; and having condescended to marry a private gentleman, she assumed a right to be imperious while her distempers made her peevish. She was yoked with a partner of a tall and firm stature, robust and healthy, a man of great courage and roughness, a very Samson; yet his soul had a tender part in it, and would weep and bleed, if touched in the right vein.

He never knew indeed what sickness meant, and therefore, though he was continually entertained with complaints new and old, yet he showed very little sympathy with his suffering friends under their various pains of nature. But he met with many sharp reproaches for want of it, and had daily severe lectures read to him at home on that occasion.

One evening he was attacked with more fury than usual, and it awakened him to make this short reply:

"Prithee, *Egridia*, do not labour in vain. Beef or stock-fish may be beaten till it be tender, but the soul of a man is neither flesh nor fish; it is not to be buffeted into softness, nor teased or scolded into compassion."

Egridia took the hint, and changed her artillery in order to a conquest. In a few days she found that *Samson*'s heart was not all made of iron, but there were some kinder materials in his composition. She dropt a few tears on him, and the clay grew soft; she practised upon him with the arts of kindness, and he melted like wax into compassion before the gentle fire, and began to condole sincerely upon all her complaints.

Reproaches, like needles, may make uneasy impressions upon a rough temper, and awaken it to fury; but every surgeon will tell us, that a callous or hard flesh is to be cured by suppling oils, and not by the incision-knife. Perpetual rhetoric of the clamorous kind may at last force the countenance of a Samson perhaps to imitate pity, for the sake of his own peace; but it can never teach his soul to practise the tender passion. Persecution may sometimes produce a hypocrite, but it is soft persuasion and kindness only can make a real convert to sympathy, and turn a heart of stone into sincere tenderness.

Man is the same thing still, as he was in the days of Solomon; and human nature in Great Britain is to be managed the same way as it was in Judea above two thousand years ago. The maxims of that philosopher are everlasting truths, and his prudentials will stand the test in all ages. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife. By long forbearing, even a prince is persuaded, and a soft tongue breaketh the bone." *Prov.* xv. 1. and xxv. 15.

XLIII.—IGNORANCE OF OURSELVES.

How strangely are we situated in this mortal state! We open our eyes, we employ our senses, and take notice of a thousand things around us; but we see and know almost nothing of ourselves. We are conscious indeed of our being, and therefore we are sure

that we are; but what we are, lies deep in darkness. We see and feel these limbs, and this flesh of ours; we are aequainted at least with the outside of this animal machine, and sometimes call it ourselves, though philosophy and reason would rather say, it is our house, or tabernaele, beeause we possess it or dwell in it; it is our engine, because we move and manage it at pleasure. But what is this self which dwells in this tabernaele, whieh possesses this house, whieh moves and manages this engine and these limbs? Here we are much at a loss, and our thoughts generally run into some airy forms of being, some empty refinements upon sensible images, some thin rarified shape and subtle eonfusion. We know not this self of ours, which is eonscious of its own existence, which feels so near a union of this flesh and limbs, and whieh knows a multitude of things within us and without us. A surprising phenomenon in nature is this, that the soul of man, whieh ranges abroad throngh the heaven, and the earth, and the deep waters, and unfolds a thousand mysteries of nature, whieh penetrates the systems of stars and suns, worlds upon worlds, should be so unhappy a stranger at home, and not be able to tell what its self is, or what it is made of.

And as we are ignorant what ourselves are in a natural sense, so we are as little acquainted with ourselves in a moral respect. Self-love, and pride, and various passions, throw an everlasting disguise upon our own temper and eonduet. Whether we have any lovely qualities in us or no, yet we fondly love ourselves, and then we readily believe all lovely qualities belong to us.

It is hard, exceeding hard, to convinee a lover that any blemishes are to be found in the dear eentre of his affections; but we are warm and zealous lovers of ourselves in all the ages of life. Youth is wild and licentious; but in those years, we persuade ourselves that we are only making a just use of liberty. In that scene of folly we are light and vain, and set no bounds to the frolic humour; yet we faney it is merely an innocent gaiety of heart, which belongs to the springs of nature, and the blooming hours of life. In the age of manhood, a rugged or a haughty temper is angry and quarrelsome; the fretful and the peevish in elder years, if not before, are ever kindling into passion and resentment; but they all agree to pronounce their furious or fretful conduet a mere neeessary reproof of the indignities which are offered them by the world. Self-love is fruitful of fine names for its own iniquities. Others are sordid and covetous to a shameful degree, uneompassionate and eruel to the miserable; and yet they take this vile practiee to be only a just exereise of frugality, and a dutiful eare of their own household. Thus every viee that belongs to us is construed into a virtue; and if there are any shadows or appearances of virtue upon us, these poor appearanees and shadows are magnified and realized into the divine qualities of an angel. We who pass these just censures on the follies of our acquaintance, perhaps approve the very same things in ourselves, by the influenee of the same native principle of flattery and self-fondness. So different is our judgment of the same weaknesses when we find them in ourselves, from the sentence we pronounce upon them if we see them in our neighbour.

Thus we begin to learn and praetise early this art of self-deeeiving; we grow up in disguise and self-flattery, and we live unknown to ourselves. Happy for us, if our eyes are opened to behold the imposture before we go off the stage; for such gross mistakes will then be fatal, or at least extremely dangerous, when it is too late to eorreet them.

Teaeh me, O my Maker, the knowledge of myself; this moral or divine knowledge, which is necessary to correct my errors, and to reduce my feet to the sacred paths of

virtue. Let me see so much of my folly, vice and vanity, as to be fond of this wretched self no longer. Let me grow so far out of love with myself, as to fly from myself to the arms and mercy of my God. There mould and fashion me after thine image in all the moral qualities of my soul, and let me find in myself those divine features which will be ever beautiful in thy eyes! Grant me this blessing, O father of spirits; for I cannot rest till I see and know myself made like thee. When this is done, I can bear the rest of my ignorance with humble patience, till I put off this veil and disguise of flesh: I can wait to learn what sort of being my soul is, till I arrive at the world of souls.

XLIV.—ABSENCE FROM GOD, WHO IS OUR ALL.

My God, my Maker, I have called thee my all-satisfying portion, and my eternal good When I contemplate thee, I stand amazed at thy grandeur; thy wisdom, thy power, thy fulness of blessing, wrap my soul up in astonishment and devout silence. In that happy moment my soul cries out, What are creatures when compared with thee, but mere shadows of being, and faint reflections of thy light and beauty! And yet, stupid as I am, I soon lose my sight of God, and stand gazing upon thy creatures all the day, as if beauty and light were theirs in the original.

What are they all, O my God, but empty cisterns that can give no relief to a thirsty soul, unless thou supply them with rivulets from on high? And yet we crowd about these cisterns, and are attached to them, as though they were the unfailing springs and fountains of our blessedness. Every breath we draw is a new and unmerited gift from heaven; God our life, and the length of our days; and yet we are contented to spend that life far from heaven and from God, and to dwell afar off from him, amidst the regions of mortality and death: We are ever grovelling in this land of graves, as though immortal blessings were to be drawn from the clods of it.

Our real and eternal interest depends more on thy single favour, than on the united friendship of the whole creation; and yet, foolish wanderers that we are! we absent ourselves from our God, and rove far and wide to seek interests and friendships among creatures whose character is weakness, vanity and disappointing vexation. How fond are we of a word or a look from a worm in a high station? How do we caress them and court their love, at the expense of virtue and truth, and the favour of God our Maker? And yet they are nothing without God, but he is our all, without their leave.

Should my father and my mother, and every mortal friend forsake me, and every good angel take his flight; should these heavens and this earth, with all their innumerable inhabitants, disappear at once, and vanish into their first nothing; thy presence with me is all-sufficient, thy hand would support my being, and thy love would furnish out an eternity of life and coeval happiness. Why then do I tie myself so fast to my mortal friends, as though my separation from them were certain misery? Why do I lean upon creatures with my whole weight, as though nothing else could support me?

O my God! I am convinced that I have more affairs, and of far higher importance, to transact with thee, than with all thy creatures, and yet I am ever chattering with thy creatures, and say little to my God; or at best give him a morning or an evening salutation, and perhaps too with indolence and formality. Whom have I in heaven or in earth but thee, that can supply all my wants, and fill up all the vacancies of my heart?

And yet how are my thoughts and hours busily employed in quest of satisfaction among the shining snares, or at best among the flattering impertinences of the world; though every new experiment shows me they are all unsatisfying? If I happen to find any thing here below made a channel to convey some blessing to me from thy hand, how prone am I to make an idol of it, and place it in the room of my God?

How much, alas! do I trust to my food to nourish, and physic to heal me! But it is thou alone canst bless me with ease, nourishment and health, while I dwell in this cottage of flesh and blood. Let medicines and physicians pronounce despair and death upon me, a word of thine can shut the mouth of the grave, can renew the vigour and bloom of youth, and repair the decays of nature. If thou withhold thy vital influence, my flesh languishes and expires, even among the luxurious provisions of the table, and the recipes of the learned; and it is thou only canst provide me a blissful habitation, when this cottage has fallen to the ground. Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit, when it is dislodged from this mortal tabernacle; and why should I not keep my spirit ever near thee, since every moment I am liable to be turned out of this dwelling, and sent a naked stranger into the unknown world of spirits?

It is but a few days and nights more that I can have to do with sun, moon and stars; a little time will finish all my commerce with this visible world; but I have affairs of infinite and everlasting moment to transact with the great God. It is before thy tribunal I must stand as the final Judge of all my conduct, from whose decisive sentence there is no appeal; and yet how fond am I, and wretchedly solicitous, to approve myself rather to creatures, whose opinion and sentence is but empty air. It is by thy judgment that I must stand or fall for ever; the words of thy lips will be my eternal bliss, or my everlasting woe; why then should I, a little insect, or atom of being, be concerned about the smiles or frowns of my fellow insects, my equal atoms? Can all their applauses, or their reproaches, weigh a grain in the divine balance, that sacred and tremendous balance of justice, in which all my actions and my soul itself must be weighed? Let all the creatures above and below frown and scowl upon me; if my Creator smile, I am happy; nor can all their frownings diminish my complete joy.

Forgive, gracious God, forgive the past follies and wanderings of a sinful worm, from thee the highest and the best of beings. I am even amazed at my own stupidity, that I could live so much absent from thee, when my eternal all depends upon thee.

And how much more inexcusable is my forgetfulness of my God, since he has sent his own Son, his fairest image into flesh and blood, to put me in mind of my Maker, and to teach me what my God is? "He that has seen me," says he, "has seen the Father; I and the Father are one." We happen to be born indeed too late for the sight of his face, but we have the transcript of his heart, the true copy of his life, and the very features of his soul, conveyed down to us in his ever-living gospels. There we may read Jesus, there we may learn the Father. O may the little remnant of my days be spent in the presence of my God! And when I am constrained to converse with creatures, let me ever remember that I have infinitely more to do with my Creator, and thus shorten my talk and traffic with them, that I may have leisure to converse the longer with thee. Let me see thee in every thing; let me read thy name every where: Sounds, shapes, colours, motions, and all visible things, let them all teach me an invisible God. Let creatures be nothing to me, but as the books which thou hast lent me to instruct me in the lessons of thy power, wisdom and love; above all, let me

derive this science by converse with the blessed Jesus, and may I be so wise a proficient in this divine school, as to learn some new lesson daily. Train me up among the visible works and thy word, O my heavenly Father, by the condescending methods of thy grace and providence, till I am loosened and weaned from all things below God; and then give me a glorious dismission into that intellectual and blissful world, where in a more immediate manner I shall see God, and where God himself is the sensible acknowledged life of souls.

XLV.—FORMALITY AND SUPERSTITION.

It is a melancholy thing to consider how great a part of mankind, even in christian countries, deceive themselves in the sacred and important affairs of God and religion. They cheat their consciences with the empty forms of worship, and hope to secure themselves from eternal evils, and to obtain every blessing of the upper and lower world, by mere bodily service, and the outward shapes of devotion.

The papist sprinkles himself with holy water, and believes that the devil dares not assault him; he has signed his forehead with a cross, and got some relics of a saint about him, and now he imagines himself so well guarded, that he defies the powers of hell. He says his prayers in Latin, in full tale and number, for he counts his string of beads to secure his memory and his honesty, and expects God should hear and bless him for it; though he himself does not know what he prayed for, in so many hard words and syllables.

Ritillo professes the protestant faith, keeps his church, cons over his prayer-book, bows at the name of Jesus, and makes all the responses in proper time; he observes every festival, honours the saints, receives the sacrament at Christmas and Easter, and grows up merely in the power of these forms to a full assurance of salvation; yet *Ritillo* knows not what you mean by conviction of sin, he scarce ever thought himself to want repentance, or saw and felt his real need of grace and forgivness.

Nor is the dangerous piece of self-flattery confined only to those parties of christians that deal much in ceremony. *Amorphus* divides himself from the national church, that he may enjoy and practise purer worship, without the inventions of men: He carries his scruples to a considerable length in this way; he dares not be present at a common funeral, lest he should appear to join in some exceptionable forms; he attends the best of preachers in their separate meetings, and that with an air of zeal and devotion; he lays his Bible every night under his pillow, and reads three chapters every morning; he endures perhaps many a scoff for his precise practices and punctilios; yet he neglects the great duties of repentance and charity, and puts the vain fancy of preciseness and separation in the room of faith, and love, and inward holiness.

Poor abused mankind, that feed on the wind to gain immortality, and rest on a shadow for support in matters of everlasting weight and consequence!

Believe me, *Amorphus*, your mere nonconformity is no better a defence against the devil, than the relics of a saint or the holy-water pot. Your disgust against established forms of prayer, will procure no more blessings from heaven, than the Latin devotions of a priest or friar. Superstition does not always lie in the observance of more ceremonies than God has made, or in a mere affectation to serve him with rites and forms of the contrivance of men. *Anthemerus* is as superstitious in his hatred of Christmas and

Good-Friday, as *Hemerino* is in the too fond observation of them, because each of them place their merit in their zeal about a thing which God has left indifferent in his word, and for which he owes them no special reward.

The severe separatist with all his singularities, and the high churchman with all his rituals and rubric, his saints and their festivals, the scrupulous, the precise, and the ceremonious worshipper, will be all shut out together from the kingdom of heaven, if they have no better certificate to show at the gates of it, than such empty characters as these. These shapes of profession, without real piety, have no place in the world of spirits, and are of no esteem in paradise, where God and angels dwell. Nothing can ever make way for our admission there, but a holy acquaintance with God, repentance of every known sin, and trust in Jesus the Saviour; nothing but the life, and spirit, and power of godliness; but patience, humility and self-denial, mortification and watchfulness, and faith that worketh by love.

Mere forms are so easy a way of getting to heaven, that God would never allow them to be a sufficient title, lest his palace should be crowded with ten thousand hypocrites.

XLVI.—COWARDICE AND SELF-LOVE.

I HAVE often thought it is a right noble and gallant principle which enables a person to pass a just and solid judgment upon all things that occur, without ever being warpt aside by the influence of fashion and custom: It is a noble soul that can practise steady virtue in opposition to the course of the humour of the multitude;

> 'Tis brave to meet the world, stand fast among
> Whole crowds, and not be carried in the throng.'

It was a female muse wrote these lines, but there is a manly spirit and vigour in them. Not that we should be fond of running counter to the custom of the age or nation wherein we dwell, out of a humorous singularity to show our valour; but when those customs have a plain appearance of vice and folly in them, we should dare to be virtuous and wise in spite of the world.

It is a felicity in human life to have a good degree of courage in-wrought into our very frame, and mingled with our blood and spirits. Virtue itself, even where it has a great ascendant in the soul, has not power to exert itself, and shine out to the world, if animal nature want this brave and hardy temperament. How much do I feel myself stand in need of this fortitude of constitution? What shall I do to acquire it? Methinks I should be ready to part with a few ornaments of the mind, and make an exchange of some of the more showy and glittering sciences for this bodily virtue, if I may so express it, this complexional bravery.

I confess there are some other and worse principles than a mere defect of natural courage which tempt a man sometimes to comply with the fashion, and to fall in roundly with the errors and vices of the times. Some persons have so little love to truth and virtue, and such an excessive fondness for the thing called Self, that they will never expose themselves to the least inconveniency, in order to support the honour of wisdom and religion among men. Such an one was Crispus in the fourth satire of Juvenal, who ever flattered the court, and soothed the successive emperors in all their vices, and by this means drew out his age to fourscore years.

'Illc igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
'Torrentem; nec civis erat, qui libera posset
'Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.
'Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
'Solstitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ.'

Paraphrased thus:

He never was the man that dar'd to swim
Against the rolling tide, or cross the stream;
He was no patriot, nor indulg'd his breath
Bravely to speak his sense, and venture death.
Thus he spun out his supple soul, and drew
A length of life amidst a vicious crew;
Full fourscore years he saw the sun arise,
Guarded by flattery, and intrench'd in lies;
For 'twas his settled judgment from his youth,
One grain of ease was worth a world of truth.

But this wretched self-love is so vile a principle, that it will not only constrain a man to avoid his duty, but it will oftentimes push him upon most inhuman practices, and make him sacrifice his friends, his parents, or his country to his own ease and safety.

O cursed idol Self!
The wretch that worships thee would dare to tread
With impious feet on his own father's head,
To 'scape a rising wave when seas the land invade.
To gain the safety of some higher ground,
He'd trample down the dikes that fence his country round
Amidst a general flood, and leave the nation drown'd.

Well, though my natural courage run very low, yet I hate these characters which have been now described, and abominate the principles whence they proceed. I confess, a feeble man and diffident had need to pray daily, Lord, lead us not into temptation: But if ever I should be called to bear witness to the truth, and to do public honour to religion and virtue, at the expense of all my mortal interests, I trust the God of nature and grace to furnish me with every necessary talent, and to uphold me with divine fortitude. And O may I never dare to do a base or unworthy action, to the injury of my friend or my country, or to the unjust detriment of the meanest figure among mankind, in order to save life itself, or to acquire the richest advantages that can belong to it!

XLVII.—SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

It was the custom of David, as appears by several of his psalms, and it was the practice of Hezekiah and Jonah, kings and prophets, to rehearse the agonies of their distress, when they offered to heaven their songs of deliverance. They recollected their hours and days of bitterness, and the workings of their soul amidst their sharp and grievous sorrows, to make the remembrance of their salvation the sweeter, and so kindle the zeal of their gratitude to a higher flame. Is it a matter of blame to imitate such examples? Doth not the reason hold good in our age, and to all generations? Why should a christian be any more afraid to tell the world of his afflictions or distresses

than a Jew? Or why should he be ashamed to let them know, that amidst those sinkings of life and nature, christianity and the gospel were his support? Amidst all the violence of my distemper, and the tiresome months of it, I thank God I never lost sight of reason or religion, though sometimes I had much ado to preserve the machine of animal nature in such order as regularly to exercise either the man or the christian, especially when I shut my eyes to seek sleep and repose, and had not their aid to fence against the disorderly ferments of natural spirits. But these conflicts are described in the following lines. Blessed be God for preserving and healing mercy!

THOUGHTS AND MEDITATIONS IN A LONG SICKNESS.

1712 AND 1713.

The Hurry of the Spirits, in a Fever and Nervous Disorders.

My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
And my disease the tempest. Nature feels
A strange commotion to her inmost centre;
The throne of reason shakes. 'Be still, my thoughts;
'Peace and be still.' In vain my reason gives
The peaceful word, my spirit strives in vain
To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal powers,
Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
Nor hear its laws. The engine rules the man.
Unhappy change! When nature's meaner springs,
Fir'd to impetuous ferments, break all order;
When little restless atoms rise and reign
Tyrants in sov'reign uproar, and impose
Ideas on the mind; confus'd ideas
Of non-existents and impossibles,
Who can describe them? Fragments of old dreams,
Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields
And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,
Abrupt, ill-sorted! O 'tis all confusion!
If I but close my eyes, strange images
In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,
Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears and ghosts,
An endless medley rush upon the stage,
And dance and riot wild in reason's court
Above control. I'm in a raging storm,
Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul
Like some light worthless chip of floating cork
Is tost from wave to wave: Now overwhelm'd
With breaking floods, I drown, and seem to lose
All being: Now high-mounted on the ridge
Of a tall foaming surge, I'm all at once
Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,
The whistling wind; unmanageable steed,
And feeble rider! Hurried many a league
Over the rising hills of roaring brine,
Thro' airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed
And infinite surprise; till some few minutes
Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop
Near to the peaceful coast; some friendly billow
Lodges me on the beach, and I find rest:
Short rest I find; for the next rolling wave
Snatches me back again; then ebbing far
Sets me adrift, and I am borne off to sea,
Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,
Beyond the ken of shore.

Ah, when will these tumultuous scenes be gone?
When shall this weary spirit, tost with tempests,
Harass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,
And hold it firm? When shall this wayward flesh
With all th' irregular springs of vital movement
Ungovernable, return to sacred order,
And pay their duties to the ruling mind?

Peace of Conscience and Prayer for Health.

Yet gracious God, amidst these storms of nature,
Thine eyes beheld a sweet and sacred calm
Reign thro' the realms of conscience: All within
Lies peaceful, and compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,
Tho' stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation
Like heav'nly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light
Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,
A conscience and a God! A friend at home,
And better friend on high! This is my rock
Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
Put on thy courage: Here's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
'A peaceful conscience and a smiling heaven.'

My God, permit a creeping worm to say,
'Thy Spirit knows I love thee.' Worthless wretch,
To dare to love a God! But grace requires,
And grace accepts. Thou seest my labouring soul:
Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:
Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature,
'I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine.'

O thou all-powerful Word, at whose first call
Nature arose; this earth, these shining heavens,
These stars in all their ranks came forth, and said,
'We are thy servants:' Didst thou not create
My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creature
Who faints before thy face? Did not thy pity
Dress thee in flesh to die, that I might live,
And with thy blood redeem this captive soul
From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
My King, my Saviour, my Immanuel, say,
Have not thy eyelids mark'd my painful toil,
The wild confusions of my shatter'd powers,
And broken fluttering thoughts? Hast thou not seen
Each restless atom, that with vexing influence
Works thro' the mass of man? Each noxious juice,
Each ferment that infects the vital humours,
That heaves the veins with huge disquietude
And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
Yes, all at thy command, and must obey
Thy sovereign touch: Thy touch is health and life,
And harmony to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight-sighs and morning groans
Rise thro' the heights of heaven, and reach thy ear
Propitious? See, my spirit's feeble powers
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne,
Like early incense climbing thro' the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace
Descend with blessings, like an evening shower
On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom?
Or must thy creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans, and die?
Come, blest physician, come attend the moan
Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm,
Crush'd in the dust and helpless. O descend,
Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.
Incarnate goodness, send thy influence down
To these low regions of mortality
Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly weeds
Learnt sympathetic sorrows; send and heal
My long and sore distress. Ten thousand praises
Attend thee: David's harp is ready strung
For the Messiah's* name: A winged flight
Of songs harmonious, and new honours wait
The steps of moving mercy.

* At this time my Imitation of David's Psalms in christian language was not half done: As fast as I recovered strength after this long illness, I applied myself by degrees to finish it.

Encouraged to hope for Health in May.

DECEMBER 1712.

Confin'd to sit in silence, here I waste
The golden hours of youth. If once I stir,
And reach at active life, what sudden tremors
Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine
Lies fluttering? What strange wild convulsive force
O'erpowers at once the members and the will;
Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
Of breathing clay, a burthen to the seat
That bears these limbs, a borderer on the grave.
Poor state of worthless being! While the lamp
Of glimmering life burns languishing and dim,
The flame just hovering o'er the dying snuff
With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with every blast.

Yet my fond friends would speak a word of hope:
Love would forbid despair: 'Look out,' they cry,
'Beyond these glooming damps, while winter hangs
'Heavy on nature, and congeals her powers:
'Look cheerful forward to the vital influence
'Of the returning spring!' I rouse my thoughts
At friendship's sacred voice, I send my soul
To distant expectation, and support
The painful interval with poor amusements.

My watch, the solitary kind companion
Of my imprisonment, my faithful watch
Hangs by; and with a short repeated sound

Beats like the pulse of time, and numbers off
My woes, a long succession; while the finger
Slow moving, points out the slow-moving minutes;
The slower hand, the hours. O thou dear engine,
Thou little brass accomptant of my life,
Would but the mighty wheels of heaven and nature
Once imitate thy movements, how my hand
Should drive thy dented pinions round their centres
With more than ten-fold flight, and whirl away
These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,
These midnights; every star should speed its race,
And the slow bears precipitate their way
Around the frozen pole: Then promis'd health
That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace
On a May sun-beam should attend me here
Before to-morrow sheds its evening-dew.

Ah foolish ravings of a fruitless wish
And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
My soul, the Power that made thee? He alone
Who form'd the spheres, rolls them in destin'd rounds
Unchangeable. Adore, and trust, and fear him:
He is the Lord of life. Address his throne,
And wait before his foot, with awful hope
Submissive; at his touch distemper flies:
His eyelids send beams of immortal youth
Thro' heaven's bright regions. His all-powerful word
Can create health, and bid the blessing come
Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
Congeal'd in death; or with a sovereign frown
(Tho' nature blooms all round) he can forbid
The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down
To pains, and maladies, and grievous bondage
Thro' all the circling seasons.

The Wearisome Weeks of Sickness.

1712 OR 1713.

Thus pass my days away. The cheerful sun
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams,
Alas, in vain to me; cut off alike
From the bless'd labours, and the joys of life:
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train
Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows.
By night I count the clock; perhaps eleven,
Or twelve, or one; then with a wishful sigh
Call on the ling'ring hours, 'Come two, come five:
'When will the day-light come?' Make haste, ye mornings,
Ye evening-shadows haste; wear out these days,
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
The weary week for ever——
Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
Sweet day of rest, devote to God and heaven,
And heav'nly business, purposes divine,
Angelic work: But not to me returns
Rest with the day: Ten thousand hurrying thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous far from heaven
And heavenly work. In vain I heave, and toil,
And wrestle with my inward foes in vain,
O'erpower'd and vanquish'd still: They drag me down
From things celestial, and confine my sense
To present maladies. Unhappy state,
Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
Unholy idleness, a painful absence!
And bound to bear the agonies and woes
From God, and heaven, and angel's blessed work,
That sickly flesh on shatter'd nerves impose.
How long, O Lord, how long?

A Hymn of Praise for Recovery.

Happy for man, that the slow circling moons
And long revolving seasons measure out
The tiresome pains of nature! Present woes
Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful health
With slow approach (so Providence ordains)
Revisit their forsaken mansion here,
And days of useful life diffuse their dawn
O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.
My vital powers resume their vigour now,
My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,
Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes,
Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thought
Grasps her ideas; while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice
Or mortal hand can render to my God
The tribute due? What altars shall I raise?
What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines? Where shall I find a victim
Meet to be offered to his sovereign love,
And solemnize the worship and the joy?

Search well, my soul, thro' all the dark recesses
Of nature and self-love, the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flattery hides our sins; search out the foes
Of thy almighty friend; what lawless passions,
What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought

Lurk there unheeded: Bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.
Well he deserves this worship at thy hands,
Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
Thy mouldring fabric, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.

Almighty power, I love thee, blissful name,
My healer God; and may my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,
And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,
Tho' painful to the sufferer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desired relief.

Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,
Prove your new strength, and show the effective skill
Of the divine physician; bear away
This tottering body to his sacred threshold:
There, laden with his honours, let me bow
Before his feet; let me pronounce his grace,
Pronounce salvation thro' his dying Son,
And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name.
Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes
Tow'rd his high throne; awake, my choicest songs,
Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
The solemn vows of my distressful hours,
A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

Jesus, great Advocate, whose pitying eye
Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart
And powerful intercession spread'st my woes
With all my groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my praises now; thy holy incense
Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
And bring these accents grateful to his ear.
My heart and life, my lips and every power
Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote
By thy bless'd hands an offering to his name.
Amen, Hallelujah.

XLVIII.—THE DEIST AND THE CHRISTIAN.

Apistus went into a church one morning, because he knew not how to employ the hour, and heard the text read out of *Rom.* xii. 1. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."—"Well," said he to himself, "I like this period; I hope I shall now hear a piece of divine service that has something reasonable in it. It is my opinion, as well as Paul's, that we should employ these living bodies of ours to the service of that God that made us, and the mercies of God oblige us to it."

The preacher pursued his subject with much beauty and justness of thought and style; he expatiated on the various engagements we lie under to the great God to present our whole natures and all our active powers as a living sacrifice to him. Thus far *Apistus* was charmed with the performance. But after the mention of many of those mercies of God which oblige us to a holy life, he came at last to name that illustrious instance of divine mercy, in sending his own Son Christ Jesus to redeem us from sin and hell; then he showed that the only ground and foundation upon which God would accept this living sacrifice of our bodies, was the dying sacrifice of his own Son, who bore our sins in his body on the tree. Here *Apistus* began to be ruffled a little, and as the sermon went on with some life and spirit on this glorious subject, he was so much displeased with the preacher, that he rose up and went out of the church, and with an air of mingled indignation and contempt, he told his neighbour *Pithon* the whole story on the Monday.

Come, sit down a little, said *Pithon*, and let us examine the merits of this cause. Our Bible obliges us to give to the great God our Creator all that reasonable service which you pretend to; it teaches us to present our bodies, and our souls too, as a sacrifice to our God: The soul must be there, or the body can never be a living sacrifice.

Thus far we agree. Now if your religion be right, the christian is in a very safe and secure state; for he endeavours to perform all that reasonable duty and service that the light of nature requires of him as well as you.

But we christians are taught further to believe, that all men are sinners; and surely you yourself must acknowledge you have been guity of many violations of the law of God and nature, and you have not always performed that reasonable service to God which your own conscience requires. Have you not too often been tempted to alienate some of those very powers of body or mind from the service of God, which you had before devoted to him as your living sacrifice? Have your soul, your lips, and your hands been always employed in their duty to this God? Have you never indulged a criminal wish, never spoken an evil word, or committed an action which your own conscience condemns? Think of this, *Apistus*, and your conscience may tell you that you are a sinner too.

We believe also, that without a sacrifice for sin, there is no acceptance with God, and we have reason to think that God has told us so. But this God in his infinite mercy has provided such a sacrifice, he has made the body and soul of his own Son a dying sacrifice of atonement; this is the only ground of our hope, and it is a glorious ground indeed! Now if our religion be true, what will become of *Apistus*, who confesses he hath been a sinner, and yet renounces at once this only hope and this atonement?

Heb. x. 26, 27, 31. "For if we sin wilfully," that is, by renouncing the christian sacrifice, "after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. And it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

XLIX.—TO POCYON. THE MISCHIEF OF WARM DISPUTES AND DECLAMATIONS ON THE CONTROVERTED POINTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

MY DEAR P.

I GAVE your last letter a joyful entertainment; methought it talked so pleasingly and so long with me, as if it meant to make amends for its tedious delay: One of the chief subjects of its discourse was the extensive design of divine love to men. I have been debating with myself, whether I should return my friend an answer to his proposed thoughts on a point so abstruse and difficult: I have not yet decided the cause for myself for want of sufficient study and thoughtfulness, though you know I have been no stranger to diligence in academical studies these several years past: It seems to require larger time, and a vast and more comprehensive survey of things, in order to fix my opinions in these controversies, or pronounce any thing certain in doctrines so much disputed; unless it please God himself by a divine ray to strike a powerful light upon any particular truth, and convey it in that light to the understanding and the conscience of the enquirer. I am persuaded this is his frequent method with humble and tractable spirits, who have not capacity nor advantages for a long train of reasonings, and years of suspense and enquiry. In the mean time I would pursue knowledge with honesty and diligence in the ordinary methods which are suited to attain it.

When I am in doubt about any point, and set my thoughts at work in a search after

truth, I think I ought to retire more than hitherto I have done, from the noisy and furious contests which the several factions and parties of christians are engaged in. I am very unwilling to contend in a dispute, or to flourish in a declamation upon the subject into which I am enquiring. Sophistry and oratory throw so much paint upon the question in dispute, or raise so much dust about it, as to conceal the truth from the eye of the mind, and hide the merits of the cause from reason.

In matters of the christian faith, I would make the scripture my guide, and enter into a calm conference with myself in a survey of the oracles of God, in order to a decision of the sense and meaning of them; not neglecting the assistance of pious and learned authors, but conversing very little with the angry and supercilious. I would with daily and hourly importunity address the Father of lights, to shine upon his own word, and to discover his intent therein. I would humbly implore the Spirit of wisdom and revelation to take the things of Christ, and show them to my understanding in a most convincing light, and to lead me as it were by the hand into all needful truths. My reason should be used as a neccessary instrument to compare the several parts of revelation together, to discover their mutual explication, as well as to judge whether they run counter to any dictates of natural light. But if an inquisitive mind overleap the bounds of faith, and give the reins to all our reasonings upon divine themes in so wide and open a field as that of possibles and probables, it is no easy matter to guess where they will stop their career. I have made experiment of this in my own meditations; when I have given my thoughts a loose, and let them rove without confinement, sometimes I seem to have carried reason with me even to the camp of Socinus; but then St. John gives my soul a twitch, and St. Paul bears me back again (if I mistake not his meaning) almost to the tents of John Calvin. Nor even then do I leave my reason behind me. So difficult a thing is it to determine by mere reasoning those points which can be learnt by scripture only.

But you would urge me further perhaps to inform you, why am I so cold and backward to enter into a debate on the subject you propose, and upon which you flourish with such a force of similes, and in language so bright and pathetic? I am too sensible, dear *Pocyon*, and that by reading your letter, that such disputations can hardly be managed without interesting the affections in them, and I am afraid to be biassed, for I seek the truth. It is exceeding hard to dispute without gaining some invisible prejudice and good-liking to the opinion we defend. So devoted are we to ourselves, in this dark and degenerate state, that self-love too easily engages our favour to the cause we have espoused, and for no other reason than because we espoused it. Though we had no kindness before for an opinion that we maintain for disputing-sake, yet if a plausible and smiling argument for it occurs in our hasty thoughts, how prone are we to hug the creature of our brain, and be almost in love with the opinion for the sake of the argument? I confess there are no such formal reasonings in our minds as these; yet we are insensibly captivated to esteem any thing that proceeds from ourselves: Our passion first thinks it pity that such a happy argument of our own invention should be on the false side, and by secret insinuation persuades the judgment to vote it true. How often have I experienced these fallacies working within me in verbal disputations before my tutor! And, for this reason, I have no great esteem of the method of our academical disputes, where the young sophisters are obliged to oppose the truth by the best arguments they can find, and the tutor defends it and assists the respondent. There is a certain wantonness of

wit in youth, and a pleasing ambition of victory, which works in a young warm spirit, much stronger than a desire of truth. There is a strange delight in baffling the respondent, and it grows bigger sensibly, if we can put the president to a puzzle or a stand. The argument which is so successful, relishes better on the lips of the young opponent, and he begins to think that it is solid and unanswerable; "Surely my tutor's opinion can hardly be true, and though I thought I was put on the defence of a false doctrine, yet since I have found so good an argument for it, I can hardly believe it false." Then his invention works on to strengthen his suspicion, and at last he firmly believes the opinion he sought for. Often have I been in danger of such delusions as these, and feel myself too ready to submit to them now. Even a closet, and retirement, and our coolest meditations are liable to these secret sophistries. Upon the first sight of an objection against our arguments, our thoughts are strangely hurried away to ransack the brain for a reply, and we torture our invention to make our side have the last word, before we call in cool judgment calmly to decide the difference; and thus from a hot defence of our own reasonings, we unimaginably slide into a cordial defence of the cause.

This unaccountable prejudice for an opinion in dispute, sticks so close to human nature, that I question whether *Pocyon* himself can boast an absolute freedom. You seem, my friend, to indulge and maintain some hard consequences now, which some time ago would have startled your soul, and affrighted and forbid your assent. Farewell, dear man, and let your next letter proceed on the philosophical themes that are before us, in which you may expect a bolder freedom of thought, a more agreeable reply and correspondence from,

Yours, &c.

Southampton, 1696.

L.—OF LABOUR AND PATIENCE IN INSTRUCTING MANKIND.

To Pocyon, *complaining of his just Anger and melancholy Resentment, that he met with so many Persons of narrow and uncharitable Souls, obstinate in Opinions, and violent against all other Notions and Practices but what themselves had embraced.*

Yesterday, my friend, I received your long complaint, and I have already five hundred things to say to you; for there is not a person I converse with that can stir up the thoughts which lie at the bottom of my soul like you. All my notions are afloat when I read your letters, but at present it is in a troubled sea; for you express your own melancholy with so lively an air, that it raises a gust of the same passion in me; though nature has not mingled much of that dark humour in my constitution. If I cannot present you my sympathy in such vivid and tender expressions as I would, yet I can read over your lines again and again, and say I feel them.

I could help you, methinks, to spurn this globe away, and join with you in renouncing commerce with men, while we arise to some higher worlds, furnished with inhabitants of a better composition. Or, if this be too bold a thought, and we cannot ascend above the common rank of human nature, let us retire from them into some solitary shade, that we may be free from their impertinences; for we cannot live happily among the race which this earth breeds, they are of so perverse a mould. How have I fretted sometimes to stand by and hear the nonsense of a brutal world that pretends to reason! It is education, it is passion, it is prejudice, it is stubbornness, it is what you will but

good sense, that commands the judgments, and stamps the opinions of men. How often have I laboured by reasons of the brightest evidence to rectify a gross and vulgar mistake? But words have been lost in the wind: Prejudice and education had eleven points of the law, and it was impossible for argument to disposses them. Those arguments that I have sought out from afar, and digged deep for them with the sweat of my soul, and have felt and yielded to their resistless power, those very arguments, I say, have been answered with a jest or a loud laugh, and been scorned by unlettered animals, as the Leviathan derides and mocks at a spear of straw. Then, my friend, I have almost regretted the labours of my brain, and wondered to what purpose I had devoted myself to studies that improved my reason. It is true, our design is to tame and polish an uncultivated world; but if this world be so mad and savage as never to be tamed, then I do but teach an ass Latin, and wash an Æthiop.

'Union of hearts, and impotence to bear
'Thy sorrows, friend, transported me thus far
'With sympathetic fury, not my own;
'But now my reason re-assumes the throne,
'And strikes my passion dumb.'

Were I a heathen philosopher, perhaps I might thus loosely philosophize: if I were a mere orator, or a poet, I would chide and flourish at this rate; but as I pretend to be a christian, I must recant it all, and put these cooler thoughts in the place of it.

When our sovereign Creator formed our souls, and sent them to inhabit these two engines of flesh, which were then a framing for you and me, he knew well what a world he sent us into, and designed our converse to be with men, shall I say, of like infirmites with ourselves: For if they are perverse and untractable, perhaps we are proud, imperious and disdainful; and perhaps too, we are seldom so much in the right as we think ourselves to be; it is probable that minds released from flesh, and the genii of a higher region, may smile at some of the fooleries and airy shapes of reason which we hug and embrace, as much as we do at the senseless notions and obstinate practices of our fellow-mortals, whom we have the vanity to think so much beneath ourselves. Poor weak reasoners are we and they, when compared with the worlds above us!

But to drop this thought: I say still, God designed us to dwell here in such a wretched world, and I grant it is no small part of our state of trial; but to alleviate our unhappiness, he has mingled in the mass of mankind some finer veins, some more intellectual and unprejudiced spirits, in whose conversation we may find suitable delight, and pleasures worthy of the rational nature. Why should not we suppose there are many other minds as happily turned as our own, and of superior size and more divine temper? All men have not been blessed with our advantages, yet their native felicity of thought may transcend ours. And as for the rest, God has ordained it our duty to associate with them for valuable ends and purposes in his providence, which regard both them and us. It is our business to endeavour to persuade them to lay aside their mistaken notions, to remove all the biasses of error from their judgment, to quench their indignation against men of different opinions, and to enlarge their narrow souls, though we find it a difficult work. I have often seen what you complain of, and have been ready to conclude, that when we have to do with vulgar souls we should not lavish away our labour to convince them of innocent mistakes in matters of small importance,

but only lay out our thoughts to rectify their notions in things that regard their present or future welfare. And when we reflect how very impotent and low are the capacities of some ignorant creatures that we have to do with, how short their reasonings, how few their advantages to improve their minds, how incapable their judgments are of growing up to a solid and mature state by our utmost cultivation, and how unable their minds are in many cases to discern and distinguish truth; I have been tempted to persuade myself it is not dishonest policy to engage their affections a little. I know well, that the passions were never made to judge of truth; but if we find persons who will never judge by any other rule, I would make enquiry whether we might not in some cases honestly make use of this. If we find that affection is the great gate of entrance into the judgments of the multitude, and reason is but like the back-door, or some meaner avenue, and seldom opened to let in any doctrine; may we not thence infer, that the softer arts of winning upon men are to be studied by us as well as hard arguments?

How have I mourned inwardly, to consider that even pious and holy souls have been so over-run with ignorance and zeal (that is, with fire and darkness), and have been so possessed with narrow thoughts and uncharitable notions, that it must be the work of an age, or the power of a God, to correct their errors. Yet I reflect again, that my Maker in his wise providence disposed my lot amongst persons of this constitution, and expects that I should carry it amongst them, as it becomes one to whom he has indulged higher favours; that I should strive with constancy to reduce my neighbours to thoughtfulness, virtue and religion, and not be tired and desist, though I find but little success. It is a coward soldier, that declines the fight because he cannot every day gain a new victory.

When I recount how many weary months my Saviour spent in preaching divine doctrines to a wild multitude, and to their more conceited leaders, and how little, very little fruit he found whilst he was upon earth; I persuade myself it was with a design to encourage his followers in the gospel, and become a pattern of patience to such as should meet with the same disappointments. "Though Israel be not gathered, yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my reward with my God. If I cannot bring Jacob again to his duty, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength;" *Isaiah* xlix. 4, 5. These were the encouragements of the Son of God himself, when dwelling in feeble flesh, and contending with an obstinate and vicious age; and St. Paul, the next in dignity to the man Jesus, expected to be "a sweet savour unto God in them that perish, as well as in those that were saved;" 2 *Cor.* ii. 15. If we cannot turn stupid and headstrong sinners from the errors of their way, we must not suffer ourselves to swim with the tide, nor fall into a compliance with their mistaken notions and practices. It is our business to move right onward towards heaven, through the midst of a multitude that are travelling another way. The greater the exercise of our patience is, the weightier will be our crown; and if we have broke through a multitude of difficulties in our journey toward paradise, our rewards will not be few. "He that overcomes, shall eat of the tree of life." Large, and shining, and durable glories, in a rich and pleasing variety, are made over by promise to those that overcome, if we can but read the second and third chapters of the Revelation, and believe them.

Farewell, my *Pocyon*, and persevere in patience to teach mankind, nor forget to continue your heartiest love and instructions to

Your affectionate lover and willing disciple.

Newington, 1697-8.

LI.—PUBLIC DISPUTATIONS.

Since the true design of philosophy is to learn and know the truth, and to render that knowledge subservient to our practice and happiness here and hereafter, how absurd and impertinent are the methods of the Aristotelian schools, who have changed this design into mere sophistry and the art of disputation? They make logic and prime philosophy to be no longer the shop or work-house to form proper instruments to search out truth, or to teach virtue, for they turn it into a seminary of altercations. When they speak of a young philosopher, there is no enquiry how wise or how good a man he is, but how skilful a disputer. He that knows how to attack and foil his adversary, to stand his ground and defend himself and his thesis against all opposition; this is the man of merit and honour. Then they imagine they have attained the most plentiful fruits of philosophy, when they can bravely oppose and defend any themes whatsoever in public, by arguments in form and figure.

I will not deny but some private conversations in the manner of dispute may have a tendency to discover truth, when they are carried on without spectators, without passion or party-spirit; and that on this condition, that on which side soever probability and truth appear, each of the disputants shall be ready to give up his own opinion, and surrender it to the force and evidence of reason. But when contests are so managed, that disputations are become public spectacles, and each of the combatants aim at nothing so much as always to conquer, and never to yield, it is impossible that truth should ever be sought or found in this manner. It is much more likely that if she were present, she would withdraw herself from so profane and ill-deserving a rout of men. Truth is lost in such disputing. The genuine study of truth, which is true philosophy, is a serene and gentle thing, and may be compared to the river Nile, that though it flows with a soft and placid stream, yet it renders the whole country fruitful, and carries more profit and plenty with it, than all the torrents and rapid rivers that pour down with noise and violence.

But what a ridiculous scene is a scholastic disputation! A mere stage-play! where two combatants meet, and with rounds and flourishes, with many feints and approachings and retirings, with distinctions, heaped upon distinctions, to exclude from the question what no man ever could doubt or dispute, they come at last to the point in hand; and their grand design is, that each of them may escape safe, without being forced to yield up this point. Thus when they are put to a plunge, they talk whatsoever comes uppermost; they raise mutual scoffs and clamours and loud reproaches, and scarce withhold themselves from manual conflict, when their tongues have done their utmost. And if one of them happens to silence and overwhelm his adversary, how vain he grows! How he swells and exalts himself! What airs of arrogance he assumes! as though like Hercules he had destroyed an Hydra, or like Atlas he had supported a world; when

perhaps the truth lies bleeding on the ground, and by his sophistic subtleties and his brawling battle he has supported some gross error, and established falsehood in triumph. The great *Gassendus* was deeply sensible of this folly fourscore years ago, and declaims against the professors of Aristotelian logic and philosophy in his day upon this account.

Yet perhaps it is possible that academic disputations may be reduced to such a form, and put under such regulations, as to render them serviceable for some good purposes among students in the schools. But I have discoursed more largely on this subject in some papers relating to the various methods of improving the mind.

LII.—DEVOTIONAL WRITINGS.

Perhaps it is a wish too glorious and happy to be ever fulfilled in this state of mortality, to see all the disciples of Christ grown up into such a catholic spirit, as to be ready to worship God their common Father, through Jesus their common Mediator, in the same assembly, and to join in the same holy fellowship. There are so many punctilios of difference to be adjusted, and so many party-prejudices to be overcome, that such a union of hearts and sentiments lies beyond our present hope. Yet methinks every step towards such a union, carries a blessing in it, and every christian should desire to promote it. *Bohemus* was a German divine, of various knowledge and sedate judgment, of admirable temper and uncommon piety: He had observed long the disputes and divisions in England about the imposition and the use of forms of prayer; he stood by as a stranger and spectator, nor took any part in the controversy, but with an indifferent eye beheld their disputes, and thought himself on that account the fitter to become a moderator between both, being under the influence of no prejudice nor party.

I know, said he, the church of England hath long prescription on their side for the use of forms in their public assemblies, though they cannot say from the first beginning of christianity, nor will I. They argue, and with much force and evidence, that what we address to the great God ought to be duly considered, nor should our lips pour out words rashly, nor offer to our Maker the sacrifice of fools. What, say they, cannot men of learning, prudence and piety compose better prayers for us than we can utter on a sudden before God, and much fitter for the ear of his Majesty? Ought we not to serve God with our best? And when we have such happy, devout and affectionate prayers made to our hands, by men of great worth and singular goodness, why should we offer up to God such poor, lean, raw sacrifices, such loose sentences and weak expressions, as our own thoughts on a sudden can furnish us with?

Besides, say they, is invention the chief talent we are called to exercise when we bow our knees before God? Is the toil of our imagination, and the labour of finding out proper thoughts and words, our chief business at the throne of grace? Should not our faith, our hope, our love, our repentance for sin, our desire of mercy, and every christian virtue which relates to worship, be the chief exercises of our spirits? Should not these be supremely engaged at such a season? Let fancy and invention therefore lie at rest, which are meaner powers of the soul, while the graces and virtues, and devout sentiments of the heart are excited by reading or hearing a well-composed form.

On the other hand, I know it is the opinion of the protestant dissenters, that since prayer is but the expression of our sense of divine things to God, there is no man, who can speak his mother-tongue, so destitute of words, but that he is able with ease to

express his own sins and sorrows, his own hopes and fears, his own faith and his desires before God, in such language as God understands and accepts; and that there is no man called by Providence to pray in the presence of others, and to lift up their joint addresses to heaven, but he is or ought to be, sufficiently furnished with knowledge and language to perform this part of worship in a proper and becoming manner, to the edification of himself and those who join with him. I know also, saith he, it hath been matter of frequent complaint among them, that the constant and unvaried repetition of set forms of prayer has a great tendency to introduce coldness and formality into divine worship. Though the confessions, the petitions and praises are never so happily framed, and the expressions never so proper and pathetic, yet, say they, where the same set of words and phrases pass over the ears in a constant rehearsal, the soul by degrees loses those lively influences and devout sensations which it at first received from them; and the continual round of uniform expressions rolling on in a beaten track, makes little more impression upon the heart, than a wheel that has often travelled through a hardened road.

And yet, further they say, there is no man knows my thoughts, my wants and my desires so well as I do myself; and where the heart and the thoughts of a christian are imprisoned and restrained by the words of any form, so as not to give himself the liberty of expressing his own present devout breathings towards God, whatsoever holy elevations of soul he may feel within himself, this brings a heavy damp upon the inward devotion of the heart, it binds the soul in uneasy fetters, it appears to carry in it a resistance of these good motions of the blessed Spirit, whose assistance is promised us in prayer, because, "we know not what to pray for as we ought, and the Spirit maketh intercession for us, or in us, according to the will of God;" *Rom.* viii. Such a restraint is indeed painful to a holy and devout worshipper; it cuts short the christian in the pleasure of his converse with heaven, while it makes him speak to God the thoughts of other men, and he neglects his own.

Having represented in short, something of the sense of both parties on this subject, I shall not tarry now, said *Bohemus*, to relate how each party defend themselves against the difficulties objected by the other; but I beg leave to interpose a little, and enquire why mankind, when their sentiments differ, should be so fond of running into extremes? Is there no use to be made of the devout composures of holy men, without confining ourselves to all the words and syllables of their writings? May we not enjoy their help, without making them our absolute dictators? Whatsoever inconvenience may arise from the constant use or unalterable imposition of forms of prayer, yet certainly there is very considerable benefit and assistance in the christian life to be derived from devotional compositions. Such forms of pious address to God as are drawn from a serious sense of divine things, and framed by a skilful and judicious hand, has given rich advantages to a sincere worshipper, both in solitary and social worship. Many a holy soul has found its inward powers awakened and excited to lively religion by such assistances; many a penitent groan under the sense of sin, many an ardent petition for some peculiar grace or virtue, many a pious aspiration of heart, and many a joyful sound of praise, has ascended towards heaven in the words and language of some well-composed form. And I am well assured the blessed Spirit of God neither confines

his sacred influences to those who worship without forms, nor withholds it from those who use them. Both have need of his aid, and I am persuaded both do partake of it.

Indeed in the use of forms, there is no need of binding ourselves to a whole page together, as it stands in the book. In the name of God, let us stand fast in our christian liberty, and maintain a just freedom of soul in our addresses to heaven; let us change, enlarge or contract, let us add or omit, according to our peculiar sentiments, or our present frame of spirit. Mr. Jenks, a pious divine of the church of England, has written an excellent treatise of the liberty of prayer, which I dare recommend to every sort of reader. But when we find the temper, the wants and the wishes of our hearts so happily expressed in the words of the composer, as that we know not how to frame other words so suitable and so expressive of our own present state and case, why should we not address our God and our Saviour in this borrowed language? I confess indeed, when long custom has induced a sort of flatness into these sounds, how happily soever the words might be at first chosen, then perhaps we shall want something new and various to keep nature awake to the devotion. Or if we still confine ourselves entirely to the forms we read, and forbid our spirits to exert their own pious sentiments, we turn these engines of holy elevation into clogs and fetters. But when christians make a prudent use of them, they have frequently experienced unknown advantage and delight. A dull and heavy hour in the closet has been relieved by the use of such devout composures of mingled meditation and prayer; and many a dry and barren heart has been enabled to offer up the first-fruits of a sweet sacrifice to God in the words of another man. The fire of devotion has been kindled by the help of some serious and pathetic forms, and the spirit of the worshipper, which has been straitened and bound up in itself, has found a blessed release by the pen of some pious writer. The wings of the soul have been first expanded toward God and heaven by some happy turn of fervent and holy language; she has been lifted up by this assistance above the earth and mortality; then she has given herself a more unconfined and various flight in the upper regions, she has traversed the heavenly world, she has felt herself within the circle of divine attraction, and has dwelt an hour with God.

The good man *Bohemus* had warmed his imagination a little by this vivid manner of representing the argument. His soul catched fire, was seized with a sacred enthusiasm, and broke out in the following transport:—

Hail, Hebrew psalmist king! Hail, happy hour!
I see, I hear, I feel the sov'reign pow'r
Of language so devout. Th' immortal sound
Thrills thro' my vitals with a pleasing wound,
And mortal passions die. Devotion reigns,
Earth disappears, her mountains and her plains;
I soar, I pray, I praise in David's heavenly strains.
Here thoughts divine in living words exprest,
Pour'd out and copy'd glowing from the breast,
Spread o'er the sacred page; what eye, what heart,
Can read the rapture, and not bear its part
In holy elevation?
Where love and joy exult, the glorious line
Gives the same passions, spreads the fire divine,

And kindles all the reader. See him rise
On wings of ecstasy, shoot thro' the skies,
And mix with angels: Hail, ye choirs above,
Where all is holy joy, where all is heav'nly love.

If sins review'd in trickling sorrows flow;
The page conveys the penitential woe,
And strikes the inmost spirit. Conscience hears
The words of anguish, and dissolves in tears.
Ev'n iron souls relent, and hearts of stone
Burst at these mournings, and repeat the groan:
God and his power are there.

Formistes and *Libero* were present while *Bohemus* was carried away in this surprising rapture. The last had been educated in too great an aversion to forms of prayer, and the first never thought of addressing God without them; but both were deeply struck with conviction at this speech of *Bohemus:* They confessed that they had lived all their days in extremes, and began to confess their mistake.

Surely, says *Libero*, written prayers are not such formidable things as I once imagined them, especially since we are not pinned down to every sentence, but maintain a just liberty to alter as we please. And yet further, now I think of it, christians of every party find it no hindrance to the devout melody and praise which they offer to God, that they have the words of a sacred song provided for them before-hand; and it is as certain that composed forms of prayer are evidently useful, if not necessary, for the assistance of children, to train them up to this part of worship, and lead them in the way to private devotion in their younger years; and why should they not be happy expedients to relieve the weakness of the bulk of christians? Certainly they are so, replied *Bohemus;* for if we consider mankind in the various ranks, conditions and circumstances of life, and take a just survey of the many infirmities that surround human nature, and the numerous weights that hang upon the soul; if we observe the perpetual diversion from the things of God, to which the mind is exposed by constant business in the world; if we think of the low capacity, scanty furniture and poor invention of many serious persons whose hearts have a sincere tendency toward God, and their want of words to express even the pious thoughts that arise within them; may we not suppose that they would be thankful for some such assistances in this work of inward religion, if they were but once furnished with them by their friends, and encouraged to make use of them: And even the wisest and the best of men might be glad of them at some seasons.

And let me add also, said he, there is many a family which would have lived to this day without paying homage to the God of nature and grace in social worship, which has been enabled by the help of pious forms to maintain daily religion in the house, and the children and the servants of the family have been trained up to constant devotion and daily acknowledgment of God, by these assistances, borrowed from holy and skilful writers. And God forbid that any house among christians should be prayerless, since these devout compositions are so easy to be had.

This is well known and abundantly practised amongst the christians of the established church, and they rejoice in it as their privilege and their constant blessing; whereas I fear there are some among the protestant dissenters have been educated with such an unreasonable and superstitious aversion to all pre-composed prayers, that a few of them,

even to this day, are hardly willing that children and ignorant persons should use them. And there are but few, I doubt, who give themselves leave to make a full and proper use of such advantages with which our nation and our age are furnished. Dr. Patrick, Dr. Innet, Dr. Meriton, and Mr. Jenks, with several other worthy divines, have done much this way; some of the dissenters themselves have given assistance in this affair, and have composed forms of address to God upon the common occasions of life, as well as upon the various themes of the christian religion. Mr. Baxter in the last age, and Mr. Howe; and in this century Mr. Murrey, Mr. Bourne, and others; and I wish this sort of devotional writings were multiplied among them.

I acknowledge, says *Libero*, this is the case; we have some unhappy prejudices still hanging about our spirits, in making a religious use of written or printed prayers, either in our retirements, or in the family; and I am now sensible this has bereaved us of those advantages for the religion of the closet and the household, which our neighbours partake of, and which we might enjoy with great liberty of soul, and rejoice in with rich improvement. I thank you from my heart, dear *Bohemus*, for the lesson I have learnt of you this day, and I will endeavour that many of my friends shall learn it too, that they may no more renounce that spiritual assistance and relief which may be borrowed from pious composures; and especially that masters of families may begin to make a happy use of them in their household, and worship God by these helps, when they want them, without the least restraint laid either upon the just freedom of their own spirits, or the hopes of divine influences.

And I, for my part, saith *Formistes*, return you my sincere thanks, good *Bohemus*, that you have marked out so happy a medium between an utter rejection of all forms of prayer, and an absolute confinement of ourselves to them. I cannot but acknowledge I have sometimes found inward motions of repentance for particular sins, of humble desires towards God, and wishes for assistance against particular temptations and snares, while I have been reading my written devotions; and yet I was unwilling to express them with my tongue, lest I should utter any thing rashly before God. But upon what you have said, I now give myself leave to think, that the sincere workings of a man's heart towards virtue and religion, and things of the upper world, are best known to himself, and may be expressed by himself, when they arise in his heart, in such language as a gracious God will accept. I shall never more therefore suppress these good desires for want of courage to utter them; but while I make use of forms of worship composed by pious and learned men, I shall remember that they were designed only as assistances to my devotion, and not impose them on my conscience as restraints upon all the good motions of the blessed Spirit, which our church teaches us humbly to pray for, and to expect according to the divine promise. And since the holy scripture often requires us to pray to God, but never prescribes to us whether we should use our own words, or the words of other men, I will learn for the future to look upon that as a matter of greater indifference than I once thought it, and not make that a duty for myself, which God has not made so, nor charge my neighbour *Libero* with sin, for praying in such a free manner as God has never forbid.

LIII.—AN ELEGY ON SOPHRONIA, WHO DIED OF THE SMALL-POX, 1711.

[SOPHRON *is introduced speaking.*]

I.

FORBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,
Where all my chearful airs are fled?
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

II.

Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

III.

Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
With tumours of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horror spot the veil.

IV.

Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
And beauty spread her ensigns there?

V.

I was all love, and she was all delight.
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah flow'ry days, when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.

VI.

Yet still Sophronia pleas'd. Nor time, nor care,
Could take her youthful bloom away:
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like hers could ne'er decay.

VII.

Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth:
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy and love.

VIII.

Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew,
And angels' food were her repast:
Devotion was her work; and thence she drew
Delights which strangers never taste.

IX.

Not the gay splendors of a flatt'ring court
Could tempt her to appear and shine:
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort:
But I was blest and she was mine.

X.

Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,
Her smiles could all my pains control;
Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

XI.

She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;
Love grew with every waning moon:
Had heav'n a length of years delay'd its call,
Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

XII.

But peace, my sorrows! Nor with murmuring voice
Dare to accuse heav'n's high decree:
She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
Sophron, she waits above for thee.

LIV.—AN ELEGY ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH BURY, LATE WIFE OF THE REV. MR. SAMUEL BURY, OF BRISTOL, ANNEXED TO SOME MEMOIRS OF HER LIFE, DRAWN UP BY HIM; BUT COLLECTED OUT OF HER OWN PAPERS.

SHE must ascend; her treasure lies on high,
And there her heart is. Bear her thro' the sky
On wings of harmony, ye sons of light,
And with surrounding shields protect her flight.
Teach her the wondrous songs yourselves compose
For you bright world; she'll learn 'em as she goes;
The sense was known before: Those sacred themes,
The God, the Saviour, and the flowing streams
That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a heav'n, and wash'd a world from sin;
The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face
Where the whole godhead shines in mildest grace;
These are the notes for which your harps are strung,
These were the joy and labour of her tongue
In our dark regions. These exalted strains
Brought paradise to earth, and sooth'd her pains.
'Souls made of pious harmony and love,
'Can be no strangers to their work above.'

But must we lose her hence? The muse in pain
Regrets her flight, and calls the saint again.
Stay, gentle spirit, stay. Can nature find
No charms to hold the once unfetter'd mind?
Must all those virtues, all those graces soar
Far from our sight, and bless the earth no more?
Must the fair saint to worlds immortal climb,
For ever lost to all the sons of time?
O, no; she is not lost. Behold her here,
How just the form! how soft the lines appear!
The features of her soul, without disguise,
Drawn by her own bless'd pen: a sweet surprise
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece, and wash'd it o'er with tears,
Dress'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.

Daughters of Eve, come, trace these heav'nly lines,
Feel with what power the bright example shines;
She was what you should be. Young virgins, come,
Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb:
Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
Matrons, attend her hearse with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaste, yet free; the chearful, yet sedate:
Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,
And rich in solid learning more than show,
With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
And all the human graces and divine,
Reign'd in her breast, and held a pleasing strife
Thro' every shifting scene of various life,
The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.
Attend her hints, ye sages of the schools,
And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
Let her inform you to address the ear
With conquering suasion, or reproof severe,
And still without offence. Thrice happy soul,
That could our passions, and her own control;
Could wield and govern that unruly train,
Sense, fancy, pleasure, fear, grief, hope and pain,
And live sublimely good! Behold her move
Thro' earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts above.
'Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
'And nature feels it painful not to rise.'

Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. *Burissa* knew
To make life happy, and resign it too.
The soul that oft had walk'd the ethereal road,
Pleas'd with her summons, took her farewell flight to God.

But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours paint
Th' immortal passions of th' expiring saint.
What beams of joy, angelic airs, arise
O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle thro' her eyes
In that dark hour! How all serene she lay
Beneath the openings of celestial day!
Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
While the descending glory wrought within;
Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids clos'd, she smil'd in death.

O may some pious friend, who weeping stands
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witness such triumphs in my soul; and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
While on my lifeless lips such heav'nly smiles are seen!

September 29, 1720.

LV.—AN ELEGIAC ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS ABNEY, KNIGHT AND ALDERMAN OF LONDON, FEBRUARY 6, 1721—2, IN THE 83D YEAR OF HIS AGE. AFFIXED TO SOME MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE, AND INSCRIBED TO THE LADY ABNEY.

MADAM,

Your grief is great and just. It is not in the power of verse to charm it: Your comforts must arise from a diviner spring. My residence in your family hath made me a witness to the lustre of Sir Thomas Abney's character, and to the years of your felicity; and I bear a sensible share in the sorrows that are shed on his tomb.

The nation mourns a good man lost from the midst of us, a public blessing vanished from the earth. The city mourns the loss of a most excellent magistrate, a sure friend to virtue, and a guardian to the public peace. The church of Christ mourns a beautiful pillar taken from the support and ornament of the temple. All these are public sorrows; but your loss, madam, carries a pain in it, that must be unknown to all but such as knew the domestic virtues of the deceased.

Those who have the honour of your ladyship's acquaintance, can tell whence you derive your daily consolations; even from that world where your departed relative drinks them at the fountain-head. O may those streams descend in full measure hourly, and refresh yourself and your mourning house!

But if a verse cannot give comfort to the living, yet it may do honour to the dead: And it is for this reason that your ladyship desires a verse to attend these few memorials of Sir Thomas Abney's life. His modesty hath concealed a thousand things from the world which might have stood as witnesses of his piety and goodness, but he thought it sufficient that his record was on high: Yet your unfeigned love follows him to the grave, and would do every thing that might adorn his name and memory. Since you have called me to this piece of service, the obligations that your ladyship hath laid upon me are strong enough to summon up my youthful powers and talents, even when I look upon them as buried and almost forgotten.

Besides, madam, there are some occurrences that can of themselves rouse the muse from the deepest sleep. Poesy is not always under the command of the will. As there have been occasions heretofore when I have wished to write, but the imagination has refused to attend the wish; so there are seasons when verse comes almost without a call, and the will might resist in vain. A few such seasons have I met with in the course of my life, and some of them have found me even in the chambers of death. When I have spent days in the midst of mourning, and the whole soul hath been turned to sorrow, the harp hath sounded of its own accord, and awakened all the doleful strings. Such was the hour when your dear and honoured brother Mr. Thomas Gunston departed this life; and such is the present providence. Uncommon worth forsaking our world, strikes all the powers of nature with sentiments of honour and grief, and the hand and the heart consent to raise a monument of love and sorrow.

Accept then, honoured madam, these lines of elegy, as a sincere pledge of the greatest veneration which my heart pays to the memory of Sir Thomas Abney. How far soever the verse may fall below the theme, yet now, it must always live, since it is joined to these memoirs, and attached to a character that cannot die. And while succeeding ages shall read the honours due to the deceased, let them know also the gratitude I pay to your ladyship, for the signal benefits of many years conferred on,

Your ladyship's most obliged, and obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

At the Death of that excellent Man Sir Thomas Abney.

A SOLILOQUY, OR MOURNING MEDITATION.

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
'Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
'Cantus, Melpomene.

'Ergone Abneium perpetuus sopor
'Urget? Cui pudor & justitiæ soror
'Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
'Quando ullum invenient parem?' HOR.

PART I.

His private Life.

I.

ABNEY expires. A general groan
Sounds thro' the house. How must a friend behave
Where death and grief have rais'd a throne,
And the sad chambers seem th' apartments of the grave?

II.

Shall I appear amongst the chief
Of mourners, wailing o'er the dear deceas'd?
Or must I seek to charm their grief,
And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd?

III.

I mourn by turns, and comfort too;
He that can feel, can ease another's smart:
The drops of sympathetic woe
Convey the heav'nly cordial warmer to the heart.

IV.

We mourn a thousand joys deceas'd,
We name the husband with a mournful tongue;
He, when the pow'rs of life decreas'd,
Felt the diviner flames of love for ever young.

V.

Thrice happy man! Thrice happy pair!
If love could bid approaching death remove,
The painful name of widow here
Had ever been unknown: But death is deaf to love.

VI.

Albina* mourns, she mourns alone,
Her grief unrivall'd in a house of tears,
The partner of her soul is gone,
Who doubled all her joys, and half sustain'd her cares.

VII.

See the fair offspring of the dead,
With their young griefs Albina they inclose,
Beside the father's dying bed;
And as her woes increase, their love and duty grows.

VIII.

The children feel the mother's pain,
Down their pale cheeks the trickling sorrows roll;
The mother sees and weeps again,
With all the tender passions struggling in her soul.

IX.

The tender passions reign and spread
Thro' the whole house, and to the courts descend:
We mourn the best of brothers dead;
We mourn the kindest master, and the firmest friend.

X.

We mourn; but not as wretches do,
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy:
A falling tear is nature's due;
But hope climbs high, and borders on celestial joy.

* The Lady Abney.

XI.

There sits the late departed saint;*
There dwells the husband, father, brother, friend:
Then let us cease the sore complaint,
Or mingled with our groans let notes of praise ascend.

XII.

Great God, to thee we raise our song,
Thine were the graces that enrich'd his mind;
We bless thee, that he shone so long,
And left so fair a track of pious life behind.

PART II.

His public Character and Death.

I.

BUT can domestic sorrow show
A nation's loss? Can private tears suffice
To mourn the saint and ruler too,
Great names, so rarely join'd below the blissful skies?

II.

Could Abney in our world be born,
Could Abney live, and not Britannia smile?
Or die, and not Britannia mourn,†
When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle?

III.

'Twas heav'nly wisdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the sword to hold:
His looks with sacred justice shine
Beyond the scarlet honours, or the wreathen gold.

IV.

Truth, freedom, courage, prudence stood
Attending, when he fill'd the solemn chair:
He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood,
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were there.‡

V.

He sign'd their doom with steady hand;
Yet drops of pity from his eyelids roll:
He § punish'd to reform the land,
With terror on his brow, and mercy in his soul.

* Justum & tenacem propositi virum, &c.
Hac arte——Enixus arces attigit igneas. HOR.

† Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit. HOR.

‡ ——Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, & secundis
Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;
Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.
——Bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili, &
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu——— HOR.

§ Qui quærit Pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Cædes, & rabiem tollere civium. HOR.

VI.

His tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet:
His soul disdain'd the airs of pride,
Yet love and reverence greet him thro' the crowded street.

VII.

Godlike he lived and acted here,
Moving unseen, and still sublimely great;
Yet when his country claim'd his care,
Descending he appear'd, and bore the pomp of state.

VIII.

He more than once oblig'd the throne,
And sav'd the nation; yet he shunn'd the fame,
Careless to make his merit known.
The christian hath enough, that heav'n records his name.

IX.

His humble soul convers'd on high;
Heav'n was his hope, his rest, his native home:
His treasures lay above the sky;
Much he possess'd on earth, but more in worlds to come.

X.

With silent steps he trae'd the way
To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode;
Nor would he ask a moment's stay,
Nor make the convoy wait, that call'd his soul to God.

XI.

See the good man with head reclin'd,
And peaceful heart, resign his precious breath:
No guilty thoughts oppress his mind;
Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.

XII.

Laden with honours and with years,
His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray;
And while he ends his race, appears
Bright as the setting-sun of a long cloudless day.

XIII.

Spent with the toil of busy hours,
Nature retir'd and life sunk down to sleep:
Come, dress the bed with fadeless flow'rs,
Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

XIV.

The heart of every Briton rears
A monument to Abney's spotless fame;
The pencil faints, the muse despairs;
His country's grief and love must eternise his name.

Sic cecinit mœrens,
Inter mœrores domesticos,
Et patriæ suæ luctus,

I. W.

LVI.—ENTRANCE UPON THE WORLD.

CURINO was a young man brought up to a reputable trade; the term of his apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the world with safety, and pursue business with innocence and success. Among his near kindred, *Serenus* was one, a gentleman of considerable character in the sacred profession; and after he had consulted with his father, who was a merchant of great esteem and experience, he also thought fit to seek a word of advice from the divine. *Serenus* had such a respect for his young kinsman, that he set his thoughts at work on this subject, and with some tender expressions, which melted the youth into tears, he put into his hand a paper of his best counsels. *Curino* entered upon business, pursued his employment with uncommon advantage, and under the blessing of heaven advanced himself to a considerable estate. He lived with honour in the world, and gave a lustre to the religion which he professed; and after a long life of piety and usefulness, he died with a sacred composure of soul, under the influences of the christian hope. Some of his neighbours wondered at his felicity in this world, joined with so much innocence, and such severe virtue. But after his death this paper was found in his closet, which was drawn up by his kinsman in holy orders, and was supposed to have a large share in procuring his happiness.

Advices to a Young Man.

I. Kinsman, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter: You know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason; since the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who choose to turn heathens in the midst of Great Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of christianity, and the blessings of divine revelation and grace.

II. Whatsoever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your Bible as your best treasure; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon religion as your best business. Your Bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world; and religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the book of Psalms; David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs: Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the gospels and the epistles; you will find the best of rules and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the christian life.

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions; as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them."

V. While you make the precepts of scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage rest upon the promises of scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessings and all your hopes, as your best friend and your eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him most entirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VII. You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature and a sinner, and you profess to be a christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus: But never think you know Christ nor yourself as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification; and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, John xiv. 6. *No man cometh to the Father but by me.*

VIII. Make prayer a pleasure and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse, which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and dependence must be united in the practice of every christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, "that the hand of the diligent and the blessing of the Lord join together to make us rich," (*Prov.* x. 4—22.) rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity. Set a double guard wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

X. Honour, profit and pleasure have been sometimes called the world's trinity, they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road of heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Remember also the words of the wise man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that indulgeth himself in wine and oil (that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications) shall not be rich." It is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerate age, when men become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. And that fleshly lusts war against the soul, is St. Peter's caveat to the christians of his time.

XI. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed that under any scruple, doubt or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient answer or apology to the great Judge at the last day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind, It is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teizing and vexatious. In every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, be your daily work. A frequent renewal of these exercises which make a christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprise and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: The time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death at a short warning may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. Farewell.

Phronimus, a considerable east-land merchant, happened upon a copy of these advices about the time when he permitted his son to commence a partnership with him in his trade; he transcribed them with his own hand, and made a present of them to the youth, together with the articles of partnership. Here, young man, said he, is a paper of more worth than these articles. Read it over once a month, till it is wrought in your very soul and temper. Walk by these rules, and I can trust my estate in your hands. Copy out these counsels in your life, and you will make me and yourself easy and happy.

LVII.—SOULS IN FETTERS.

What a sore unhappiness is it to the christian world, that men are confined in parties! There are some noble souls imprisoned from their infancy within the pales of a particular clan, or narrow tribe, and they must never dare to think beyond those limits. What shameful bars are laid in the way to obstruct the progress of knowledge, and the

growth of the intellectual world! Generous sentiments are stifled and forbid to be born, lest the parent of them, who belongs perhaps to one sect, should be suspected of too much intimacy with another: And a thousand brave and free thoughts are crushed to death in the very bud, lest they should look like the offspring of a foreign tribe, when they appear in open light. What a wretched influence, names, and sects, and parties have upon the commonwealth of christianity! We hardly dare believe ourselves when we have found out a truth, if our ancestors did not believe it too.

A few days ago *Aleutherus* told me, that when he was a boy, he firmly believed the mystery of the mass, and thought the priest could turn bread into flesh and blood, for all his relations were of that mind; but when I began to think for myself a little, said he, my faith staggered, the falsehood seemed too big for my belief; and yet I know not what strange secret attachment to the religion of my fathers forbid me to deny what they had professed. So I shut my eyes, and laid all my rising doubts to sleep; I stretched my faith to its former size, and swallowed the old doctrine again. Without thinking whether it were possible, I called it divine, for I could not bear the thoughts of being a heretic.

Clerico would gladly have heard *Euphonus* preach, if he durst have ventured the censure of his friends, and been seen in a meeting-house. He could willingly have let his soul loose from all human forms and inventions, if he had not lately subscribed the twentieth article of the church among the rest, and declared that she has power to ordain rites and ceremonies. But since he has subscribed, he does not care to indulge his thoughts in so much freedom.

Phileuchus happened to lodge a week at the house of *Sebastes*, where he heard Mr. Jenks's prayers read daily in the family with great devotion; he prevailed with himself to join in the worship, and felt his soul refreshed by it; yet his own house continued prayerless still: For though he loved religion at his heart, yet he could not express himself with any tolerable decency, propriety or courage in family worship, and he was ashamed to let his friends know that he made use of forms.

What a poor foolish thing is man! Human nature in all ages is too much like itself. What is now practised among christians, to the reproach and injury of revealed truth, has been a bar to the profession and improvement of natural religion, in the days and the nations of ancient heathenism.

Socrates is famous in history for his belief of the one true God, in opposition to the polytheism of the world, and the numerous idols of the priest and the people: But he is reported by this means to have exposed himself to the resentment and popular fury of some of his countrymen, so that he is counted a sort of martyr for that cause. Yet, as some report, he was scarce able to support his courage in the public profession of that one true God in a dying hour; for it is said that he ordered a cock to be offered as a sacrifice to Esculapius, the god of physic. I confess it is so mean and servile a compliance, that I can hardly believe it concerning Socrates.

But if the soul of the noble Grecian was bound in these fetters of a popular religion, which forbid his bold and final profession of his diviner sentiments; it is not Greece only, but Rome also has produced examples of the same weakness among some of its heroes. It must be acknowledged, they had some heavenly flights of thought, and courage enough to let their notions just start into light, and give broad hints of their

faith; but they were forced to cramp and discourage the progress and the growth of it, for fear of the national idolatry which reigned in their age. They had not strength of soul and bravery enough to become martyrs for the truth.

Cicero was a great man, but he was afraid to speak what he knew of the unity of the eternal God, the Maker of all. "It is hard," says he, "to find out him who is the parent of this universe; and when you have found him, it is not lawful to show him to the vulgar world. Illum quasi parentem hujus universitatis invenire difficile: & cum inveneris, indicare in vulgus nefas;" *Lib. de Univers.* p. 2. And the same he saith again, *Lib. II. de Nat. Deor.* Let not our men of heathenism then, or British infidels, charge all this folly upon christians alone, since their pagan predecessors were guilty of it as well as we.

O where shall that city stand, whose inhabitants shall traffic in intellectual treasures, and set forth all their new improvements and acquisitions in open day-light, without the danger of public penalties or reproach? Where shall that happy race of men be born, who shall see truth with an unbiassed soul; and shall speak it freely to mankind, without the fear of parties, or the odium of singularity? When shall that golden age arise in Great Britain, in which every rich genius shall produce his brightest sentiments to the honour of God, and to the general profit of men, and yet stand exempted from common slander? When shall the sacred mines of scripture be digged yet deeper than ever, and the hidden riches thereof be brought out of their long obscurity, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour? O that these dark and stormy days of party and prejudice were rolled away, that men would once give leave to their fellow-christians to spell out and read some ancient and unknown glories of the person of Christ, which are contained in scripture, and to unfold some hidden wonders of his gospel! The wisest of men know yet but in part; and it is always possible to grow wiser, at least on this side heaven: But public prejudice is a friend to darkness; nor could ignorance and error, without this shield, have defended their thrones so long among creatures of reason, under the light of divine sun-beams.

LVIII.—TO LUCIUS, ON THE DEATH OF SERENA.

DEAR SIR,

Some of these verses attempted to sooth your sorrows in a melancholy and distressing hour: They were all finished near the same time, and united in this form, though they have thus long lain in silence, nor ventured to present themselves to you. I am almost in pain already, lest they should awake your heart-ache by a recollection of some dear mournful images, and vanished scenes of grief. Let these lines rather call your views upward to the better mansions of your absent kindred, and awaken you to aim every step of life toward those regions of holiness and joy. Adieu, and be happy.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

Death and Heaven. In five Lyric Odes.

ODE I.

The Spirit's Farewell to the Body after long Sickness.

I.

How am I held a prisoner now,
Far from my God! This mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow: All below
Is short-liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

II.

When shall that wondrous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions, where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?

III.

Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
These snares and fetters of the mind;
My God, nor let this frame arise
Till every dust be well refin'd.

IV.

Jesus, who mak'st our natures whole,
Mould me a body like thy own:
Then shall it better serve my soul
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

ODE II.

The Departing Moment; or, Absent from the Body.

I.

Absent from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,
From pains, and tears, and all their springs.

II.

Absent from flesh! Illustrious day!
Surprising scene! Triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke!

III.

Absent from flesh! Then rise, my soul,
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

IV.

I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day.
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Uriel waits and points my way.

ODE III.

Entrance into Paradise; or, Present with the Lord.

I.

And is this heav'n? And am I there?
How short the road! How swift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jesus is here,—my soul's delight.

II.

Is this the heav'nly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

III.

How fair thou offspring of my God!
Thou first-born image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

IV.

Lo, he presents me at the throne
All spotless; there the godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly strains.

ODE IV.

The Sight of God in Heaven.

I.

Creator-God, eternal light,
Fountain of good, tremendous power,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!
Beauty and love unknown before!

II.

Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
In yon dark region whence I came;
Where languid glimpses from thy throne
And feeble whispers teach thy name.

III.

I'm in a world where all is new;
Myself, my God; O blest amaze!
Not my best hopes or wishes knew
To form a shadow of this grace.

IV.

Fix'd on my God, my heart, adore:
My restless thoughts, forbear to rove:
Ye meaner passions, stir no more;
But all my powers be joy and love.

ODE V.

A Funeral Ode at the Interment of the Body, supposed to be sung by the Mourners.

I.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

II.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch her soft repose.

III.

So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Past through the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, fair saint; till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

IV.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
She must ascend to meet her Lord.

LIX.—DIVINE CONDUCT DISPUTED AND JUSTIFIED.

When we meet with any thing in the conduct of men which appears strange and unaccountable to us, if at the same time it seems to carry in it the aspect of something low and trifling, we are too ready to think ourselves such sons of wisdom as to pronounce puerility and contempt upon the persons and their practice. So hasty are we to pass sudden and rash judgments on the present appearances of things, and to imagine every thing is unreasonable when we do not immediately see the reason of it; as if all reason were engrossed in our bosoms, and wisdom had no other abode. *Gelotes*, to show his own superior genius, treats the rites of Moses, and the ceremonies of the jewish religion, in the same manner; he cannot devise what all these bells and pomegranates, and twenty other little fineries, were made for upon the garments of the high priest; nor can he guess the reason of all the petty punctilios about lambs, and rams, and red heifers, about pigeons, hyssop, and scarlet, sprinklings, and washings. He is utterly at a loss what they were designed for; and therefore he roundly declares his opinion, that Moses had little to do, who could employ his mind in contriving such trifles. It is unaccountable, says he, that a person who seems in other things to be a man of sense, should prescribe such an endless ritual with minute directions about a hundred little matters relating to the pins and tacks, the boards and curtains of the tabernacle, and all that scenery of puerile worship, which a wise man would neither command nor practise. And thus he goes on to shoot his bolts of blasphemy at divine wisdom over the shoulders of Moses, and through his sides to smite the God of Israel with ridicule and reproaches. How often does such a sudden and rash censure discover its own folly when it is passed on the actions of men, by a further insight into their wise designs; and the man who poured out his laughter and contempt upon others, how justly does he become the object of contempt and ridicule himself, on the account of his pride and rashness? But when the counsels and appointments of the blessed God, when the works of his wisdom, which is vast and deep, beyond our ken and fathom, are thus taken to task by silly mortals, and derided because they do not understand the purpose and intent of them, what flagrant impiety is this? What impudence added to their rashness? And how much does it deserve the divine indignation?

This very man, this *Gelotes*, a few days ago was carried by his neighbour *Typiger*, to see a gentleman of his acquaintance; they found him standing at the window of his chamber, moving and turning round a glass prism, near a round hole which he had made in the window-shutter, and casting all the colours of the rainbow upon the wall of the

room: They were unwilling to disturb him, though he amused himself at this rate for half an hour together, merely to please and entertain his eye-sight, as *Gelotes* imagined, with the brightness and strength of the reds and the blues, the greens and the purples, in many shifting forms of situation; while several little implements lay about him, of white paper and shreds of coloured silk, pieces of tin with holes in them, spectacles and burning-glasses. When the gentleman at last spied his company, he came down and entertained them agreeably enough upon other subjects, and dismissed them.

At another time *Gelotes* beheld the same gentleman blowing up large bubbles with a tobacco-pipe out of a bowl of water well impregnated with soap, which is a common diversion of boys. As the bubbles rose, he marked the little changeable colours on the surface of them with great attention, till they broke and vanished into air and water. He seemed to be very grave and solemn in this sort of recreation, and now and then smiled to see the little appearances and disappearances of colours, as the bubble grew thinner toward the top, while the watery particles of it ran down along the side to the bottom, and the surface grew too thin and feeble to include the air, then it burst to pieces, and was lost.

Well, says *Gelotes* to his friend, I did not think you would have carried me into the acquaintance of a madman: Surely he can never be right in his senses who wastes his hours in such fooleries as these. Whatsoever good opinion I had conceived of a gentleman of your intimacy, I am amazed now that you should keep up any degree of acquaintance with him, when his reason is gone, and he is become a mere child. What are all these little scenes of sport and amusement, but proofs of the absence of his understanding? Poor gentleman! I pity him in his unhappy circumstances; but I hope he has friends to take care of him under this degree of distraction.

Typiger was not a little pleased to see that his project, with regard to his neighbour *Gelotes*, had succeeded so well; and when he had suffered him to run on at this rate for some minutes, he interrupted him with a surprising word: This very gentleman, says he, is the great Sir Isaac Newton, the first of philosophers, the glory of Great Britain, and renowned among the nations. You have beheld him now making these experiments over again, by which he first found out the nature of light and colours, and penetrated deeper into the mysteries of them, than all mankind ever knew before him. This is the man, and these his contrivances, upon which you so freely cast your contempt, and pronounce him distracted. You know not the depth of his designs, and therefore you censured them all as fooleries; whereas the learned world has esteemed them the utmost reach of human sagacity,

Gelotes was all confusion and silence. Whereupon *Typiger* proceeded thus: Go now and ridicule the lawgiver of Israel, and the ceremonies of the jewish church, which Moses taught them: Go, repeat your folly and your slanders, and laugh at these divine ceremonies, merely because you know not the meaning of them: Go and affront the God of Israel, and reproach him for sending Moses to teach such forms of worship to the Jews. There is not the least of them but was appointed by the greatest of Beings, and has some special design and purpose in the eye of divine wisdom. Many of them were explained by the apostle Paul, in his letter to the Hebrews, as types and emblems of the glories and blessings of the New Testament; and the rest of them, whose reason has not been discovered to us, remain perhaps to be made known at the conversion of the

Jews, when divine light shall be spread over all the ancient dispensations, and a brighter glory diffused over all the rites and forms of religion, which God ever instituted among the race of Adam.

Thus far *Typiger;* while *Gelotes* was still silent, being pierced to the heart with a conviction of his rashness and folly, and stung inwardly with bitter remorse at the thoughts of his impious and profane railery. He went home mournful, and set himself with a sincere and humble enquiry to learn all the successive religions of the Bible, which he had ridiculed, and found so much reason in a great part of them, that he submitted to believe the dignity of them all, and professed himself a hearty christian.

The book of nature and the book of providence have some obscure pages in them, as well as the book of religion and grace. There are many appearances in the creation of God, and many more in his government of the world, which are thus impudently arraigned by thoughtless mortals. They discover not the symmetry and exact proportion between the several parts of them, and therefore they pronounce them the works of chance, and mere caprices of nature. They cannot penetrate into the distant designs of the all-wise Creator and Ruler of the universe, and they are ready to conclude that there is no design, no wisdom in them. But he was a much wiser man who tells us, "that God has made every thing beautiful in its season, but man has this world in his heart," that is, he is so intent upon the present little spot of ground on which he stands, and the little incidents of that inch of time in which he appears, that he cannot discern the work that God does from the beginning to the end thereof; and therefore men are not able to comprehend the admirable beauty of his works, and they are resolved to believe no farther than they can see. Vain animals of flesh and blood! Proud swelling reptiles of the earth! As if a company of worms who are just crept out of their native glebe, and retiring into it again after a few moments, should pretend to arraign and censure the motions and phases of the moon, and all the rules and movements of the planetary worlds. That man surely should have a stretch of thought equal to deity, and with one single survey grasp all the atoms of created matter, and all the world of minds with all their ideas, he should view at once all their infinite relations to each other, with all the scenes and appearances in the upper and lower regions of creation, from the beginning of time far into eternity, who would dare to contest the wisdom of Providence, or of any of the works or the appointments of his Maker! "How manifold are thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made them all. How unsearchable are thy ways, and thy judgment untraceable by all the sons of men! Who has known the mind of the Lord, and who has been his counsellor? Of him, and by him, and for him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever." *Amen.*

LX.—SINFUL ANGER FOR GOD'S SAKE.

It is a very possible thing for us to be sinfully angry with our neighbour, even upon the account of sin: We have hearts of unsearchable subtlety and unfathomable deceit. The best of us are too often tempted to follow the violence of our own carnal affections, under an appearance of zeal and duty, and screen our own wrath to man, under the covert of love to God. And when the angry powers of our nature are set at work under the colour of so divine a principle, they are impatient of all restraint, and know no bounds; for we cannot do too much for God and his honour.

Deirus is ready to think, that if he let fly all his wrath against a man for a sinful action, that wrath cannot rise to excess; he persuades himself that it is rather a work of righteousness than a fault, and puts it amongst his virtues and his honours. I wish *Deirus* would take heed, lest he mingle the heat of corrupt flesh and blood with holy zeal, and offer iniquity for a sacrifice. In order to manage well in this matter, I would admonish him to take notice of these things:—

First, When an action offends both God and ourselves at the same time, we must watch with the utmost diligence, lest self-love disguise itself in the form of zeal, and command our passions entirely into our own service, while we think they are at work for God. Suppose I have often instructed young *Pravo*, as to his morals; suppose I have earnestly persuaded him to any duty, or cautioned him often against some evil practice, and I see him nevertheless obstinately proceed in his own way; perhaps I shall be ready to indulge my anger against him, because he disobeys me, more than because he displeases God. Or, suppose my neighbour *Calumnio* rails at me as a puritan and a madman, because I am seen often at public prayers, and upbraid and reproach me with odious charges for the sake of my religion; I am tempted to kindle perhaps into sudden indignation, chiefly because self is reviled, and not because God is dishonoured.

In such instances as these, there is an easy way to find whether our zeal be more selfish or divine. Let me ask my own heart, "Should I have been so angry with this youth, if he had neglected another friend's pious advice in the same case wherein he has neglected mine?" And yet the sin against God would have been the same. Again, "Should I have grown so warm against *Calumnio* for reproaching my fellow-christian on account of his devotions, as I am for reproaching me?" And yet his offence against the gospel had been the same still. Thus by putting self out of the case, we guard against the deceit of self-love, and pass a juster sentence on our own actions.

Now if upon due search we find that our wrath is awakened rather because an action offends us, than because it offends God, this is a work of the flesh, and must be mortified; our passions should all be pure. Our blessed Lord Jesus bore a load of personal reproaches falling heavy upon himself, and opened not his mouth; but when the jewish buyers and sellers profaned his Father's house of prayer, then indeed he assumed an extraordinary character, and gave an instance of severe zeal by scourging them out of the temple; *John* ii. 17.

Secondly, Take care of giving up the reins entirely to an angry passion, though it pretend sin for its object, lest it run to an ungovernable excess. It is St. Paul's counsel, "Be angry and sin not;" *Eph.* iv. 26. so hard it is to be angry upon any account without sinning. It was a happy comparison, whosoever first invented it, that the passions of our Saviour were like pure water in a clear glass: Shake it never so much, and it is pure still; there was no defilement in his holy soul by the warmest agitation of all those powers of his animal nature; but ours are like water with mud at the bottom, and we can scarce shake the glass with the gentlest motion, but the mud arises and diffuses itself abroad, polluting both the water and the vessel. Our irascible passions can scarce be indulged a moment, but they are ready to defile the whole man.

We may find whether our anger rise to a sinful excess or no, by such enquiries as these:—

Does it fire my blood into rage, and kindle my spirits into a sudden blaze, like a train of gunpowder? Then it looks too much like a work of the flesh, and may create a just

suspicion of the pious purity of it; for this has not the appearance of a christian virtue. Our holy religion is a more reasonable, and more gentle thing, and never teaches us to act with a thoughtless violence, though it sometimes calls the active powers of flesh and blood in to the assistance of sincere zeal.

Does it transport us away to the practice of any thing unbecoming our character? Does it arm our tongues with vile and scandalous names, or our hands with hasty weapons of outrage and cruelty? This sort of conduct carries in it more of the resemblance of the evil spirit that seeks revenge and mischief. I confess there have been some examples of severe and terrible zeal amongst the pious Jews; but we must remember that the meek and peaceful religion of the gospel was not then established; and we must consider too, that most of these examples had a divine commission, and were immediately inspired by God himself. Such was the case of Phineas, when he slew the two offenders in the camp of Israel: So Elijah called for fire from heaven, to destroy the two captains and their companies; and our Lord Jesus Christ, under the same divine influence, scourged the merchants out of the temple. But our Lord himself reproved his own disciples when they had a mind to imitate the wrath of Elijah, and taught them, that under his dispensation, which was shortly to be set up, zeal was a gentler virtue, and more of a piece with the rest of that religion which he designed to institute.

Another question we should put to ourselves to find whether our anger be excessive, or no, is this: Does it throw us off from our guard, dispossess us of our temper, and darken our judgment? Does it make us fierce and positive? Does it rob us of our patience, and render us deaf to all sober remonstrances and excuses? Then it can never be from God, though it pretend to be for him: For self-government is an eternal duty; and the wisdom which is from above is swift to hear, and slow to speak; it is easy to be entreated, and full of forgiveness.

Finally, Let us ask, Does the passion render us unfit for any duty to God, tempt us to omit any duty to man, or hinder us in the performance of either? We may then assure ourselves it rises to excess, and becomes in some measure criminal.

It is a certain rule of prudence, that all these animal powers, be they never so justly employed, deserve a watchful and severe guard upon them, lest they grow unruly and extravagant.

The last piece of advice that I would give to my friends, and learn to take myself, is this, That where the mere appearance of an angry passion will attain the same end, I will not choose to give myself the trouble and disquietude of feeling a real one. Why should I suffer my blood and spirits to rise into disorder, if the picture of anger in my countenance, and the sound of it imitated in my voice, will effectually discourage and reprove the vice I would forbid? If I am but wise enough to raise an appearance of resentment, I need not be at the pains to throw myself into this uneasy ferment. Is it not better for me, as a man and a christian, to maintain a calm, sedate aversion to the sin, and express my dislike of it, sometimes at least, rather by a counterfeit than real anger? If hypocrisy be lawful any where, surely it may be allowed in this case to dissemble a little.

And to carry the matter yet further, I think I may assert, there are several such occurrences in life, wherein it is better not so much as to imitate anger, and to express nothing like it, though the sin may be heinous: *Anorgus*, an excellent man, and an

exemplary christian, would not only suppress all wrath, but conceal all appearance of it, lest the offending person, by seeing him discomposed or resenting, might be kindled into the same passion, and thus be rendered unfit to receive a reproof from him, and grow deaf to all his divine reasonings.

It is a certain and shameful truth, that in this frail and sinful state, we love ourselves so much, and God so little, that we seldom begin to grow angry for God's sake, but we soon grow more angry for our own: Therefore upon almost all accounts it may be given as a piece of general and safe advice, That let the occasion be never so provoking, yet the less fury the better. "The wrath of man never works the righteousness of God."

LXI.—ON THE CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE. OCTOBER 11, 1727.

'Ergo armis invicte heros age: Fortibus apta
'Ensem humeris; meritam clementia temperet iram
'Dum regis, & leges molli clementer acerbas.
'Te super æquævos omnes regnator olympi
'Diligit, & læto vultum exhilaravit olivo;
'Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem,
'Transmittetque tuam longæva in sæcula famam.

'En regina tori consors tibi dextera adhæret,
'Auro picta sinus, auro radiata capillos;
'Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis & auro:
'At facies cultum illustrat, facieque decorâ
'Pulchrior est animus. BUCHAN.

The Coronation-Day. An Ode.

I.

Rise, happy morn; fair sun, arise;
Shed radiant gold around the skies,
And rich in beams and blessings shine
Profuse on George and Caroline.

II.

Illustrious pair! No tear to-day
Bedew the royal parents' clay!
'Tis George the blest remounts the throne,
With double vigour in his son.

III.

Lo, the majestic form appears,
Sparkling in life and manly years:
The kingdom's pride, the nation's choice,
And heav'n approves Britannia's voice.

IV.

Monarch, assume thy pow'rs, and stand
The guardian-hero of our land:
Let Albion's sons thy style proclaim,
And distant realms revere thy name.

V.

Bear on thy brows th' imperial crown;
Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
A thousand gems of lustre shed
Their lights and honours round thy head.

VI.

Lift up thy rod of majesty,*
The foes of God and man shall flee:
Vice with her execrable band
Shakes at the sword in George's hand.

VII.

Law, justice, valour, mercy ride
In arms of triumph at his side;
And each celestial grace is seen
In milder glories round the Queen.

VIII.

Hail, royal fair! divinely wise!
Not Austrian crowns† could tempt thy eyes
To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain,
When Cæsar sigh'd, and lov'd in vain.

IX.

But heav'n provides a rich reward:
George is thy lover and thy lord:
The British lion bears thy fame,
Where Austrian eagles have no name.

* The sceptre. † Archducal and Imperial.

X.

See the fair train of princes near:
Come, Frederic, royal youth, appear,
And grace the day. Shall foreign* charms
Still hold thee from thy country's arms.

XI.

Britain, thy country*? Prince arise,
The morning-star to gild our skies;
(O may no cloud thy lustre stain!)
Come, lead along the shining train.

XII.

Each in parental virtues dress'd,
Each born to make a nation bless'd:
What kings, what heroes yet ungrown,
Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne!

XIII.

Mark that young branch† of rising fame,
Proud of our great deliverer's name:
He promises in infant bloom,
To scourge some tyrant-power of Rome.

XIV.

Bloom on, fair stem! Each flow'r that blows,
Adds new despair to Albion's foes,
And kills their hearts. O glorious view
Of joys for Albion, ever new!

XV.

Religion, duty, truth and love,
In ranks of honours shine and move;
Pale envy, slander, fraud and spite,
Retire, and hide in caves of night.

XVI.

Europe, behold th' amazing scene:
Empire and liberty convene
To join their joys and wishes here,
While Rome and hell consent to fear.

XVII.

Eternal God, whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey,
Command thy choicest favours down,
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown.

XVIII.

Come, light divine, and grace unknown,
Come, aid the labours of the throne:
Let Britain's golden ages run
In circles lasting as the sun.

XIX.

Bid some bright legion from the sky
Assist the glad solemnity:
Ye hosts, that wait on favourite kings,
Wave your broad swords, and clap your wings.

XX.

Then rise, and to your realms convey
The glorious tidings of the day:
Great William shall rejoice to know,
That George the second reigns below.

* That ingenious device of the figures of Great Britain and the protestant religion attending her majesty on her coronation medal, with the motto, Hic amor, Hæc patria, may support and justify these expressions.

† Prince William.

LXII.—A LOYAL WISH ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, MARCH 1, COMMONLY CALLED ST. DAVID'S DAY.

Borrowed from PSALM CXXXII. 10, 11.

I.

SILENCE, ye nations; Israel, hear:
Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,
'Train up thy sons to learn my fear,
'And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn;
'Theirs by the royal honours thou hast won,
'Long as the starry wheels of nature run;
'Nature, be thou my pledge; my witness be the sun.'

II.

Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,
May George the royal saint assume!
Then ask permission of the skies,
To put the favourite name in David's room:
Fair Carolina, join thy pious cares
To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
And be the British crown with endless honour theirs.

LXIII.—PIETY IN A COURT. TO PHILOMELA.

MADAM,

I KNOW not by what train of ideas I was led this morning to muse on these four lines which I read somewhere many years ago:—

'The court's a golden but a fatal circle,
'Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
'In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
'And beckon early virtue from its centre.'

This description of a court gave occasion to the following inquiries:

Is there a lovely soul, so much divine,
Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
On this enchanted spot of treach'rous ground,
Nor give her virtue nor her fame a wound?

Is there a soul so temper'd, so refin'd,
That pomp nor feeds her sense, nor fires the mind,
That soars above the globe with high disdain,
While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain?

Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,
And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies
Thro' roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn
Love's wanton fires, and die beneath her scorn?

Is there a soul at court that seeks the grove
Or lonely hill to muse on heav'nly love;
And when to crowds and state her hour descends,
She keeps her conscience and her God her friends?

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
Wing'd with devotion, thro' meridian night,
Near heav'ns high portal?——Angels, speak her name;
Consign *Eusebia* to celestial fame:
While Philomel in language like your own
To mortal ears makes her young vict'ries known;
Let Raphael to the skies her honours sing,
And triumphs daily new. With friendly wing
Gabriel in arms attend her thro' the field
Of sacred war, and mercy be her shield,
While with unsully'd charms she makes her way
Thro' scenes of dangerous life, to realms of endless day.

I persuade myself, madam, you will acknowledge that these queries are determined with much truth and justice, and centre in a name that answers every enquiry. *Eusebia* has such a guard of modesty ever attending, as forbids these lines to appear before her from my hand.——

Alethina happened to sit among a few intimate friends while this letter was read thus far; and here she interrupted the reading with a friendly impatience to confirm it. "I know *Eusebia*'s modesty," said she, "and a blush will be easily raised in the face of so much virtue; yet I do not think the writer hath mistook her character. In my opinion it is just and sincere: Her whole conversation is of a piece: Her public and her private hours are of the same colour and hue: She is much a christian in the family and the closet, nor doth she put off any part of that glorious profession at court. I have been favoured with some of the fruits of her retired meditations, and as I have long had the happiness of her acquaintance, I dare pronounce that she lives what she writes. It so happens at present, that I can give you a taste of her piety and her acquaintance with the muses together, for I have had leave to transcribe three or four copies with which I have been much entertained, and I am persuaded you will thank me for the entertainment they give you."

1. *A Rural Meditation.*

HERE in the tuneful groves and flow'ry fields,
Nature a thousand various beauties yields:
The daisy and tall cowslip we behold
Array'd in snowy white, or freckled gold.
The verdant prospect cherishes our sight,
Affording joy unmix'd, and calm delight;
The forest-walks and venerable shade,
Wide-spreading lawns, bright rills, and silent glade,
With a religious awe our souls inspire,
And to the heav'ns our raptur'd thoughts aspire,
To him who sits in majesty on high,
Who turn'd the starry arches of the sky;
Whose word ordain'd the silver Thames to flow,
Rais'd all the hills, and laid the vallies low;
Who taught the nightingale in shades to sing,
And bid the sky-lark warble on the wing;
Makes the young steer obedient till the land,
And lowing heifers own the milker's hand;
Calms the rough sea, and stills the raging wind,
And rules the passions of the human mind.

2. *A Penitential Thought.*

CAN I then grieve for ev'ry wreteh's woe,
And weep if I but hear a tale of sorrow?
Say, can I share in ev'ry one's affection,
Yet still remain thus stupid to my own?
Is then my heart to all the world beside
Softer than melting wax or summer snow,
But to myself harder than adamant?
Can I behold the ruin Sin has made,
And feel God's image in my soul defac'd;
Nor heave a sigh, nor drop a pitying tear
At my sad fate, nor lift my eyes to heav'n
For aid against the flatt'ries of the world,
The wiles of Satan and the joys of sense?
Give me, ye springs, O give me all your streams
That I may weep; nor thus with stupid gaze
Behold my ruin, like a wretch inchanted
Whose faculties are bound with pow'rful charms,
To some accursed spot of earth confin'd.
Give me, ye gentle winds, your balmy breath
To heave my bosom with continued sighs.—
Teach me, ye wood-doves, your complaining note,
To mourn my fall, to mourn my rocky heart,
My headstrong will, and every sinful thought.
In silent shades retir'd I long to dwell,
Far from the tumults of the busy world,
And all the sounds of mirth and clamorous joy,
Till every stormy passion is subdu'd,
And God has full possession of my soul;
Till all my wishes centre in his will,
And I no more am fetter'd to the world;
Till all the business of my life is praise,
And my full heart o'erflows with heav'nly love,
While all created beauties lose their charms,
And God is all in all.

3. *A Midnight Hymn.*

To thee, all glorious, ever blessed Pow'r,
I consecrate this silent midnight hour,
While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,
And all things wrapp'd in gentle slumbers lie,
Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
And ev'ry thought with gratitude inflame,
For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,
Health to my flesh, and comfort to my heart.
O may my prayers before thy throne arise,
An humble but accepted sacrifice!
And when thou shalt my weary eyelids close,
And to my body grant a soft repose,
May my ethereal guardian kindly spread
His wings, and from the tempter screen my head!
Grant of celestial light some piercing beams,
To bless my sleep and sanctify my dreams.

4. *The dying Christian's Hope.*

WHEN faint and sinking to the shades of death,
I gasp with pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
O may my soul by some blest foretaste know
That she's deliver'd from eternal woe!
May hope in Christ dispel each gloomy fear,
And thoughts like these my drooping spirits cheer.
What tho' my sins are of a crimson stain,
My Saviour's blood can wash me white again:
Tho' numerous as the twinkling stars they be,
Or sands along the margin of the sea;
Or as smooth pebbles on some beachy shore,
The mercies of th' Almighty still are more:
He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,
Sees all my fears, and listens to my cries:
He knows the frailty of each human breast,
What passions our unguarded hearts molest,
And for the sake of his dear dying Son
Will pardon all the ills that I have done.
Arm'd with so bright a hope, I shall not fear
To see my death hourly approach more near;
But my faith strength'ning as my life decays,
My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

The company was not a little charmed with the unaffected air of piety and devotion which runs through all these Odes, and pronounced the pen which wrote *Eusebia*'s character guiltless of flattery, where the life corresponds with such sacred poesy as this, and makes the most tuneful harmony in the ears of the blessed God, and of all the inhabitants of heaven.

LXIV.—THE COURTEOUS AND THE PEEVISH.

THERE are two evident reasons why a creature who is proud and angry in youth, generally grows old in these vices, and never corrects them. Some who were born near neighbours to *Vespus*, and have known his conduct from the cradle, have named him to me as a very remarkable example, in whom these two reasons prevail, to keep him an everlasting slave to these passions; for in the first place he had always such an unchangeable good opinion of himself and his own conduct, that he could never spy out his own blemishes, nor could he find any occasion to charge himself with these iniquities, and therefore he indulged them without self-reproof; and then also he is of so very waspish a temper, that he will not bear any friend to give him the gentlest notice of his own follies. He kindles at once, upon the softest syllables of remonstrance, into a sudden fit of indignation; his spirits rise into a blaze all in a moment, and with fire and thunder he silences the most friendly admonisher. The peevish and the furious boy by this means is become a man of peevishness and fury. He wears his native crimes to old age: Growing years and decaying nature increase these unhappy passions, these inward uneasy ferments; and while vegetables lose their sour juices, and are mellowed by time, this animal grows sourer still by age; he appears daily more fretful and more imperious. Though he will bear no admonition himself, yet he deals out his rebukes to others with a sovereign air; and while many fear him, there are few or none that love him.

He has passed through several indispositions in the course of life, and been often confined to his chamber by sickness; but at such seasons the whole family is in terror, for the peevish humour grows intolerable. No person or thing can please him; whether things, or persons, or circumstances, all offend. Not a motion, not a step, not a word is right. He is ever teizing his attendants with sharp and insolent language, though they do all that nature and art can do to comport with his will. He has lived uneasy in the midst of health and ease, and no wonder that he is all chagrin and impatience when pain attacks him; and he seems to fret then with some colour or pretence. In short, he inwardly murmurs at Providence which has smitten him; and while he resents the conduct of heaven, he makes all who are near him on earth feel his resentment. He is now in the last stage of life, and the same man still. "The leopard cannot put off his spots, nor the Ethiopian change his skin:" And he that has indulged his vices throughout his whole life against all admonitions, has little reason to expect that he shall be delivered from these iniquities at death. The sins of his nature seem to go down with him to the dust, and they cleave so close to the whole man, that it is well if they do not rise again with him, and attend him for ever.

Not so *Placentia*, the wise and the courteous. Though she has been surrounded with temptations to pride and anger, yet she had but little of those vices in her original

constitution, and has almost nullified that little by rules of virtue, by the labours of piety, and the aids of divine grace. She was educated from her cradle in all the forms of grandeur; she has been surrounded with complaisance of every kind, and the civilities due to the sex have less exposed her to rudeness and contradiction; yet she has learnt to bear an opposition, both to her sentiments and her will, without awakening an angry passion, or feeling an uneasy ferment within. She receives the sentiments of her companions, when they are different from her own, with all the serene airs of a philosopher, who has nothing in pursuit but reason and truth; and if she happens to take a step amiss, the admonition of a friend is numbered amongst her benefits and her obligations.

Her nature is not robust, but rather of a sickly make; yet neither pain nor sickness provoke a peevish word from her. She has learnt to receive the affliction as an awakening stroke from heaven, designed to loosen her heart from all that is mortal: She is all submission to the hand of a heavenly Father, and weans herself daily from every thing beneath and beside God. She knows, or believes at least, that her friends and her attendants seek her ease, and she accepts all they do with a grateful pleasure. She had rather bear an inconvenience herself, than give an uneasiness even to the meaner figures of mankind. Every one loves to do kind offices for *Placentia*, and happy are they who can administer any relief to her in all her painful hours.

If she ever finds occasion to give a reproof, it is with so much address, with such wisdom and such sweetness, that the person reproved is convinced and pleased at once, and his reformation is effectually begun. A few days ago she made this appear with peculiar happiness.

Critillo happened to pay his morning attendance, and heard divine service at the same church which *Placentia* frequented. When prayers were done, the preacher begun; he spoke many substantial truths, agreeable enough to the text whence he derived his discourse, and he drew some practical inferences at the close, with justice, and with some degree of fervency. But, alas! said *Critillo*, there were so many old-fashioned similitudes and awkward flourishes with which he seemed to garnish his sermon; sometimes the language was so mean and creeping, some of the phrases appeared so antiquated, others so vulgar, and many of them carried such an affected air of the sublime and magnificent, that all my devotion was spoiled. I think I went to church with a good heart and desires of improvement, but I had no appetite even to spiritual food, when it was dressed and dished out in so disagreeable a manner. I must confess I came home much out of humour, and found no profit at all. *Placentia* made but few and gentle replies; but in order to obtain more conversation on the subject, she invited *Critillo* to dinner last Wednesday. She provided wholesome and proper food in a becoming variety, but the dishes were of a very antique mould, the disposition of them quite out of fashion, and while the garnish of some was profusely rich and gay, that of others was very coarse and poor. *Critillo* knowing his sincere welcome, sat down, and confessed he eat very heartily; but after dinner he took the freedom to ask the lady whether this was the newest mode of entertainment, or what she meant by such an odd sort of elegance in the economy of her table. I meant, said *Placentia*, to try whether your stomach was not in a more healthy state than your soul and conscience. You complained last Sunday, that the sermon was so dished and dressed, that you could not relish it; and though you confessed there was much truth and duty contained in it, yet you were so disgusted with the style of the preacher and his awkward manner, that you

went away fretting at the discourse and received no profit at all; but you own you fed heartily upon the provisions of my table to-day, nor was your stomach so squeamish as to keep your fast, though the dishes and garniture were inelegant enough, and very much a-kin to the sermon you described. *Critillo* took the hint, and was convinced of his folly, begged pardon of *Placentia*, and learnt for the future to attend with a better spirit on public worship: "For you have now taught me," says he, "to make this observation, that if the soul of a christian be found in a healthy state, it will not grow peevish and refuse all spiritual food because it is not surrounded with every proper and modish elegance in the dispensing of it."

But this is but one instance of her prudence and address in reclaiming mankind from their follies; those who have the happiness of her intimate acquaintance, have been witnesses to many such pieces of gentle and effectual reproof. A pleasing serenity of soul has run through her whole course: But some years ago, when she was verging towards the decline of life, she happened for several months together to be ruffled and teized with two or three unhappy occurrences, which came upon her at once, and gave her so much disquietude, as made her carriage to those round about her savour a little of the inward vexation. She was soon conscious of the inroad which was made upon her peace and her gentle virtues; she found the angry ferment arise too often, and work too near her heart; she gave herself many silent rebukes, and by repeated prayer and religious watchfulness, she suppressed the growing evil and recovered her native serenity. Happy those, who in such an hour of temptation do not lose their temper entirely beyond all recovery.

She is now far advanced in years, and the infirmities which tend to put a period to life are growing upon her; yet she is not ever loading the company with her complaints, nor repeating to them the history of her daily pains and aches, nor does she often speak of them even amongst her friends, but when it seems necessary to excuse her inactivity, or the omission of any of the duties of her place, or to prevent too much expectation from her under her present incapacity and weakness. "What can I get," says she, "by buzzing all my ails into the ears of my friends? I shall but render myself disagreeable to the world, and my company more unpleasant to those whom I love; and when I have talked my diseases all over to them, they cannot relieve me; therefore I choose to complain in secret, only to him who can send relief, or give me a complete and joyful release."

In the long series of her life she met with few enemies, and those have chiefly sprung from envy at her happiness. Even while she has been scattering her blessings among mankind, she has now and then met a very unmerited reproach; yet *Placentia* has never ceased her kind offices to them, but travelled on still in the paths of virtue and goodness with a sublime disregard of their malice.

'So glides the moon along th' ethereal plains,
'Bright'ning the midnight world with silver blaze,
'And great in silent majesty disdains
'The clamorous envy of the barking race;
'Yet shines upon them still with generous light,
'While brutes abuse her beams but to direct their spite.'

Philagatha, a lady of six-and-twenty years old, was present while this bright character was rehearsed; she had been the mother of three children, and was still proceeding;

she was so charmed with the many agreeable parts of such a life, that she resolved if ever she had another daughter, it should be named *Placentia*.

LXV.—COMMON OCCURRENCES MORALIZED.

As *Theophron* one evening was sitting solitary by the fire, which was sunk low, and glimmering in ashes, he mused on the sorrows that surrounded human nature, and beset the spirits that dwell in flesh. By chance he cast his eye on a worm which was lodged on the safer end of a short firebrand; it seemed very uneasy at its warm station, writhing and stretching itself every way for relief. He watched the creeping creature in all its motions. I saw it, said he, when he told this incident to *Philemus*, I saw it reach forward, and there it met the living coal; backward, and on each side, and then it touched the burning embers: Still starting from the present torment, it retreated and shrunk away from every place where it had just before sought a refuge, and still met with new disquietude and pain.

At last I observed, said he, that having turned on all sides in vain, it lifted its head upward, and raised its length as high as possible in the air, where it found nothing to annoy it; but the chief part of the body still lay prone on the wood; its lower or worser half hung heavy on the aspiring animal, and forbid its ascent. How happy would the worm have been, could it then have put on wings and become a flying insect!

Such, said he, is the case of every holy soul on earth; it is out of its proper element, like the worm lodged amongst hot embers. The uneasy spirit is sometimes ready to stretch its powers, its desires and wishes on every side, to find rest and happiness amongst sensible goods: But these things, instead of satisfying its nobler appetites, rather give some new pain, variety of vexation, and everlasting disappointment. The soul finding every experiment vain, retires and shrinks backward from all mortal objects, and being touched with a divine influence, it raises itself up towards heaven to seek its God: But the flesh, the body, the meaner and worser half of the man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither, where rest and ease are only to be found.

What should such a soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a flight to the upper world, and breathe after the moment of its release? What should be more joyful to such a spirit, than the divine and almighty summons to depart from flesh? O blessed voice from heaven that shall say to it, "Come up hither;" and in the same instant shall break off all its fetters, give it the wings of an angel, and inspire it with double zeal to ascend.

At another time, said *Philemus*, I happened to be with this good man when he was walking through a grove, and we unperched a squirrel and a lark. The squirrel leaped nimbly from bough to bough, and ran round half the trees of the grove to secure itself; but the lark, after it had just tried a bough or two, took wing upward, and we saw it no more. Just such is the difference, said *Theophron*, between a christian and a man of this world. When the sons of earth are beat off from one mortal hope, they run still to others, they search round among all the creatures to find relief, and dwell upon earthly comforts still; but the soul of a christian, unperched from his rest on earth, flies immediately towards heaven, and takes its relief in the upper world among things that are invisible.

When *Philemus* told these little occurrences of *Theophron*, together with his pious remarks upon them, *Ridelio* sat simpering with an air of contempt till the story was done, then burst out into a loud laugh. "What," says he, "is the old puritanical age returned again? Must we spiritualize the affairs of larks, and worms, and squirrels, and learn religion from all the trifles in nature? At church let us be grave, and mind the business of the church; but let us not fill our chimney with lessons of godliness, nor sadden our fire-side with devotion; let us never be so excessively religious as to make temples of the fields and the groves, and talk of God and heaven there."

Philemus could hold no longer, but, with a solemn and severe countenance, gave *Ridelio* a just rebuke. Must we never think of heaven but at church? I fear we shall then banish religion out of the world. Hath not the blessed God given us notices of himself among all the creatures, and must we never dare to take notice of him in any of them, lest we be out of the mode, and ridiculed as unfashionable? Perish all these fashions of an ungodly world, which would thrust heaven from our thoughts! Let the fashion of our Saviour obtain among us, who when he came down from God and dwelt among men, from every occurrence of life took occasion to raise the thoughts of his hearers to things divine and heavenly. He drew the lessons of his gospel from the fig-tree and the mustard-seed, from a lost sheep and a louring sky, and there was scarce any occurrence of the meanest kind which he did not improve to holy purposes; nor does it become any man who wears the name of a christian, to laugh at the practice of his Saviour, or to forbid his followers the imitation of so sacred an example.

Here follow several Epigrams, Inscriptions, and Fragments of Poesy.

Perhaps there is no person who hath amused himself with verse from fifteen years old to fifty, but hath sometimes writ upon low and common themes, or mingled fragments of poesy on more important subjects in prose; and when friends have been innocently entertained with those little things, and copies are once gone abroad into the world, they are in danger of being published in a very imperfect and mangled manner. To avoid this, it is better they should appear as they are, and if they can give any further innocent amusement to young persons who delight in verse, this may serve for an apology for their publication, though they were written in the early parts of life, and especially since most of them bear some divine or moral sentiment.

LXVI.—FRAGMENTS OF VERSE.

1. *The Preface of a Letter, written August*, 1692.

E'er since the morning of that day
Which bid my dearest friends adieu,
And rolling wheels bore me away
Far from my native town and you,
E'er since I lost through distant place,
The pleasures of a parent's face,
This is the first whose language sues
For your release from waxen bands;
Laden with humble love it bows
To kiss a welcome from your hands:
Accept the duty which it brings,
And pardon its delaying wings.

2. *The Sun in Eclipse.—To Horatio.*

DEAR H.

THE first thought which I glanced upon after I had set pen to paper, was the approach of the solar eclipse, and it impressed me with such force, that I was constrained to spend a few lines to dress up a sudden thought on that subject, in the strain which we learnt not many years ago among the heathen poets.

Now, now 'tis just at hand——
Now the bright sun leaves his meridian stage,
Rolls down the hill, and meets his sister's rage;
Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,
And join fierce combat with her brother sun.
The gentle monarch of the azure plain
Still paints and silvers her rebellious wain,
And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires in vain.
Th' ungrateful planet does as fast requite
Th' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light
With an impetuous deluge of her resistless night.
His flaming coursers toss their raging heads,
And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades;
Their eyeballs flash, their brazen bellows puff,
And belch ethereal fire to guard the darkness off;
In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
Night spreads her banners o'er the wond'ring skies.

Say, peaceful muse, what fury did excite
The kindred stars to this prodigious fight?
Are these the rules of nature? Will the skies
Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise?
What dire events hang threat'ning o'er the earth?
What plagues, what wars, just bursting into birth?
Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,
Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears:
Shepherds see death spread o'er the fleecy downs,
Monarchs grow pale, and tremble for their crowns:
Vain dreams of mortal weakness!

Awake, Philosophy, with radiant eye,
Who searcheth all that's deep, and all that's high;
Awake, survey the spheres, explain the laws
Of heav'n, and bring to light th' eternal cause
Of present darkness, &c.

Southampton, June, 1695.

3. *In a Letter to Marinda, speaking concerning our blessed Saviour.*

LET your immortal thoughts arise,
Survey him crown'd with every grace,
Jesus, the wonder of the skies,
The great, the meek, the lovely and the wise,
The joy and glory of the place.
Here angels fix their gazing sight,
Here saints releas'd from earth and sin,
Dwell on his face divinely bright,
Copy his beauties with intense delight,
And with advancing lustre shine.

LXVII.—THE INSCRIPTIONS ON SEVERAL SMALL FRENCH PICTURES, TRANSLATED.

ANGELICA *singing.*

What, music and devotion too?
This is the business angels do:
When hearts, and hymns, and voices join,
It makes the pleasant work divine.

CHLORIS *stringing of Pearls.*

Virtue and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck.

PHYLLIS *playing with a Parrot.*

If women will not be inclin'd
To seek th' improvements of the mind,
Believe me, Phyllis, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

CLAUDINA *the Cook-maid.*

The cook, who in her humble post
Provides the family with food,
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood.

FLORELLA *singing to her Harp.*

Florella sings and plays so well,
Which she doth best is hard to tell;
But 'tis a poor account to say,
All she can do is sing and play.

AMARYLLIS *spinning.*

O what a pretty spinner's here!
How sweet her looks! How neat her linen!
If love and youth came both to see her,
Youth wou'd at once set love a spinning.

DORINDA *sewing.*

We stand expos'd to every sin
While idle, and without employ;
But business holds our passions in,
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

IRIS *suckling three Lap-dogs.*

Fond foolish woman! While you nurse
Those puppies at your breast,
Your name and credit fares the worse
For every drop they taste.
Iris, for shame, those brutes remove,
And better learn to place your love.

POMONA *the Market-maid.*

Virtue adorns her soul within,
Her homely garb is ever clean:
Such innocence disdaining art
Gives love an honourable dart.

LXVIII.—INSCRIPTIONS ON DIALS.

Written on a Sun-dial in a Circle.

'Sic petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,
'Dum sensim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ;
'Secula sic fugient, sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum
'Donec stelligerum clauserit una dies.'

Afterwards turned into English.

Thus steal the silent hours away,
The sun thus hastes to reach the sea,
And men to mingle with their clay.
Thus light and shade divide the year,
Thus, till the last great day appear,
And shut the starry theatre.

Another.

So slide the hours, so wears the day,
These moments, measure life away
With all its trains of hope and fear,
Till shifting scenes of shade and light
Rise to eternal day, or sink in endless night,
Where all is joy or all despair.

On a Ceiling-dial, usually called a Spot-dial, made at a western Window at Theobalds.

Little sun upon the ceiling,
Ever moving, ever stealing
Moments, minutes, hours away;
May no shade forbid thy shining,
While the heav'nly sun declining,
Calls us to improve the day.

Another for a Spot-dial.

Shining spot, but ever sliding!
Brightest hours have no abiding:
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hasting,
Death consigns to heav'n or hell.

Another.

See the little day-star moving;
Life and time are worth improving,
Seize the moments while they stay;
Seize and use them,
Lest you lose them,
And lament the wasted day.

Other Mottoes on Dials.

'Festinat suprema.
'Proxima non nostra est.
'Vehimur properantibus horis
'Ad cœlum aut erebum.
'Sic imus ad atria lucis
'Aut umbras erebi.'

LXVIII.—INSCRIPTIONS ON PORTRAITS.

The Lines under Dr. Owen's Picture, written by himself.

'Umbra refert fragiles dederint quas cura dolorque
'Reliquias, studis assiduusque labor.
'Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri
'Votis supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt.'

Englished thus:

Behold the shade, the frail remains
Of sickness, cares, and studious pains.
The mind in humble posture waits
At sacred Truth's celestial gates,
And keeps those bounds with holy fear,
While he who gave it, sees it there.

Various Mottos for an Effigy.

1.

'Do tibi terra quod umbra refert: Satis exhibet umbra
'Quod modò pulvis erat, quod citò pulvis erit.
'Mens donata Deo cupit immortalia, cœlum
'Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris.
'Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: Amor adjicit alas:
'Surgo: Levatricem, gratia, tende manum.
'Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:
'Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia CHRISTUS erit.'

2.

'In Christo mea vita latet: Mea gloria Christus:
'Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago tacebit.
'In uno Jesu omnia.'

3.

Τὰ ἄνω ζητοῦμεν, Ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ.
Seeking the things above, And speaking truth and love.

4.

'Est mihi Christus vivere, & lucrum mori.'

5.

Χριστὸς ἐμοὶ τὸ ζῆν. Κέρδος ἐμοὶ τὸ θανεῖν.

6.

'Sic levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum
'Sequitur, non assequitur.'

LXX.—EPIGRAMS.

1. *In mirum maris Meridionalis Thesauri incrementum, Anno* 1720.

'Exorta è medio jam fortitèr aura popello
'Spirat in Australes fructus: Argentea spuma
'Tollitur in montes; (mirandum) atque aurea regna
'Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremit undique turba
'Mercantûm, in cœlum aspirans: Summa æquora nautæ
'Cirtatim scandunt, & se mirantur in astris:
'Quisque sibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
'Crœsus. At infidos, O qui sapis, effuge fluctus,
'Nec tumidæ credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ,
'Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla profundum,
'Rex brevis. Heu! Simulac subsiderit aura popelli,
'Unda jacet; montes pereunt; evanida regna;
'Nil suberit spumæ nisi fortè marina* vorago.'

2. *On the wondrous Rise of the South-Sea Stock,* 1720.

'Tis said the citizens have sold
Faith, truth and trade, for South-Sea gold:
'Tis false; for those that know can swear
'All is not gold that glisters there.'

3. *Inscribendum maris Meridionalis Gazophylacio, sive Officinæ.*

'Quisquis es, hic intra, cui crescere nummulus ardet,
'Cuive crumena gravis nimis est: Hic gaza paratur
'Ampla magis, sed onusta minus; centena talenta
'Australi videas citò ter triplicata sub undâ;
'Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis,
'Hic bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,
'Nix æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somnia, venti,
'Prædia in Utopicis regionibus, aurea spuma,
'Aeriæq; arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.'

Vel si brevior inscriptio magis arridit.

——'Non omne quod hic micat aurum est.'

April 6, 1720.

4. Sabina *and her Companions travelling together to see fine Buildings and Gardens.*

While round the gardens and the groves
Your foot, your eye, your fancy roves,
With still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit,
Let every tree yield knowledge too,
Safer than that in Eden grew,
Where your own mother Eve found poison in the fruit.

5. *The same.*

Go, view the dwellings of the great,
The spacious court, the tow'ring seat,
The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the gold;
Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled age delay,
Or warm the cheek, and paint it gay,
When death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale and cold?

* Alii legendum vellent mortimerina.

6. *The same.*

In vain to search the verdant scenes,
The shaded walks, the flow'ry greens,
The trees of golden fruit for what can ne'er be found:
You search for bliss where 'twill not grow,
There is no paradise below,
Since life's immortal tree is perish'd from the ground.

7. *Ratio, Fides, Charitas.*

'Recta fidem ratio juvat: Alma fides rationem:
'Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant.'

Idem.

'Et ratio fidei est, & amica fides rationi:
'At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit amor.'

LXXI.—EPITAPHS.

1. *An Inscription on a Monumental Stone in Chessunt Church, in Hertfordshire. In Memory of* Thomas Pickard, *Esq. Citizen of London, who died suddenly, Jan.* 29, A.D. 1719. Æt. 50.

A soul prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons come, the saint obeys:
Swift was his flight, and short the road,
He clos'd his eyes, and saw his God.
The flesh rests here till Jesus come,
And claims the treasure from the tomb.

2. *On the Grave-stone of Mr.* John May, *a young Student in Divinity, who died after a lingering and painful Sickness, and was buried in Chessunt Church-yard, in Hertfordshire.*

So sleep the saints, and cease to groan,
When sin and death have done their worst.
Christ hath a glory like his own,
Which waits to clothe their waking dust.

3. *Written for a Grave-stone of a near Relation.*

In faith she died; in dust she lies;
But faith foresees that dust shall rise
When Jesus calls, while hope assumes
And boasts her joy among the tombs.

Or thus:

Beneath this stone death's prisoner lies,
The stone shall move, the prisoner rise,
When Jesus with almighty word
Calls his dead saints to meet their Lord.

4. *To the pious Memory of the Reverend Mr.* Samuel Harvey *of London, who died April* 17, 1729. Æt. 30.

He was a person of a very low stature, but of an excellent spirit, adorned with all the graces of a minister and a christian in a most uncommon degree. His sickness was a slow fever; but while the

disorder was upon him, he ventured abroad, according to a promise made some time before, and his zeal exhausted all his spirits in pious and profitable conversation with some younger persons who greatly valued his ministry; in a few days the distemper prevailed beyond the reach and power of medicine.

An Epitaph.

Here lie the ruins of a lowly tent,
Where the seraphic soul of HARVEY spent
Its mortal years. How did his genius shine,
Like heav'n's bright envoy, clad in pow'rs divine!
When from his lips the grace or vengeance broke,
'Twas majesty in arms, 'twas melting mercy spoke.
What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast!
Too strait the mansion for th' illustrious guest.
Zeal, like a flame shot from the realms of day,
Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,
And bears the saint up through the starry road
Triumphant. So Elijah went to God.
What happy prophet shall his mantle find,
Heir to the double portion of his mind?

Sic musâ jam veterascenti
Inter justissimos amicorum & ecclesiæ
Fletus Harvæo suo parentat.

I. W.

5. *An Epitaph on the Reverend Mr.* MATTHEW CLARKE.

M. S.

'In hoc sepulchro conditur
'MATTHÆUS CLARKE,
'Patris venerandi filius cognominis,
'nec ipse minùs venerandus:
'Literis sacris & humanis
'à primâ ætate innutritus:
'Linguarum scientissimus:
'In munere concionatorio
'eximius, operosus & felix:
'In officio pastorali
'fidelis & vigilans:
'Inter theologorum dissidia
'moderatus & pacificus:
'Ad omnia pietatis munia
'promptus semper & alacris:
'Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
'inter præstantissimos:
'Erga omnes hominum ordines
'egregiè benevolus.
'Quas verò innumeras invicta modestia dotes
'Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi
'Est tumulo concessa: Sed olim marmore rupto
'Ostendet ventura dies; præconia cœli
'Narrabunt; judex agnoscet, & omnia plaudent.
'Abi, viator, ubicunq; terrarum fueris,
'hæc audies.'
Natus est in agro Leicestriensi, A.D. 1664.
Obiit Londini, 27° die Martii, 1726.
Ætat. suæ 62.
Multùm dilectus, multùm desideratus.

In English thus:

Sacred to memory.
In this sepulchre lies buried
MATTHEW CLARKE,
A son bearing the name
of his venerable father,
nor less venerable himself:
Train'd up from his youngest years
in sacred and human learning:
Very skilful in the languages:
In the gift of preaching
excellent, laborious and successful:
In the pastoral office
faithful and vigilant:
Among the controversies of divines
moderate always and pacific:
Ever ready for all the duties of piety:
Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
he had few equals:
And his carriage toward all mankind was
eminently benevolent.
But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind
The veil of modesty, no human mind
Can search, no friend declare, nor fame reveal,
Nor has this mournful marble power to tell.
Yet there's a hast'ning hour, it comes, it comes,
To rouse the sleeping dead, to burst the tombs
And set the saint in view. All eyes behold:
While the vast records of the skies unroll'd,
Rehearse his works, and spread his worth abroad;
The Judge approves, and heav'n and earth applaud.
Go, traveller; and whresoe'er
Thy wand'ring feet shall rest
In distant lands, thy ear shall hear
His name pronounc'd and blest.
He was born in Leicestershire, in the year 1664.
He died at London, March 27, 1726,
Aged sixty-two years,
Much beloved and much lamented.

6. *An Epitaph on the Reverend Mr.* Edward Brodhurst.

' Hoc marmore commemoratur
' Vir in sacris supra socios peritus,
' Nec in literis humanis minùs sciens:
' Rebus divinis à primâ ætate deditus,
' Veritatis liberè studiosus,
' Fidei christianæ strenuus assertor,
' Et pietate nulli secundus.
' Concionator eximius,
' Ratione, suadelâ eloquio potens:
' Pastor erga gregem sibi commissum
' Vigil, & sollicitus penè supra modum:
' Moribus facilis, vitâ beneficus,
' Omnigenæ charitatis exemplar:
' Mille virtutibus instructus
' Quas sacra celavit modestia;
' Sed non usque celabuntur:

' I lector, et expecta diem
' Quâ cœlo terrisque simul innotescet
' Qualis & quantus fuit
' EDVARDUS BRODHURST.
Agro Derbiensi natus est, A.D. 1691.
Birmingamiæ defunctus Julii die 21, 1730.
Animam ad superos avolantem
Ecclesia militans luget,
Triumphans plaudit,
Suscipit Christus, agnoscit Deus.
' Euge, fidelis serve.'

Done into English by another hand.

This marble calls to our remembrance
A person of superior skill in divinity,
Nor less acquainted with human literature:
Inclined from his infancy to things sacred,
An impartial enquirer after truth,
An able defender of the christian faith,
A truly pious and devout man.
A preacher that excelled
In force of reason and art of persuasion:
A pastor vigilant beyond his strength
Over the flock committed to his charge:
Of courteous behaviour and beneficent life:
A pattern of charity in all its branches:
A man adorn'd with many virtues,
Conceal'd under a veil of modesty;
But shall not for ever be concealed.
Go, reader, expect the day,
When heaven and earth at once shall know
How deserving a person
Mr. EDWARD BRODHURST was.
He was born in Derbyshire, 1691.
Dy'd at Birmingham, July 21, 1730.
His soul ascending to the blest above,
The church on earth bemoans,
The church triumphant congratulates,
Is received by Christ, approved of God;
' Well done, good and faithful servant.'

7. *The following Epitaph on Sir* Isaac Newton, *was composed by my worthy Friend, Mr.* John Eames, *with a few Decorations added at his Request.*

' Hic sepultus est
' ISAICUS NEWTONUS,
' Eques auratus,
' Moribus verè antiquis, sanctissimis;
' Qui nec inter atheos Dei cultum,
' Nec inter philosophos Christi fidem
' Erubuit.
' Ingenio supra hominum sortem sagaci,
' Mathesin immane quantum adauxit ditavitque;
' Quâ juvante
' Naturæ, quaquà patet, motus & vires
' Cœlo, terrâ, marique examussim dimensus est:
' Perplexos vagantis lunæ circuitus
' Strictis cancellis solus coercuit:

'Oceani fluentis refluique leges æthereas
'Terrieolis notas feeit;
'Temporisque metas
'A multis retrò seculis vagas & erroneas
'Certis astrorum periodis alligavit, fixitque:
'Qualis in semitas
'Vi gravitatis flectuntur cometæ,
'Advenæ, profugi, redueesve, monstravit.
'Pallidumque eorum jubar
'Benefieum potius quam ferale,
'Planeticolis exhibuit optandum.
'Lucis simplicis ortum multiformem,
'Variegate simplieem,
'Colorum se. miram theoriam
'Primus & penitùs exploravit.
'Fidis experimentis, non fictis hypothesibus, innixus
'Scientiæ humanæ limites,
'Ultrà quam fas erat mortalibus sperare,
'Proprio marte promovit,
'Posterisque ulteriùs promovendos
'Nostrum super æthera seandens
'Monuit & indigitavit.
'Vale, cœlestis anima,
'Seculi gentisque tuæ lumen ingens
'Ae ingens desiderium,
'Generis humani decus, vale.'

LXXII.—THE CADENCE OF VERSE.

In writings of every kind, an author should be solicitous so to compose his work, that the ear may be able to take in all the ideas, as well as the eye, and to convey his complete sense to the mind with ease and pleasure. Since every sentence has some words in it which are more emphatical than the rest, and upon which the meaning, the beauty, the force, and the pleasure of the sentence depend, the writer should take great care that the hearer may have a distinguishing perception of all these, as well as the person who reads. All the parts of a sentence from one end to the other, are not to be pronounced with the same tone of voice; such a constant uniformity would not only be heavy and tiresome, but the hearer would never be impressed with the true sense of the period, unless the voice of the reader were changed agreeably, as the sense of words require. This is properly called the cadence.

A good cadence in verse, is much the same thing as the proper and graceful sound of a period in prose. This arises partly from the harshness or softness of the words, and the happy disposition of them, in a sort of harmony with the ideas which are represented, partly from the long and short accents which belong to the syllables well mingled, and partly also from the length and shortness of the sentences, and a proper situation of the pauses or stops, as well as from putting the emphatical words in their true places. All this might be made evident in a variety of instances, by showing how obscure or how languid the sense sometimes would be found, if the proper cadences be not observed by the writer or reader; how ungraceful, how unmusical, and even offensive would some sentences appear in prose, or some lines in verse, if harsh-sounding words were put when the softer are required, if syllables of a short accent were placed in the room of long, if the emphatical words or pauses were disposed in improper

places? The most skilful and melodious reader, with his utmost labour and art of pronunciation, can never entertain a judicious auditory agreeably, if the writer has not done his part in this respect. And though these matters are of far less importance in poesy, than the propriety, grandeur, beauty and force of the ideas and the elegant disposition of them; yet the late Duke of B. in his famous essay on poetry, supposes them to be of some necessity to make good verse.

'Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
'Which never does the ear with harshness wound,
'Are necessary, tho' but vulgar arts.'

This theme would furnish sufficient matter for many pages; but upon occasion of a question put to me a few days ago upon this subject, I shall here take notice only of those vicious cadences in verse, which arise from long or short syllables ill-placed, or from colons, commas and periods ill-disposed, as far as my amusements in poesy have given me any knowledge of this kind.

It has been an old and just observation, that English verse generally consists of iambic feet: An iambic foot has two syllables, whereof the first is short, and the latter long. An English verse of the heroic kind consists of five such feet; so that in reading it, the accent is usually laid upon the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth syllables.

Mr. Dryden, who was counted the best versifier of the last age, is generally very true to this iambic measure, and observes it perhaps with too constant a regularity. So in his Virgil he describes two serpents in ten lines, with scarce one foot of any other kind, or the alteration of a single syllable.

'Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
'And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
'Their flaming crest above the waves they show,
'Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
'Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
'And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
'And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
'Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;
'Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
'And lick'd their hissing jaws, that spatter'd flame.'

Though all these ten lines glide on so smoothly, and seem to caress the ear, yet perhaps this is too long a uniformity to be truly grateful, unless we excuse it by supposing the poet to imitate the smoothness of the serpent's swift, easy and uniform motion over the sea and land, without the least stop or interruption.

In the lines of heroic measure, there are some parts of the line which will admit a spondee, that is, a foot made of two long syllables; or a trochee, where the first syllable is long, and the latter short: A happy intermixture of these will prevent that sameness of tone and cadence which is tedious and painful to a judicious reader, and will please the ear with a greater variety of notes; provided still that the iambic sound prevails. And here, according to the best observation I can make, a spondee may be placed in the first, second, third, fourth, or fifth place. But a trochee usually finds no room,

except in the first or third, where they are sometimes placed with much elegance of sound.

That a spondee may be used in any part of the verse, appears from this consideration, that ten single words, which are all of long accents, will make a verse, though not a very graceful one:

'Blue skies look fair, while stars shoot beams like gold.'

So that ingenious mimic line of Mr. Pope, in his Art of Criticism:

'Where ten low words creep on in one dull line.'

In such verse every foot may be a spondee, or every syllable in the verse long.

Trochees are frequently used for the first foot. This sounds very agreeably, as in the first line of the famous poem called the Splendid Shilling, by Mr. Philips:

'Happy the man who void of care and strife.'

And sometimes, though not often, for the third foot as well as the first: Milton describes the devils

'Hovering on wing, under the cope of hell.'

The words 'happy' in Philips, and 'under' in Milton, are both trochees; but scarce any other place in the verse, besides the first and the third, will well endure a trochee, without endangering the harmony, spoiling the cadence of the verse, and offending the ear.

There are some lines in our old poets faulty in this particular; as,

'None think rewards render'd worthy their worth.
'And both lovers, both thy disciples were.' DAVENANT.

Where 'worthy' in the fourth place, and 'lovers' in the second, are very unharmonious, and turn the line into perfect prose. Perhaps there may be some places found in Milton's works, where he has not been so nice an observer of this matter*; but it is granted, even by his admirers, that his numbers are not always so accurate and tuneful as they should be. He has indeed too much neglected this part of poesy, though he has in many places recompensed the pains of the reader's ear by the pleasure he gives in the dignity and sublimity of the sense, as well as by the rich variety of his cadences, which are most times just and graceful.

Here let it be observed, that where double rhymes are used, there indeed a trochee comes last; but it is not designed there to be a foot of the verse, for it stands only in the place of the last syllable, which is always long, and the short syllable following is but a sort of superfluous turn or flourish added to the last long syllable, as in Dryden's Absalom, &c.

'Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
'Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.'

Note, These trochees, instead of the last long syllable, are very seldom admitted in grave poems in rhyme, but only for burlesque and ridicule, as in the lines now cited;

* Yet it may be allowed, that upon a special occasion, a trochee is found in the fourth place not utterly disagreeable in Milton's poem.

nor doth Milton much use them in his blank verse, though they are frequently used in blank verse by more modern writers, and especially in dramatic poesy.

Mr. Pope, as well as Mr. Dryden, are more careful in their numbers, and never indulge such irregular licence, except where they design something comical; yet there is one instance in Mr. Pope's translation of Homer, wherein he has introduced a trochee for the fourth foot, but it is with a beautiful intent, and with equal success, when he represents a chariot's uneven motion in a rugged way by the abrupt cadences and rugged sound of his verse:

> ' Jumping high o'er the routs of the rough ground,
> ' Rattled the clatt'ring cars, and the shock'd axles bound.'

In the first of these lines there is but one iambic, namely, ' the routs ;' the rest are spondees and trochees: And particularly the two trochees, namely, ' jumping,' and ' of the' are inserted in the first and fourth places, to make the verse the rougher. The transposition of ' the clattering cars,' which is the nominative case after the verb ' rattled,' adds something farther to the graceful confusion which arises in the verse from the jumbling idea which the poet describes.

Thus much for the cadence of verse, as it depends upon long and short syllables.

" Thus much indeed (says *Censorio*, who read these five or six pages) and a great deal too much for any man to write upon these trifles, whose profession calls him to sacred studies."

Uranio, who delighted to read divine poems, took up the cause, and forbid the reprover. Are all verses, said he, profane things? If so, how will the royal psalmist escape? But if verse may lawfully be written, there must be some knowledge of the rules of it, and some acquaintance with the elegance of sound as well as sense. The cheerful and pious half-hours which have been spent in the closet as well as in the church, by the help of devout poesy, give too much encouragement to this art, to have it for ever forbidden to christians.

Besides, if verse were but a mere recreation, may not a life devoted to divine offices be indulged in some sort of amusements in this animal and feeble state, to divert a heavy hour, and relieve the mind a little, when fatigued with intense labours of a superior kind? Was the character of that spiritual man, the Archbishop of Cambray, ever thought to be tarnished by his epistolary converse with De la Motte the French poet, on such subjects as these? Go home, *Censorio*, and subdue your snarling humour; or learn to employ your reproofs with more justice. For my part, I will proceed to gratify myself in reading the next four or five pages too; though I find by the title, that the argument is much the same.

LXXIII.—OF THE DIFFERENT STOPS AND CADENCES IN BLANK VERSE.

Mr. Milton is esteemed the parent and author of blank verse among us: He has given us a noble example of it in his incomparable poem called Paradise Lost, and has recommended it to the world in his preface. There he assures us, " that true musical delight does not consist in rhyme, or the jingling sound of like endings, but only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse

into another." Yet however the sentence be often prolonged beyond the end of the line, this does by no means imply that no verse should have a period at the end of it, for that would be running out of one extreme into another, and by avoiding one error to fall into a worse; as I shall make appear in what follows :—

Where rhyme is used, there has too generally been placed a colon or a period at the end of every couplet, though without necessity; and thus the whole poem usually runs on in the same pace with such a perpetual return of the same sort of numbers and the same cadences and pauses, that the constant uniformity has grown tiresome and offensive to every musical ear, and is contrary to the rules of true harmony; according to that known remark of Horace,

'Ridetur chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem.'

But it does not follow from this observation, that blank verse should abandon all colons and periods at the end of the lines; but only that they should be disposed of with care and judgment in a greater variety through several parts of the line, as well as at the end of it. This will assist the poet in forming true harmony, and in making his different numbers and the different cadences of the verse appear more various and grateful: It will constrain the reader to give different rests to his voice; and thus take away that dull uniformity of sound which too often overspreads a poem writ in rhyme.

Now these pauses in the sense, and consequently these rests in the voice, should be judiciously fixed through all the parts of the verse or line in such a manner, that no one sort of pause or cadence should return too often and offend the ear; and this may be happily performed in some measure in verse with rhyme, though not so well as where there is none.* To render blank verse more perfect in this kind, what if one should propose the following rules?

1. Since there are ten syllables in a line of heroic measure, it follows that there are ten places where the sense may be finished, and a stop may be placed; and therefore if we would observe any thing of proportion, there should be at least a colon or period at the end of one line in ten; but perhaps the ease and rest of the ear, the proper partition of the verses one from another, and the distinction of poesy from prose, would require it rather a little more frequent. This Milton himself has by no means observed, but has sometimes drawn out his sense from one verse into another, as he expresses it, to such a length, as to run on for sixteen or twenty lines together, without so large a stop as a semicolon at the end of a line; and in many places there is not so much as a comma for four or five lines successively, or sometimes for six or seven. There are so many instances of this in his work, that I need not point to any particular page.

2. Though there are ten places in a line wherein the sense may end, or a strong stop may be fixed, yet I think a very strong stop should scarce ever be placed at the first syllable, or the ninth, without some very extraordinary reason for it; the gracefulness of sound will hardly admit it: It seems too abrupt, unless some peculiar beauty in the sense is supposed to be expressed thereby.

3. Two lines should not very often come together, where the stop is placed at the same syllable of the line, whether it be comma, colon, or period; three lines very

* In verse with rhyme, custom has almost made it necessary that there should be more colons and periods disposed at the end of couplets, than blank verse stands in need of, which knows no distinction of couplets, nor any sort of stanzas.

seldom, and four never; for this would bring in that unpleasing uniformity, which it is the design and glory of blank verse to avoid. This Milton seems to have observed almost every where with great care.

4. Where there is a very strong period, or the end of a paragraph, there the line should generally end with the sense; and an entire new scene, or episode, ought generally to begin a new line.

5. The end of a line demands always some small pause of half a comma in the reading, whether there be any in the sense or no, that hereby the ear of the hearer may obtain a plain and distinct idea of the several verses, which the eye of the reader receives by looking on the book: And for this reason a line should never end with a word which is so closely connected in grammar with the word following, that it requires a continued voice to unite them; therefore an adjective ought scarce ever to be divided from its substantive; yet may I venture to say Milton has done it too often: As Book VIII. Line 5, 6. in two verses together,

'What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
'Equal have I to render thee, divine
'Historian?'

And in Book IX. Line 44.

'——— unless an age too late, or cold
'Climate, or years damp my intended wing.'

Book VII. Line 373, speaking of the sun,

'Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
'His longitude thro' heav'n's high road: The grey
'Dawn and the pleïades before him danc'd.'

It must be confessed, where some important adjective of two or more syllables follows the substantive, they may be much better separated, as Book VII. Line 194.

'Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
'Of majesty divine, sapience and love
'Immense, and all his father in him shone.'

And Book IV. Line 844.

'So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,
'Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
'Invincible.'

Where the adjective has any thing dependent upon it, then it may be very elegantly divided from the substantive, and begin a new line; as in the midmost of the three last cited, 'Severe in youthful beauty.'

Milton has sometimes separated other words at the end of a line, which nature, and grammar, and music seem to unite too nearly for such a separation; as Book IV. Line 25.

'Now conscience wakes the bitter memory
'Of what he was, what is, and what must be
'Worst; of worse deed, worse suffering must ensue.'

Book VIII. Line 419.

‘ ———— No need that thou
‘ Should'st propagate, already infinite.’

Book VI. Line 452.

‘ ———— yet hard
‘ For gods, and too unequal work we find.’

Again Verse 462.

‘ But pain is perfect misery, the worst
‘ Of evils.’

And you may find a number of instances of this kind in this great poet, whereby he has sometimes reduced his verse too much into a prosaic form. Whether this was negligence or design in the poet, is hard to say, but it is evident that by this unreasonable run of the sense out of one line into another, and by his too frequent avoiding not only colons and periods, but even commas at the end of the line, it becomes hardly possible for the ear to distinguish all the ends and beginnings of his verses; nor is the reader able to observe such accents and such pauses as may give and maintain sufficient distinction. Now if the beginning and ending of every verse is not distinguished by the hearer, it differs too little from a sort of poetical prose.

LXXIV.—A DYING WORLD, AND A DURABLE HEAVEN.

Would one think it possible for the sons and daughters of Adam, who see all things round them upon the face of the earth in perishing and dying circumstances, to speak, and act, and live as though they should never die? The vegetable world with all its beauties seems to pass under a spreading death every year; the glory of the field, the forest, and the garden perish. Animal nature is born to die and mingle with its original dust; not the strength of beasts, the ox, or the lion, can resist their fate; nor the fowl of the swiftest wing escape it; nor can the nations of insects hide from it in their dark holes and caverns, where they seek to prolong their little beings, and keep the vital atoms together through the changing seasons. Our own flesh and blood is much of the same make, it is borrowed from the same materials as theirs, it has a similar composition, and sin has mingled many more diseases in our frame, than are known to the vegetable or brutal kinds. We see our ancestors go before us to the grave, and yet we live as though we should never follow them. We behold our neighbours carried away from the midst of us daily to their beds of earth, and yet we are as thoughtless of this awful and important hour, as though our own turn would never come. Let us survey mankind a little: How are all their tribes employed? What is the grand business of life? Are not all their powers of flesh and mind devoted to the purposes of this poor, short, mortal period, as though there were nothing to succeed it? And yet if we ask those who dwell around us in our nation, Do you not believe a heaven and an eternity of happiness for those who seek it sincerely, and labour for it? They confess this divine truth by the force of reason and conscience, and by the light of scripture; but they forget it in a few moments, and return to their follies again, and with a greedy and incessant desire they repeat the pursuit of perishing vanities.

O that we could but keep ourselves awake awhile from the intoxicating pleasures and cares of this life, and shake off all these golden dreams that perpetually surround our fancy! We should then surely employ our nobler powers to a diviner purpose: If we did but dwell a little with a fixation of thought upon the scenes of death all around us here on earth, and if we now and then surveyed the visible heavens, their brightness and their duration, we might perhaps be put in mind of those momentous truths which might direct our conduct, might wean us from our fondness of these sensible and perishing trifles, and animate us in good earnest to pursue the durable glories of heaven. A walk through a church-yard by sun or star light, would afford such a meditation as this:

All born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes all its scenes.
Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing:
But heav'n defies its power. There angels sing
Immortal. To that world direct thy sight,
My soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy flight:
There virtue finds reward; eternal joy,
Unknown on earth, shall the full soul employ.
This glebe of death we tread, these shining skies,
Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes.
The sun still travels his illustrious round,
While ages bury ages under ground:
While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phosphor* glitters, and still Syrius* burns.
Light reigns thro' worlds above, and life with all her springs:
Yet man lies grov'ling on the earth,
The soul forgets its heav'nly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her wings.

Thus far with regard to the bulk of mankind, whose souls are immersed in flesh and blood, who mind none but earthly things, whose God is this world, and whose end is destruction: But it is a melancholy thing also to consider, that where a divine ray from above has penetrated the heart, has began to operate a heavenly temper, to kindle a new life in the soul, and set it a breathing after eternal things, it is still ashamed to make this new life appear, and this divine ray discover itself; it is ashamed to shine like a son of God in such a dark and vicious world, amongst men of degenerate minds, who have an aversion to all that is holy and heavenly. We would fain be always in the mode, and are afraid to be looked at in the dress of piety among thousands whose neglect of God have stamped the fashion. Are there not several such christians amongst us, who dare not open their lips in the language of paradise, nor let the world know they belong to heaven, till death and the invisible state are brought near them, and set in full view by some severe sickness or some terrible accident which threatens their removal hence? It is a near view of the grave and eternity, that subdues all other passions into devotion, that makes them begin to speak and act publicly like the children of God, and gives them a sacred fortitude, a blessed superiority of soul over all their foolish fears, and all the reproaches of sinful men.

* The morning-star and the dog-star.

I.

When death and everlasting things
  Approach and strike the sight,
The soul unfolds itself, and brings
  Its hidden thoughts to light.

II.

The silent christian speaks for God,
  With courage owns his name,
And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad:
  The zeal subdues the shame.

III.

Lord, shall my soul again conceal
  Her faith, if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,
  And quench th' ethereal fire?

IV.

O may my thoughts for ever keep
  The grave and heav'n in view,
Lest if my zeal and courage sleep,
  My lips grow silent too!

LXXV.—THE REWARDS OF POESY.

Damon, Thalia, Urania.

DAMON.

Muse, 'tis enough that in the fairy bow'rs
My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours,
Attending thy vagaries, in pursuit
Of painted blossoms or inchanted fruit.
Forbear to teize my riper age: 'Tis hard
To be a slave so long, and find so small reward.

THALIA.

Man, 'tis enough that in the books of fame
On brazen leaves the muse shall write thy name,
Illustrious as her own, and make thy years the same.
Fame with her silver trump shall spread the sound
Of Damon's verse, wide as the distant bound
Of British empire, or the world's vast round.
I see, I see from far the falling oars,
And flying sails that bear to western shores
Thy shining name; it shoots from sea to sea;
Envy pursues, but faints amidst the way.
In vision my prophetic tube descries
Behind five hundred years new ages rise,
Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes.
Cities unbuilt shall bless the lyric bard.
O glorious memory! O immense reward!

DAMON.

Ah flatt'ring muse! How fruitless and how fair
These visionary scenes and sounding air?
Fruitless and vain to me! Can noisy breath
Or fame's loud trumpet reach the courts of death?
I shall be stretch'd upon my earthy bed,
Unthinking dust, nor know the honours paid
To my surviving song. Thalia, say,
Have I no more to hope? Hast thou no more to pay?

THALIA.

Say, what had Horace, what had Homer more,
My favourite sons, whom men almost adore;
And youth in learned ranks for ever sings,
While perish'd heroes and forgotten kings
Have lost their names? 'Tis sov'reign wit has bought
This deathless glory: This the wise have thought
Prodigious recompence————————

DAMON.

————————Prodigious fools,
To think the hum and buz of paltry schools,
And awkward tones of boys are prizes meet
For Roman harmony and Grecian wit!
Rise from thy long repose, old Homer's ghost!
Horace arise! Are these the palms you boast
For your victorious verse? Great poets, tell,
Can echos of a name reward you well,
For labours so sublime? Or have you found
Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground?

THALIA.

Yes, their sweet slumbers, guarded by my wing,
Are lull'd and soften'd by th' eternal spring
Of bubbling praises from th' Aonian hill,
Whose branching streams divide a silver rill
To every kindred urn: And thine shall share
These purling blessings under hallow'd air:
The poets' dreams in death are still the muse's care.

DAMON.

Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless youth,
Once and by chance thy tropes have hit the truth;
Praise is but empty air, a purling stream,
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.
Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead?
No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade?

THALIA.

Believe me, mortal, where thy relics sleep,
My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep,
And cheer thy silent tomb: The glow-worm shine
With evening lamp, to mark which earth is thine:
While midnight fairies tripping round thy bed,
Collect a moon-beam glory for thy head.
Fair hyacinths thy hillock shall adorn,
And living ivy creep about thy urn:

Sweet violets scent the ground, while laurels throw
Their leafy shade o'er the green turf below,
And borrow life from thee to crown some poet's brow.

DAMON.

Muse, thy last blessings sink below the first;
Ah wretched trifler! To array my dust
In thy green flow'ry forms, and think the payment just!
Poor is my gain should nations join to praise;
And now must chirping birds reward my lays?
What! shall the travels of my soul be paid
With glow-worm light, and with a leafy shade,
Violets and creeping ivies? Is this all
The muse can promise, or the poet call
His glorious hope and joy?————
Are these the honours of thy favourite sons,
To have their flesh, their limbs, their mould'ring bones
Fatten the glebe to make a laurel grow,
Which the foul carcase of a dog might do,
Or any vile manure? Away, be gone;
Tempt me no more: I now renounce thy throne:
My indignation swells. Here, fetch me fire,
Bring me my odes, the labours of the lyre;
I doom them all to ashes.————

URANIA.

Rash man, restrain thy wrath, these odes are mine;
Small is thy right in gifts so much divine.
Was it thy skill that to a Saviour's name
Strung David's harp, and drew th' illustrious theme
From smoking altars and a bleeding Lamb?
Who form'd thy sounding shell? Who fix'd the strings,
Or taught thy hand to play eternal things?
Was't not my aid that rais'd thy notes so high?
And they must live till time and nature die.
Here heav'n and virtue reign: Here joy and love
Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove,
And train up mortals for the thrones above.
Sinners shall start, and, struck with dread divine,
Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line,
Shall melt in trickling woes for follies past;
Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste
The sweets of pious hope: Emanuel's blood
Flows in the verse, and seals the pardon good.
Salvation triumphs here, and heals the smart
Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart.
Youth shall learn temp'rance from these hallow'd strains,
Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains;
And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,
Nor virtue needs her guard of blushes here.
Matrons, grown reverend in their silver hairs,
Sooth the sad memory of their ancient cares
With these soft hymns; while on their trembling knee
Sits their young offspring of the fourth degree
With list'ning wonder, till their infant tongue
Stammers and lisps, and learns th' immortal song,
And lays up the fair lesson to repeat
To the fourth distant age, when sitting round their feet.

Each heav'n-born heart shall choose a favourite ode
To bear their morning homage to their God,
And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes
Inspire the pillow with ethereal dreams:
And oft amidst the burdens of the day
Some devout couplet wings the soul away,
Forgetful of this globe: Adieu, the cares
Of mortal life! Adieu, the sins, the snares!
She talks with angels, and walks o'er the stars.
Amidst th' exalted raptures of the lyre
O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire,
And mix their notes at once with some celestial choir.

DAMON.

What holy sounds are these? What strains divine?
Is it thy voice, O blest Urania, thine?
Enough: I claim no more. My toils are paid,
My midnight-lamp, and my o'er-labour'd head,
My early sighs for thy propitious pow'r,
And my wing'd zeal to seize the lyric hour:
Thy words reward them all. And when I die,
May the great Ruler of the rolling sky
Give thy predictions birth, with blessings from his eye.
I lay my flesh to rest, with heart resign'd
And smiling hope. Arise, my deathless mind,
Ascend, where all the blissful passions flow
In sweeter numbers; and let mortals know,
Urania leaves these odes to cheer their toils below.

LXXVI.—A MORAL ARGUMENT TO PROVE THE NATURAL IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The great God has manifested astonishing wisdom in the works of his creation, contriving, forming and endowing every creature with powers and properties suitable to the various purposes of its designed existence, and of his own government.

God has given to his creature man an understanding and will, and various powers whereby he is capable of knowing, loving, and serving his Maker; by these same powers he also becomes capable of dishonouring, affronting and blaspheming him.

Man is formed also with a power or capacity of receiving recompenses according to his works, that is, pleasure and happiness answerable to his obedience, or punishment and misery if he disobey: And the great God, as a righteous Governor of the world, has thought fit to assign happiness to virtue, and misery to vice, as a reward or recompense of good or evil actions.

Man is also created with a power to destroy his own animal life, as well as the animal life of his fellow-creatures.

Now if a man be never so pious, and has no surviving spirit, no conscious power remaining after this animal life be destroyed, God cannot certainly reward him according to the course of nature; because a wicked man may put a speedy end to the animal life of the righteous, by sword or club; and thus he may insolently forbid or prevent all God's rewarding goodness and justice, with regard to that righteous man.

Or if a man be never so vicious; if he blaspheme and insult his Maker with never so much indignity, and commit all outrages possible against his neighbours; yet God cannot punish him for such aggravating guilt, according to the course of nature, if he has no surviving spirit, no conscious power remaining beyond this animal life: For by the sword, halter or poison, he may put a speedy end to his own animal life, and to all his consciousness of being, and to all power of suffering punishment.

But surely the all-wise God would never form creatures of such a nature, and with such powers, as that they might insolently prevent his governing justice from distributing rewards and punishments according to their works: He would never make a creature capable of breaking his laws and insulting his authority, and then defying his Maker to punish him; a creature who might do outrage to his Creator, and yet have power to escape beyond the reach of his avenging hand. This would be such a piece of conduct as would tempt one to suspect great weakness in the Creator and Governor of the world; which God forbid.

Perhaps it may be said here, that God can find a way to reward or punish, by raising his creatures again from the dead to a more firm and durable life.

To this I answer two ways.

First, If the thinking spirit in man, or the conscious principle, be entirely extinguished at the death of the body, the resurrection of man to a new consciousness, is the creation of a new conscious being, and it is not the same conscious being, which once merited reward or punishment; and where would be the justice of such punishments or rewards? It is possible indeed, that almighty power might make a new conscious being which should suppose itself to remember things done in a former state, before it had any existence; but this would be properly a false apprehension, an error, and

not real memory of what was done before, and would lay no just foundation for the recompenses of vice or virtue.

Secondly, This very resurrection must be a miracle, a supernatural exercise of divine power, in contradiction to the laws of nature, and not according to the course of nature. Now is it not hard to say, and very unreasonable to suppose, that God has so contrived the nature of his creature man, that though he be capable of high degrees of virtue, or of most insolent and horrid vices, yet, according to the course of nature, he cannot effectually and certainly reward or punish him; or that the wise Creator and righteous Governor of the universe cannot effectually and certainly distribute the recompenses of virtue and vice without a miracle?

Upon the whole, doth it not evidently follow from this argument, that since God is a wise Creator and Governor of the world, since man is capable of voluntary vice or virtue, and consequently of deserving rewards or punishments, there is, and there must be, some living conscious principle in man which may be naturally capable of rewards and punishments, answerable to his behaviour? That there is a soul in man which survives his animal life, and is immortal, which cannot put an end to its own life and consciousness, nor to the life and consciousness of its fellow-souls? And by this natural immortality of the soul it comes to pass, that it is not in the power of a wicked man to prevent the rewards of the righteous, nor to convey himself out of the reach of his Maker's vengeance.

And may it not be hence inferred, in the first place, that the soul of man is so immortal, that it is not in the power of any mere creature to kill it? For it doth not seem fit that the great Lord of the universe should give the prerogative of rewards and punishments so far out of his own hand, as to put it entirely into the power of a creature, to defraud the righteous of their reward, or secure the wicked from due punishment. It is fit that God only, who gave life, and being, and consciousness to the soul, should be able to destroy it, or take away its consciousness, or make it cease to be.

May we not also infer yet farther, in the second place, that there is no such thing as the sleep of the soul; or at least that neither the soul itself, nor any other creature, can put the soul into a sleeping state? For this is a state without perception or consciousness; and if this could be done, then the designed rewards and punishments of divine justice might be as effectually disappointed by creatures as if they could kill or annihilate the soul.

Perhaps you will here say also, that the soul may be awakened again by divine power to receive punishments or rewards. To this I answer, that if the soul is laid to sleep, or sinks into an insensible state when the animal body dies, will it ever awake again of itself naturally to be punished or rewarded; or can any creature awaken it? If not, then God alone who works supernaturally, can awaken it. And thus, in the order of nature, there is no capacity in this soul to be punished or rewarded, nor can it be done without a miracle.

I think therefore we may draw this conclusion, namely, that every intelligent being, as it is made capable of virtue and vice, of rewards and punishments, so it must necessarily be made immortal in its own nature, and hath such an essential and perpetual consciousness belonging to it, as is not in the power of creatures either to stupify or destroy, lest the recompenses of vice and virtue be wrested out of the hands of God,

as the God of nature, the wise Creator, and the righteous Governor of all intelligent creatures.

And may we not draw a third inference also, namely, that the mere death of the body is not the only punishment of the sin of man against the God of nature, and against the natural law; for then the worst of criminals, by a dose of opium, or a halter, might finish his punishment at once, he might convey himself away from the reach of punishing justice, and the crimes of men could not be punished in proportion to their aggravations? It is the immortality of the soul that lays the foundation of different degrees of punishment according to crimes.

After all, perhaps some persons may raise another objection against my argument, namely, if there be such sufficient provision in the very nature of man after death, to receive the due rewards of virtue or vice in his immortal part, or his soul, what necessity is there of a resurrection of the body? And yet we find that in the New Testament, where the invisible world and future state of rewards and punishments is most particularly discovered, the holy writers generally represent those rewards and punishments as consequents of this resurrection.

To this I think there is a full answer given in the last pages of a late "Essay towards the Proof of a separate State of Souls," to which I refer the reader. But in this place I think it sufficient to say, that the soul only is the moral agent, and the God of nature can effectually reward or punish the virtues or the vices of man in his immortal part, or his soul, which naturally survives the body; but the God of grace having introduced a gospel for the recovery of sinful mankind from ruin, whereby the resurrection of the body is promised to those who comply with it, for an increase of happiness, he thought it proper also and just, that the rejection of this gospel, or the utter impenitence of men, should be punished with a resurrection of the body, for an increase of misery. It is the gospel only which introduces the resurrection of the body; the original law of God knows nothing of it. "As by man, (that is Adam,) came in death, so by man, (that is Christ,) came in the resurrection of the dead;" 1 *Cor.* xv. 21.

And thence may I not take occasion to infer, that the gospel, or the covenant of grace, which is founded in the undertaking of Christ, hath been some way or other made known to all mankind, at least by some obscure and general notices of it; and that the great God doth actually deal with all men now upon terms of grace, from this very argument, because "All mankind are to be raised again from the dead, who have done good or evil;" *John* v. 28, 29. Whereas those who never sinned against a gospel, or against the grace or mercy of God, but only against God as the God of nature, would perhaps only lie exposed to such a sentence as the light of nature might find out, or as might be executed according to the course of nature, without the miracle of a resurrection, that is, by the death of the body, and the punishment of the surviving spirit in a separate state.

If this last inference should be found to run counter to the sense of any one text of scripture, I renounce it upon the spot: But if by venturing to step out of the common track of the schools, we may find any little beam of light shed upon the conduct of God toward man, and be thereby enabled the better to vindicate the wisdom and righteousness of the God of nature and the God of grace; let not that little beam be quenched, merely because it has not the support of vulgar opinion, nor been consecrated by creeds or councils.

LXXVII.—THREE MODERN ABSURDITIES.

Sense, consciousness and reason are three of the chief principles or mediums of our knowledge of things. This, I suppose, will be acknowledged by men of all religions, and of none. Sense informs us chiefly of the things that are without us, even all that we know by sight or hearing, by smell, taste, or feeling. Consciousness acquaints us with all that passes within us, and particularly the ideas we have in our mind, the inclination of our hearts, the consent, the choice, or any action of our wills. And then reason assures us of the truth of a conclusion which is evidently derived from other propositions which we know to be true before. Now the deists, the papists, and the fatalists among them do really renounce all these; they run on blindly and resolutely in their opinions, and maintain several articles of their own belief, in direct contradiction to these three principles of knowledge, how much soever they may profess to be led by them.

First, The papist tells you, that in all the instances of common life he believes the dictates of his senses about things which are near to him, and which he hath all proper advantages to examine; but in the business of transubstantiation he begs your excuse, for he believes a piece of bread to be real flesh and blood, and gives the lie grossly and obstinately to his eye-sight and his feeling, his smell and his taste at once, and his religion requires him to contradict all his senses.

Crucifer, a man of this profession, believes the resurrection of the body of Christ from the dead, and confesses that it could not be known nor proved without giving credit to our senses, our seeing and feeling; and yet he renounces the dictates of these senses utterly, when they tell him that the bread of the sacrament is not the body of the risen Saviour: And thus he chooses to overthrow the foundation on which he believes the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ, (which doctrine is the foundation of all his christianity) rather than believe what his senses tell him, when they assure him the body of Christ is not a wafer-cake. Monstrous victory and dominion of the church of Rome over all the powers of sense and reason at once, and the very principles of our faith.

In the next place, *Hylander*, a young fatalist, will acknowledge in general, that though he cannot assent to any of the religions of men, nor believe a word of what they preach about vice and virtue, a heaven and a hell, yet he believes what he himself feels, and what he is conscious of within himself. But if you ask him presently, Whether man be a free creature? Whether he himself hath a liberty of choice in any motion of his will, or in any action of his life? He denies it. No; he is necessarily moved by a train of other causes to every particular volition and action, and has not, nor ever had, any free choice. Ask him, Whether he is not conscious in himself, that he can walk or stand still, rise or sit, move his finger to the north or to the south? No, he can do none of these; he is but a mere machine, acted by certain invisible springs, and that when two things are offered him, he cannot choose or refuse this or that, but is necessarily impelled to every thing that he thinks, or wills, or acts*. Enquire of him yet further, when he shuns the church, when he dwells at the tavern till midnight, when he seeks out the partners of his vices, and pursues forbidden pleasures, whether he

* See the true liberty of choice explained and proved in a late Essay of the Freedom of Will in God and Man.

does not feel his own self, or his own inward powers, choosing and acting all this with freedom? He will own that he seems to choose and act these things; but he still persists in direct contradiction to his own feeling and consciousness, that it is God acts all this in him and by him; and while he feels himself so wilful and vile a criminal, blasphemes the blessed God, and makes him the author of all his crimes.

Contrary to all the dictates of his conscience, he affirms there is no virtue or vice, no such things as good or evil actions in a moral sense; and consequently that God hath provided no heaven or hell, no rewards or punishments for any thing which is done by us in this life: For whatsoever we seem to do, it is all really effected by the will of God putting the train of causes in motion at first, and none of us could ever act otherwise than we do. And yet after all this mechanical account of themselves, and this denial of all freedom, these men of matter and motion have the impudence, in opposition to common sense, reason, and grammar, to abuse language so far as to call themselves free-thinkers. Strange and prodigious! That men should ever hope for the honours of that title which their own opinions constantly disclaim! That they should with such a steady effrontery deny what they feel continually in themselves, and what they practise ten times in an hour; to gratify a humour, and support a most absurd opinion, which takes away all virtue, order and peace from this world, and all hope and happiness from the next!

The third sort of men of this odd composition, are the deists among us. *Apistus* professes he is a friend to reason above all things, and he is led by nothing so much as reason; it is by reason that he believes there is a God who made, and who governs all things; that he is bound to honour this God, and obey his will; that he must make it his business to love God and his neighbour, that there is an eternal difference between vice and virtue: That man is an intelligent and free agent; and by reason he is convinced that there are rewards and punishments provided for man in a future state, according to his behaviour here. He believes also by the force of reason, according to ancient history, and the secure conveyance of it by writing, that there was such a man as Jesus Christ, as well as he believes there was such a man as Julius Cæsar; and as he confesses this Julius was a Roman and a general, and fought many battles, he cannot but confess by the same reasonings, that this Jesus lived in Judea and Galilee; that he was the son of a carpenter, and that he taught many excellent rules about vice and virtue, and the love of God and our neighbour; and by the same exercise of his reason on the historical account of the facts of past ages, he is persuaded that there were several men of mean education and circumstances who followed this Jesus, and without the help of arms or bribery, carried his doctrine afterward through the world. And yet, contrary to all reason, this very *Apistus* believes, that this obscure young man, Jesus of Nazareth, this son of a country carpenter, who was brought up to his father's trade, gave a better set of rules for the honour of God, for the love of our neighbour, and the conduct of our lives, than ever any philosopher did in Greece or Rome, and that he did all this without human literature, without any divine assistance, without any inspiration from God.

He believes further, contrary to all reason, that this poor carpenter had art and cunning enough to impose false miracles on thousands of people in Judea and Galilee, and even in Jerusalem itself; that he made them believe that he cured the blind, that he gave hearing to the deaf, and feet to the lame, that he healed all manner of diseases by

his word or his touch, and raised several who were dead to life again, without doing one real miracle, or having any extraordinary power given him by God.

He believes yet farther still, and in opposition to all the principles of true reasoning, that the disciples of this Jesus, poor illiterate creatures and fishermen as they generally were, except one Paul, who was a scholar; I say, he believes that these men went about the world, and persuaded mankind to believe that this Jesus Christ arose from the dead after he had been crucified and buried some days, and made multitudes of his own countrymen and strangers, rich and poor, wise men and philosophers, and whole countries, believe it, though there was not a syllable of truth in it, says he, and it is scarce possible that it should be true. He believes yet again that these silly men were sometimes cheats and impostors, who practised the greatest subtleties and artifice to deceive the world; that sometimes they were wild enthusiasts, and half mad with devotion, though reason might assure him, that imposture and enthusiasm cannot long reside together in the same breast, but one will betray or destroy the other.

He believes on still, that these impostors or enthusiasts, be they what they will, engaged mankind to receive all the doctrines of this Jesus, and his religion, either by their tricks of art, or their fooleries of honest zeal, beyond what any of the wisest men of the world with all their skill and learning could ever do in the like case, and went on successfully to propagate his doctrine, and foretold it should stand and continue to the world's end, without any extraordinary commission from heaven, or presence of God with them. He believes also very unreasonably, that such a band of knaves, as he supposes them generally to be, carried on this imposture with such unanimity and faithfulness for many years, even to the end of their lives, that not any one of them ever discovered the cheat, though they could expect to get nothing by it here in this world, but poverty, shame, persecution, imprisonments, stripes, and a bloody death; and in the other world, the wrath of God, for such knavery.

His belief goes further yet, contrary to all reasonable grounds; for he believes these followers of this Jesus Christ, by mere false pretences to miracles and gifts of tongues, spread his religion through the nations, though he knows that they appealed in a public manner to whole societies of men concerning the truth of these miraculous gifts conferred upon themselves and other christians, and concerning this power of miracles, which displayed itself with such evidence and glory particularly in Corinth, where St. Paul must have been confuted with shame, and utterly confounded, if these things had not been true, because that was a city of great learning and knowledge; and yet *Apistus* obstinately believes still that neither these men, nor Paul himself, nor any of their followers, ever wrought one real miracle, nor spoke one tongue but what they learnt before in the common way: And that they spread this religion so widely among the nations, and so effectually, without any commission or help from God, though this religion contained in it doctrines contrary to the fashions and customs of the world, to the idolatrous religions of the nations, to the vicious inclinations of mankind and their corrupt appetites and passions. And though he cannot but see evidently that these men, and their successors in this opinion, have turned many thousands of persons to more virtue and piety than all the philosophers could do with all their learning; yet he believes still that these men had no divine power attending them, nor any assistance from heaven.

In short, he believes contrary to all reason, these things which are far harder to believe than any of the peculiar articles of the christian faith; and yet *Apistus* pretends he cannot believe those articles, because they do not carry reason with them.

My God, deliver me from the blinding and stupifying prejudices of these three sorts of men, who contradict the plainest evidences of truth, and to maintain their absurd peculiarities, renounce the chief springs of all our knowledge; and let me be led honestly and sincerely by these faculties of sensation and consciousness which thou hast given me, in conjunction and harmony with each other, and under the guard and improvement of right reason. The exercise of these powers, under thy holy influence, will effectually bring me to faith in the gospel of my blessed Saviour, and in compliance with the rules of that gospel I trust I shall find eternal life. *Amen.*

REMNANTS OF TIME

EMPLOYED,

IN PROSE AND VERSE;

OR,

SHORT ESSAYS AND COMPOSURES

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Dr. WATTS's *Opinion about publishing these Papers, appears in the following* Advertisement *prefixed to them by himself.*

THESE papers were written at several seasons and intervals of leisure, and on various occasions arising through the greatest part of my life. Many of them were designed to be published among the *Reliquiæ Juveniles,* but for some reason or other, not worth present notice, were laid by at that time. Whether I shall ever publish them I know not, though far the greatest part of them have long stood corrected among my manuscripts; nor do I suppose many of them inferior to those Essays and Remarks of this kind which have before appeared in the world with some acceptance. If they are not published in my life-time, my worthy friends, who have the care of my papers, may leave out what they please.

I. W.

July 3, 1740.

REMNANTS OF TIME EMPLOYED,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

I.—JUSTICE AND GRACE.

NEVER was there any hour since the creation of all things, nor ever will be till the last conflagration, wherein the holy God so remarkably displayed his justice and his grace, as that hour that saw our Lord Jesus Christ hanging upon the cross, forsaken of his Father and expiring. What a dreadful glory was given to vindictive justice when the great and terrible God made the soul of his own Son a painful sacrifice for sin! What an amazing instance of grace, that he should redeem such worthless sinners as we are from the vengeance by exposing his beloved Son to it! When I view the severity or the compassion of that hour, my thoughts are lost in astonishment: It is not for me, it is not for Paul or Apollos, it is not for the tongue of men or angels to say which was greatest, the compassion or the severity. Humble adoration becomes us best, and a thankful acceptance of the pardon that was purchased at so dear a rate.

Next to this I know not a more eminent display of terror and mercy, than the dying hour of a pious but desponding christian under the tumultuous and disquieting temptations of the devil.

See within those curtains a person of faith and serious piety, but of a melancholy constitution and expecting death. While his flesh is tortured with sharp agonies and terribly convulsed, a ghastly horror sits on his countenance, and he groans under extreme anguish. Behold the man a favourite of heaven, a child of light, assaulted with the darts of hell, and his soul surrounded with thick darkness: All his sins stand in dreadful array before him, and threaten him with the execution of all the curses in the Bible. Though he loves God with all his heart, he is in the dark, he knows it not, nor can he believe that God has any love for him; and though he cannot utterly let go his hold of his Saviour and the gospel, yet in his own apprehension he is abandoned both of the Father and the Son. In every new pang that he feels, his own fears persuade him that the gates of hell are now opening upon him: He hangs hovering over the burning pit, and at the last gasp of life, when he seems to be sinking into eternal death, he quits the body with all its sad circumstances, and feels himself safe in the arms of his Saviour, and in the presence of his God.

What amazing transport! What agreeable surprise! Not to be uttered by the words of our scanty mortal language, nor conceived but by the person who feels it. The body indeed, which was the habitation of so pious a spirit, is demolished at once: Behold the lifeless carcase; it makes haste to putrefaction. The released soul in ecstasy feels

and surveys its own happiness, appears before the throne, is acknowledged there as one of the sons of God, and invested with the glories of the upper world. Sorrows and sins, guilt, fetters and darkness vanish for ever: It exults in liberty and light, and dwells for ever under the smiles of God.

What was it could provoke the wise and gracious God to permit the wicked spirit to vex one of his own children at this rate, and to deal so severely with the man whom he loves? To expose that soul to exquisite anguish in the flesh which he designed the same day to make a partner with blessed spirits? To express in one hour so much terror and so much mercy?

St. Paul will give a short and plain answer to this enquiry; Rom. viii. 10. *The body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness.* Hence that anguish, those agonies and convulsions in the sinful flesh that must die, and these will be felt in some measure by the partner-spirit; though that spirit being vested with divine righteousness, or justified in the sight of God, shall survive these agonies in a peaceful immortality. Though the sufferings of the Son of God have redeemed it from an everlasting hell, yet it becomes the offended Majesty of heaven sometimes to give sensible instances what misery the pardoned sinner has deserved; and the moment that he receives him into full blessedness, may, on some accounts, be the fittest to make a display of all his terror, that the soul may have the full taste of felicity, and pay the higher honours to recovering grace. The demolition of the earthly tabernacle with all the pangs and the groans that attend it, are a shadow of that vengeance which was due even to the best of saints: It is fit we should see the picture of vindictive justice, before we are taken into the arms of eternal mercy.

Besides, there may be another reason that renders the dying hour of this man more dreadful too: Perhaps he had walked unwatchfully before God, and had given too much indulgence to some congenial iniquity, some vice that easily beset him; now it becomes the great God to write his own hatred of sin in deep and piercing characters sometimes on his own children, that he may let the world know that he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity any where without resentment. The man had "built much hay and stubble upon the divine foundation Christ Jesus, and it was proper that he should be saved so as by fire." 1 *Cor.* iii. 15.

Will the papist therefore attempt to support the structure of his purgatory upon such a text as this? An useless structure, and vain attempt! That place was erected by the superstitious fancy of men to purge out the sins of a dead man by his own sufferings, and to make him fit for heaven in times hereafter; as though the atoning blood of Christ were not sufficient for complete pardon, or the sanctifying work of the Spirit were imperfect even after death. Whereas the design of God in some such instances of terror, is chiefly to give now and then an example to survivors in this life how highly he is displeased with sin, and to discourage his own people from an indulgence of the works of the flesh. Now this end could not be attained by all the pains of their pretended purgatory, even though it were a real place of torment, because it is so invisible and unknown.

But whatsoever sorrows the dying christian sustains in the wise administrations of Providence, it is by no means to make compensation to God for sin; the atoning work of Christ is complete still, and the sanctifying work of the Spirit perfect as soon as the soul is dismissed from earth; therefore it has an entrance into full blessedness, such as

becomes a God infinite in mercy to bestow on a penitent sinner, presented before the throne in the name and righteousness of his own Son. *We are complete in him;* Col. ii. 10. By him made perfectly acceptable to God at our death, we are filled with all grace and introduced into complete glory.

II.—THE DEATH OF A YOUNG SON. IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

MADAM,

It has been the delight and practice of the pious in all ages, to talk in the words of scripture and in the language of their God: The images of that book are bright and beautiful; and where they happily correspond with any present providence, there is a certain divine pleasure in the parallel. The Jews have ever used it as a fashionable style, and it has always been the custom of christians in the most religious times, till iniquity and profaneness called it cant and fanaticism. The evangelists and the apostles have justified the practice; those later inspired authors have often indulged it even where the prophet or first writer of the text had quite another subject in view; and though an allusion to the words of scripture will by no means stand in the place of a proper exposition, yet it carries something divine and affecting in it, and by this means it may shine in a sermon or a familiar epistle, and make a pleasing similitude. Accept then a few hints of consolation from a part of scripture, which by an easy turn of thought may be applied to your case.

Rev. xii. 1. "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet. *Verse* 2. Being with child, travailed in birth. *Verse* 5. And she brought forth a man-child, and it was caught up to God and his throne. *Verse* 6. And the woman had a place prepared of God in the wilderness. *Verse* 14. To be nourished for a time and times. *Verse* 9. But the great dragon that was cast out of heaven, the old serpent called the devil and satan. *Verse* 13. Persecuted the woman. *Verse* 15. And cast out of his mouth water as a flood. *Verse* 17. And went to make war with the remnant of her seed."—Thus far the words of scripture.

Now, madam, if you have put on Christ, and are clothed by faith with the sun of righteousness, if you are drest in the shining graces of heaven, and have the pale and changing glories of this world under your feet, then you may be assured the child you have brought forth is not lost, but is caught up to God, and his throne, by virtue of that extensive covenant that includes sincere christians and their offspring together. Mourn not therefore for your son who is with God, but rather for yourself who are yet in the wilderness of this world, where the old serpent has so much power; where he will persecute you with the flood of his temptations, if possible, to carry you away with them; but I trust God has prepared a place for your safety, even his church, his gospel, his own everlasting arms.

Yet shall the serpent make war with the remnant of your seed; your little daughter that remains in the wilderness must go through this war, and be exposed to these temptations. O turn your tears for your son into pity and prayer for yourself and your daughter, that ye may never be carried away by these floods: But when the times are past which God has appointed for your abode and nourishment in the wilderness, you

may rejoice to find yourself, with all your offspring, in everlasting safety before the throne of God. *Amen.*

So prays your affectionate, &c.

May 2, 1719. I. W.

III.—HEATHEN POESY CHRISTIANIZED. 1736.

It is a piece of ancient and sacred history which Moses informs us of, that when the tribes of Israel departed from the land of Egypt, they borrowed of their neighbours gold and jewels by the appointment of God, for the decoration of their sacrifices and solemn worship when they should arrive at the appointed place in the wilderness. God himself taught his people how the richest of metals which had ever been abused to the worship of idols, might be purified by the fire, and being melted up into a new form might be consecrated to the service of the living God, and add to the magnificence and grandeur of his tabernacle and temple. Such are some of the poetical writings of the ancient heathens; they have a great deal of native beauty and lustre in them, and through some happy turn given them by the pen of a christian poet may be transformed into divine meditations, and may assist the devout and pious soul in several parts of the christian life and worship.

Amongst all the rest of the Pagan writers, I know none so fit for this service as the odes of Horace as vile a sinner as he was. Their manner of composure comes nearer the spirit and force of the psalms of David than any other; and as we take the devotions of the Jewish king, and bring them into our christian churches, by changing the scene and the chronology, and superadding some of the glories of the gospel, so may the representation of some of the heathen virtues, by a little more labour, be changed into christian graces, or at least into the image of them so far as human power can reach. One day musing on this subject, I made an experiment on the two last stanzas of Ode 29. Book III.

‘ Non meum est, si mugiat Africis
‘ Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
‘ Decurrere, & votis pacisci,
‘ Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
‘ Addant avaro divitias mari.
‘ Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ,
‘ Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
‘ Aura feret, geminusque Pollux.’

IV.—THE BRITISH FISHERMAN.

I.

Let Spain's proud traders, when the mast
Bends groaning to the stormy blast,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their saints,
Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ship,
Or the rich dust Peru prepares,
Defraud their long projecting cares,
And add new treasures to the greedy deep.

II.

My little skiff, that skims the shores,
With half a sail and two short oars,
Provides me food in gentler waves:
But if they gape in watery graves,
I trust th' eternal power, whose hand
Has swell'd the storm so high,
To waft my boat and me to land,
Or give some angel swift command
To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

V.—REDEMPTION.

I.
The mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

II.
Begin, my muse, the heav'nly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

III.
Proclaim inimitable love:
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

IV.
What black reproach defil'd his name,
When with our sin he took our shame!
The pow'r whom kneeling angels blest
Is made the impious rabble's jest.

V.
He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans:
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death.

VI.
But see the wonders of his pow'r,
He triumphs in his dying hour,
And whilst by Satan's rage he fell
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

VII.
Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

If I could pursue all the wondrous achievements of a dying and a rising Saviour in verse as fast and as far as my thoughts sometimes attempt to trace them, I should lengthen this ode to many stanzas, and yet at last I should lose both my thoughts and my verse amongst the unknown wonders of his glory and the ages of eternity.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
What vain pretender dares?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue,
And Gabriel's harp despairs.*

VI. COMPLAINT AND HOPE UNDER GREAT PAIN. 1736.

I.
Lord, I am pain'd; but I resign
To thy superior will:
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

II.
Dark are thy ways of providence,
While those that love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

III.
Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'er-burden'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

IV.
Will nothing but such daily pain
Secure my soul from hell?
Canst thou not make my health attain
Thy kind designs as well?

V.
How shall my tongue proclaim thy grace
While thus at home confin'd?
What can I write, while painful flesh
Hangs heavy on the mind?

VI.
These groans and sighs and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease,
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

VII.
Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

* In this ode there are three or four lines taken from Mr Stennet's Sacramental Hymns; for when I found they expressed my thought and design in proper and beautiful language, I chose rather to borrow and to acknowledge the debt, than to labour hard for worse lines that I might have the poor pleasure of calling them my own.

VII.—ON AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD, ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ROWE. 1737.

STRUCK with the sight of *Philomela*'s urn
Eusebia weeps, and calls her muse to mourn:
While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell
The groves confess a rising *Philomel.*

VIII.—DR. YOUNG'S ADMIRABLE DESCRIPTION OF THE PEACOCK ENLARGED.

VIEW next the peacock: What bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?
Proudly he boasts them to the heav'nly ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day.
Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,
Drest his rich form in azure, green and gold?
Thy hand his crest with starry radiance crown'd,
Or spread his sweepy train? His train disdains the ground,
And kindles living lamps thro' all the spacious round.
Mark with what conscious state the bird displays
His native gems, and 'midst the waving blaze
On the slow step of majesty he moves,
Asserts his honours, and demands his loves.

IX.—VANITY INSCRIBED ON ALL THINGS.

TIME, like a long flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is for ever lost and swallowed up there; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things with it which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by Providence to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life, to all the works of the hands of men, with all the glories and excellencies of animal nature, and all that is made of flesh and blood. Let us not dote upon any thing here below, for heaven hath inscribed vanity upon it. The moment is hastening when the decree of heaven shall be uttered, and providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth, "Its time shall be no longer."

What is that stately building, that princely palace, which now entertains and amuses our sight with ranks of marble columns and wide-spreading arches, that gay edifice which enriches our imagination with a thousand royal ornaments, and a profusion of gay and glittering furniture? Time, and all its circling hours, with a swift wing are brushing it away; decay steals upon it insensibly, and a few years hence it shall lie in mouldering ruin and desolation. Unhappy possessor, if he has no better inheritance!

What are those fine and elegant gardens, those delightful walks, those gentle ascents and soft declining slopes which raise and sink the eye by turns to a thousand vegetable pleasures? How lovely are those sweet borders, and those growing varieties of bloom and fruit which recal lost paradise to mind? Those living parterres which regale the sense with vital fragrancy and make glad the sight by their refreshing verdure and entertaining flowery beauties? The scythe of time is passing over them all; they wither, they die away, they drop and vanish into dust; their duration is short; a few months deface all their yearly glories; and within a few years perhaps all these rising terrace-

walks, these gentle verging declivities, shall lose all order and elegance, and become a rugged heap of ruins: Those well-distinguished borders and parterres shall be levelled in confusion, and thrown into common earth again for the ox and the ass to graze upon them. Unhappy man, who possesses this agreeable spot of ground, if he has no paradise more durable than this!

And no wonder that these labours of the hands of men should perish, when even the works of God are perishable.

What are these visible heavens, these lower skies, and this globe of earth? They are indeed the glorious workmanship of the Almighty; but they are waxing old and waiting their period too, when the angel shall pronounce upon them, "That time shall be no more. The heavens shall be folded up as a vesture; the elements of the lower world shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all the works thereof shall be burnt up with fire." May the unruinable world be but my portion, and the heaven of heavens my inheritance, which is built for an eternal mansion for the sons of God: These buildings shall out-live time and nature, and exist through unknown ages of felicity.

What have we mortals to be proud of in our present state, when every human glory is so fugitive and fading? Let the brightest and the best of us say to ourselves, "That we are but dust and vanity."

Is my body formed upon a graceful model? Are my limbs well turned, and my complexion better coloured than my neighbours? Beauty even in perfection is of shortest date; a few years will inform me that its bloom vanishes, its flower withers, its lustre grows dim, its duration shall be no longer; and if life be prolonged, yet the pride and glory of it is for ever lost in age and wrinkles: Or perhaps our vanity meets a speedier fate. Death and the grave with a sovereign and irresistible command, summon the brightest as well as the coarsest pieces of human nature to lie down early in their cold embraces; and at last they must all mix together among worms and corruption. Æsop the deformed, and Helena the fair, are lost and undistinguished in common earth. Nature in its gayest bloom is but a painted vanity.

Are my nerves well strung and vigorous? Is my activity and strength far superior to my neighbours in the days of youth? But youth hath its appointed limit: age steals upon it, unstrings the nerves, and make the force of nature languish into infirmity and feebleness. Samson and Goliah would have lost their boasted advantages of stature and their brawny limbs in the course of half a century, though the one had escaped the sling of David, and the other the vengeance of his own hands in the ruin of Dagon's temple. Man in his best estate is a flying shadow and vanity.

Even those nobler powers of human life which seem to have something angelical in them, I mean the powers of wit and fancy, gay imagination and capacious memory, they are all subject to the same laws of decay and death. What though they can raise and animate beautiful scenes in a moment, and, in imitation of creating power, can spread bright appearances and new worlds before the senses and the souls of their friends? What though they can entertain the better part of mankind, the refined and polite world with high delight and rapture? These scenes of rapturous delight grow flat and old by a frequent review, and the very powers that raised them grow feeble apace. What though they can give immortal applause and fame to their possessors! It is but the immortality of an empty name, a mere succession of the breath of men; and it is a short sort of immortality too, which must die and

perish when this world perishes. A poor shadow of duration indeed, while the real period of these powers is hastening every day; they languish and die as fast as animal nature, which has a large share in them, makes haste to its decay; and the time of their exercise shall shortly be no more.

In vain the aged poet or the painter would call up the muse and genius of their youth, and summon all the arts of their imagination to spread and dress out some visionary scene: In vain the elegant orator would recal the bold and masterly figures, and all those flowery images which gave ardour, grace and dignity to his younger composures, and charmed every ear: They are gone, they are fled beyond the reach of their owner's call: Their time is past, they are vanished and lost beyond all hope of recovery.

The God of nature has pronounced an unpassable period upon all the powers and pleasures and glories of this mortal state. Let us then be afraid to make any of them our boast or our happiness; but point our affections to those diviner objects whose nature is everlasting; let us seek those religious attainments and those new-created powers of a sanctified mind, concerning which it shall never be pronounced, "That their time shall be no longer."

O may every one of us be humbly content at the call of heaven to part with all that is pleasing or magnificent here on earth; let us resign even these agreeable talents when the God of nature demands; and when the hour arrives that shall close our eyes to all visible things, and lay our fleshly structure in the dust, let us yield up our whole selves to the hands of our Creator, who shall reserve our spirits with himself; and while we cheerfully give up all that was mortal to the grave, we may lie down full of the joyful hope of a rising immortality. New and unknown powers and glories, brighter flames of imagination, richer scenes of wit and fancy and diviner talents are preparing for us when we shall awake from the dust; and the mind itself shall have all its faculties in a sublime state of improvement. These shall make us equal, if not superior, to angels, for we are nearer a-kin to the Son of God than they are, and therefore we shall be made more like him.

X.—THE RAKE REFORMED IN THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

Florino was young and idle; he gave himself up to all the diversions of the town, and roved wild among the pleasures of sense; nor did he confine himself within the limits of virtue, or withhold his heart from any forbidden joy. Often hath he been heard to ridicule marriage, and affirm that no man can mourn heartily for a dead wife, for then he hath leave by the law to choose a new companion, to riot in all the gayer scenes of a new courtship, and perhaps to advance his fortune too.

When he heard of the death of *Serena*, "Well," said he, "I will go visit my friend *Lucius*, and rally him a little on this occasion." He went the next day in all the wantonness of his heart to fulfil his design, inhuman and barbarous as it was, and to sport with solemn sorrow. But when *Lucius* appeared, the man of gaiety was strangely surprised, he saw such a sincere and inimitable distress sitting on his countenance, and discovering itself in every air and action, that he dropt his cruel purpose, his soul began to melt and he assumed the comforter.

Florino's methods of consolation were all drawn from two topics: Some from fate

and necessity, advising an heroic indolence about unavoidable events which are past and cannot be reversed; and some were derived from the various amusements of life which call the soul abroad, and divide and scatter the thoughts, and suffer not the mind to attend to its inward anguish. "Come, *Lucius*," said he, "come, smooth your brows a little and brighten up for an hour or two: Come along with me to a concert this evening where you shall hear some of the best pieces of music that ever were composed, and performed by some of the best hands that ever touched an instrument. To-morrow I will wait on you to the play, or, if you please, to the new opera, where the scenes are so surprising and so gay, that they would almost tempt an old hermit from his beloved cell, and call back his years to three-and-twenty. Come, my friend, what have the living to do with the dead? Do but forget your grievances a little and they will die too: Come, shake off the spleen, divert your heart with the entertainments of wit and melody, and call away your fancy from these gloomy and useless contemplations." Thus he ran on in his own way of talking, and opened to his mourning friend the best springs of comfort that he was acquainted with.

Lucius endured this prattle as long as he was able to endure it, but it had no manner of influence to stanch the bleeding wound or to abate his smarting sorrows. His pain waxed more intense by such sort of applications, and the grief soon grew too unruly to contain itself.

Lucius then asked leave to retire a little; *Florino* followed him softly at a distance to the door of his closet, where indeed he observed not any of the rules of civility or just decency, but placed himself near enough to listen how the passion took its vent: And there he heard the distressed *Lucius* mourning over *Serena*'s death in such language as this:

What did *Florino* talk about? Necessity and fate? Alas, this is my misery, that so painful an event cannot be reversed, that the divine will has made it fate, and there is a necessity of my enduring it.

Plays and music and operas! What poor trifles are these to give ease to a wounded heart! To a heart that has lost its choicest half! A heart that lies bleeding in deep anguish under such a keen parting stroke, and the long, long absence of my *Serena!* She is gone. The desire of my eyes and the delight of my soul is gone.—The first of earthly comforts and the best of mortal blessings.—She is gone, and she has taken with her all that was pleasant, all that could brighten the gloomy hours of life, that could soften the cares and relieve the burdens of it. She is gone, and the best portion and joy of my life is departed. Will she never return, never come back and bless my eyes again? No; never, never.—She will no more come back to visit this wretched world and to dry these weeping eyes. That best portion of my life, that dearest blessing is gone, and will return no more. Sorrows in long succession await me while I live; all my future days are marked out for grief and darkness.

Let the man who feels no inward pain at the loss of such a partner, dress his dwelling in black shades and dismal formalities: Let him draw the curtains of darkness around him and teach his chambers a fashionable mourning: But real anguish of heart needs none of these modish and dissembled sorrows. My soul is hung round with dark images in all her apartments, and every scene is sincere lamentation and death.

I thought once I had some pretences to the courage of a man: But this is a season of untried distress: I now shudder at a thought, I start at shadows, my spirits are sunk,

and horror has taken hold of me. I feel passions in me that were unknown before; love has its own proper grief and its peculiar anguish. Mourning love has those agonies and those sinkings of spirit which are known only to bereaved and virtuous lovers.

I stalk about like a ghost in musing silence, till the gathering sorrow grows too big for the heart and burst out into weak and unmanly wailings. Strange and overwhelming stroke indeed! It has melted all the man within me down to softness. My nature is gone back to childhood again: I would maintain the dignity of my age and my sex, but these eyes rebel and betray me; the eyelids are full, they overflow; the drops of love and grief trickle down my cheeks, and plow the furrows of age there before their time.

How often in a day are these sluices opened afresh? The sight of every friend that knew her calls up my weakness and betrays my frailty. I am quite ashamed of myself. What shall I do? Is there nothing of manhood left about my heart? I will resist the passion, I will struggle with nature, I will grow indolent and forbid my tears. Alas, poor feeble wretch that I am! In vain I struggle; in vain I resist: The assumed indolence vanishes; the real passion works within, it swells and bears down all before it: The torrent rises and prevails hourly, and nature will have its way. Even the Son of God when he became Man, was found weeping at the tomb of a darling friend. Lazarus died and Jesus wept.

O my soul, what shall I do to relieve this heart-ach? How shall I cure this painful sensibility? Is there no opiate will reach it? Whither shall I go to leave my sorrows behind me? I wander from one room to another, and wherever I go I still seem to seek her, but I miss her still. My imagination flatters me with her lovely image, and tempts me to doubt, is she dead indeed? My fond imagination would fain forget her death-bed, and impose upon my hope that I shall find her somewhere. I visit her apartment, I steal into her closet: in days past when I have missed her in the parlour, how often have I found the dear creature in that beloved corner of the house, that sweet place of divine retirement and converse with heaven? But even that closet is empty now. I go thither, and I retire in disappointment and confusion.

Methinks I should meet her in some of her walks, in some of her family cares or innocent amusements: I should see her face, methinks, I should hear her voice and exchange a tender word or two——Ah foolish rovings of a distressed and disquieted fancy! Every room is empty and silent; closet, parlours, chambers, all empty, all silent; and that very silence and emptiness proclaim my sorrows: even emptiness and deep silence join to confess the painful loss.

Shall I try then to put her quite out of my thought, since she will come no more within the reach of my senses? Shall I loosen the fair picture and drop it from my heart, since the fairer original is for ever gone? Go, then, fair picture, go from my bosom, and appear to my soul no more. Hard word! But it must be done: Go, depart thou dearest form; thou most lovely of images, go from my heart: thy presence is now too painful in that tender part of me. O unhappy word! Thy presence painful? A dismal change indeed! When thou wert wont to arise and shew thyself there, graces and joys were wont to arise and shew themselves: Graces and joys went always with her, nor did her image ever appear without them, till that dark and bitter day that spread the veil of death over her: But her image drest in that gloomy veil hath lost all the attendant joys and graces. Let her picture vanish from my soul then, since it has lost those endear-

ing attendants: Let it vanish away into forgetfulness, for death has robbed it of every grace and every joy.

Yet stay a little there, tempting image, let me once more survey thee: Stay a little moment, and let me take one last glance, one solemn farewel. Is there not something in the resemblance of her too lovely still to have it quite banished from my heart? Can I set my soul at work to try to forget her? Can I deal so unkindly with one who would never have forgotten me? Can my soul live without her image on it? Is it not stamped there too deep ever to be effaced?

Methinks I feel all my heart-strings wrap around her, and grow so fast to that dear picture in my fancy, they seem to be rooted there. To be divided from it is to die. Why should I then pursue so vain and fruitless an attempt? What! forget myself? forget my life? No; it cannot be; nor can I bear to think of such a rude and cruel treatment of an image so much deserving and so much beloved. Neither passion nor reason permits me to forget her, nor is it within my power. She is present almost to all my thoughts: She is with me in all my motions; grief has arrows with her name upon them, that stick as fast and as deep as those of love; they cleave to my vitals wheresoever I go, but with a quicker sensation and a keener pain. Alas it is love and grief together that have shot all their arrows into my heart, and filled every vein with acute anguish and long distress.

Whither then shall I fly to find solace and ease? I cannot depart from myself: I cannot abandon these tender and smarting sensations. Shall I quit the house and all the apartments of it which renew her dear memory? Shall I rove in these open fields which lie near my dwelling, and spread wide their pleasing verdure? Shall I give my soul a loose to all nature that smiles around me, or shall I confine my daily walk to this shady and delightful garden? Oh, no! neither of these will relieve my anguish. *Serena* has too often blessed me with her company both in this garden and in these fields. Her very name seems written on every tree: I shall think of her and fancy I see her in every step I take. Here she pressed the grass with her feet, here she gathered violets and roses and refreshing herbs, and gave the lovely collection of sweetness into my hand. But alas! the sweetest violet and the fairest rose is fallen, is withered, and is no more. Farewel then, ye fields and gardens, with all your varieties of green and flowery joys! Ye are all a desert, a barren wilderness, since *Serena* has for ever left you and will be seen there no more.

But can friends do nothing to comfort a mourner? Come, my wise friends, surround me and divert my cares with your agreeable conversation. Can books afford no relief? Come, my books, ye volumes of knowledge, ye labours of the learned dead; come, fill up my hours with some soothing amusement. I call my better friends about me, I fly to the heroes and the philosophers of ancient ages to employ my soul among them. But alas! neither learning nor books amuse me, nor green and smiling prospects of nature delight me, nor conversation with my wisest and best friends can entertain me in these dark and melancholy hours. Solitude, solitude in some unseen corner, some lonely grotto, overgrown with shades! This is my dearest choice; let me dwell in my beloved solitude where none shall come near me; midnight and solitude are the most pleasing things to a man who is weary of day-light and of all the scenes of this visible and busy world. I would eat and drink and dwell alone, though this lonesome humour sooths and gratifies the painful passion, and gives me up to the tyranny of my sharpest

sorrows. Strange mixture that I am made of! I mourn and grieve even to death, and yet I seem fond of nothing but grief and mourning.

Woe is me! Is there nothing on earth can divert, nothing relieve me? Then let my thoughts ascend to paradise and heaven, there I shall find her better part, and grief must not enter there. From this hour take a new turn, O my soul, and never think of *Serena* but as shining and rejoicing among the spirits of the blest, and in the presence of her God. Rise often in holy meditation to the celestial world, and betake thyself to more intense piety. Devotion has wings that will bear thee high above the tumults and passions of lower life: Devotion will direct and speed thy flight to a country of brighter scenes.

Shake off this earthliness of mind, this dust of mortality that hangs about thee; rise upward often in an hour, and dwell much in those regions whither thy devout partner is gone: Thy better half is safely arrived there, and that world knows nothing but joy and love.

She is gone; the prophets and the apostles and the best of departed souls have marked out her way to heaven: Bear witness ye apostles and holy prophets, the best of departed souls bear witness, that I am seeking to follow her in the appointed moment. Let the wheels of nature and time roll on apace in their destined way. Let suns and moons arise and set apace, and light a lonesome traveller onward to his home. Blessed Jesus, be thou my living leader! Virtue, and the track of *Serena*'s feet be my daily and delightful path. The track leads upward to the regions of love and joy. How can I dare to wander from the path of virtue lest I lose that beloved track? Remember, O my soul, her footsteps are found in no other road.

If my love to virtue should ever fail me, the steps of my *Serena* would mark out my way, and help to secure me from wandering. O may the kind influences of heaven descend from above and establish and guard my pious resolutions! May the divine powers of religion be my continual strength, and the hope of eternal things my never-failing support, till I am dismissed from this prison of the flesh and called to ascend to the spirits of the just made perfect, till I bid adieu to all that is not immortal, and go dwell with my God and my adored Saviour; there shall I find my lost *Serena* again, and share with her the unutterable joys of paradise.

Here *Lucius* threw himself on the couch and lay silent in profound meditation.

When *Florino* had heard all this mournful rhapsody, he retired and stole away in secret, for he was now ashamed of his first barbarous design: He felt a sort of strange sympathy of sorrow such as he never knew before, and with it some sparks of virtue began to kindle in his bosom. As he mused the fire burnt within, and at last it made its way to his lips and vented itself. "Well," said he, "I have learnt two excellent lessons to-day, and I hope I shall never forget them. There must be some vast and unknown pleasure in a virtuous love beyond all the madness of wild and transient amours; otherwise the loss of the object could never have wrought such deep and unfeigned woe in a soul so firm and manly as that of *Lucius*. I begin now to believe what Milton sung, though I always read the lines before as mere poesy and fable.

'Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
'Of human offspring, sole propriety
'In paradise, of all things common else:
'By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men

'Among the beastial herds to range; by thee
'Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure
'Relations dear, and all the charities
'Of father, son and brother, first were known:
'Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.
'Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
'His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
'Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
'Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
'Casual amours, mixt dance, or wanton mask
'Or midnight ball,' &c.

"Blessed poet, that could so happily unite love and virtue, and draw so beautiful a scene of real felicity, which till this day I always thought was merely romantic and visionary! *Lucius* has taught me to understand these lines, for he has felt them; and methinks while I repeat them now, I feel a strange new sensation. I am convinced the blind poet saw deeper into nature and truth than I could have imagined. There is, there is such a thing as a union of virtuous souls, where happiness is only found. I find some glimmerings of sacred light rising upon me, some unknown pantings within after such a partner and such a life."

"Nor is the other lesson which I have learnt at all inferior to this, but in truth it is of higher and more durable importance. I confess since I was nineteen years old I never thought virtue and religion had been good for any thing, but to tie up children from mischief and frighten fools: But now I find by the conduct of my friend *Lucius*, that as the sweetest and sincerest joys of life are derived from virtue, so the most distressing sorrows may find a just relief in religion and sincere piety. Hear me, thou almighty Maker of my frame, pity and assist a returning wanderer, and O may thy hand stamp these lessons upon my soul in everlasting characters."

XI.—THOU HAST RECEIVED GIFTS FOR MEN. PSALM LXVIII. 18.

Jesus the Mediator emptied himself for our sakes when he descended to earth, in order to die for us, and by his death to subdue our enemies. Now the Father has filled him again at his ascent to heaven with every glory and every blessing, with all authority and power to bestow blessings, graces and glories on the sons of men. "It pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell. All power in heaven and earth was given into his hands;" *Col.* i. 19. *Matt.* xxviii. 18. And when he received the power he distributed the blessings. See *Acts* ii. 33. *Being by the right-hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.* He hath shed abroad miracles and graces in abundance among the inhabitants of the lower world.

The triumphs of majesty must have some mercy in them, and ensigns of victory must be interwoven with signal displays of bounty and grace. When he led captivity captive he received gifts for men. Our conquering Redeemer was not so elevated with the pomp of his triumphs over the angels his captive enemies, as to forget the captives that he released among the children of Adam. He received many donatives from his Father on high to shower down among them upon his coronation-day, that illustrious day when "he that in righteousness had made war and conquered, received on his own head many crowns;" *Rev.* xix. 11, 12.

He that could take so much pleasure on earth in his labours of love, takes more delight in heaven in the distributions of grace. This is the sweetest part of his triumph and the most visible among men, even the gifts of the Spirit that he sent down after his ascension. It was necessary that his grace should have some share of the glory of that day.

What was said of the great day of deliverance, when the Jews obtained victory over their designed murderers, may be applied with honour to the day when our Lord ascended to heaven and celebrated his triumph over the spirits of darkness. "This was a good day for Israel, for all the saints; a day when Jesus rested from his enemies, and a month which was turned unto him from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a day of gladness. This was a day of receiving portions for his brethren, and of sending gifts to the poor;" *Esther* ix. 22.

Jesus our King is the Prince of Power and the Prince of Peace, he solemnized his victory with acts of mercy and began his reign with gifts of grace. He led Satan the arch-traitor bound at his chariot wheels, and scattered donatives of pardon and life among the sons of Adam that had been seduced into the great rebellion.

It is another pleasant meditation on this text, "That God the Father had not given away all his gifts to men even when he gave them his only begotten Son;" for since that time he hath given his Son more gifts to be distributed among them. Learn hence the unwearied love of God, the inexhausted stores of divine mercy. *John* iv. 10. Christ is called *the gift of God.* And 2 Cor. ix. 15. *The unspeakable gift.* He gave his own Son out of his bosom and gave him up to death for us. His Son that was nearest his heart, his Son the delight of his soul and darling of his eternal enjoyment; and yet he is not weary of giving. O the immeasurable treasures of grace! O the unlimitable bounties of our God! Stand amazed, O heavens, and let the earth lie low in thankfulness and wonder, and every holy soul adore this surprising love!

Our meditations may take another step and see here the divine condescension to human weakness: How a giving God stoops to the capacity of receiving creatures, and bestows the richest blessings on us in a sweet and alluring manner of conveyance. When he gave his Son to us he first arrayed him in flesh and blood that the glories of the deity might not affright us, nor his terror make us afraid: When he proceeds to confer on us further gifts, he puts them into the hands of his Son dwelling in our nature that we might have easy access to him without fear, and receive gifts from him as a delightful medium, by whom a God of infinite purity hath a mind to confer favours on sinful man.

He has put all grace into those hands whence we ourselves would choose to fetch it. If a God of shining holiness and burning justice should appear like himself and call to us, guilty wretches, and hold forth his hand, here are gifts, here are pardons, here are salvations for you, we should be ready to say with Job xiii. 21. *Withdraw thine hand far from me, and let not thy dread make me afraid.* But here we sinners come to a man, to one that has worn our flesh and blood, that is our brother and of our own composition, we come with courage to him that looks like one of us to receive the gifts of a holy God, and the terrors of his holiness sink us not, nor the fire of his justice devour us. O my soul, bow down and worship that God that stoops so low to thee, and has found such a mild and gentle method of conferring his heavenly favours on thee.

XII.—THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

WHAT is dearer to God the Father than his only Son? And what diviner blessing has he to bestow upon men than his Holy Spirit? Yet has he given his Son for us, and by the hands of his Son he confers his blessed Spirit on us. *Jesus having received of the Father the promise of the Spirit shed it forth on men;* Acts ii. 33.

How the wondrous doctrine of the blessed Trinity shines through the whole of our religion, and sheds a glory upon every part of it! Here is God the Father, a King of infinite riches and glory, has constituted his beloved Son the High Treasurer of heaven, and the Holy Spirit is the divine and inestimable treasure. What amazing doctrines of sacred love are written in our Bibles! What mysteries of mercy, what miracles of glory are these! Our boldest desires and most raised hopes durst never aim at such blessings: There is nothing in all nature that can lead us to a thought of such grace.

The Spirit was given by the Father to the Son for men; for rebellious and sinful men to make favourites and saints of them: This was the noble gift the Son received when he ascended on high. *Psalm* lxviii. 18. "And he distributed it to grace his triumph."

Was it not a divine honour which Jesus our Lord displayed on that day when the tongues of fire sat on his twelve apostles; when he sent his ambassadors to every nation to address them in their own language, to notify his accession to the throne of heaven, and to demand subjection to his government? When he conferred power upon his envoys to reverse the laws of nature and imitate creation? To give eyes to the blind, and to raise the dead? All this was done by the Spirit which he sent down upon them in the days of Pentecost.

But is this Spirit given to none but his apostles and the prime ministers in his kingdom? Was that rich treasure exhausted in the first ages of the gospel, and none left for us? God forbid! Every one of his subjects have the same favour bestowed upon them, though not in the same degree: Every humble and holy soul in our day, every true christian is possessed of this Spirit, for *he that has not the Spirit of Christ is none of his;* Rom. viii. 9.; and wherever this Spirit is it works miracles too; it changes the sinner to a saint, it opens his blind eyes, it new-creates his nature, it raises the dead to a divine life, and teaches Egypt and Assyria, and the British Isles, to speak the language of Canaan. It is this gift of the Spirit which the Son sends down to us continually from the Father that is the original and spring of all these strange blessings.

The Father has a heart of large bounty to the poor ruined race of Adam: The Son has a hand fit to be almoner to the King of glory; and the Spirit is the rich alms. This blessed donative has enriched ten thousand souls already, and there remains enough to enrich ten thousand worlds.

The Father, what a glorious giver! The Son, what a glorious medium of communication! And the Spirit, what a glorious gift! We blush and adore while we partake of such immense favours, and gratitude is even overwhelmed with wonder.

O let our spirits rejoice in this blessed article of our religion! And may all the temptations that we meet with from men of reason never, never baffle so sweet a faith!

XIII.—THE DAY OF GRACE.

If you ask the opinion of some divines concerning the day of grace, they will tell you that it signifies that particular season of a man's life when the Spirit of God by convictions and good motions stirs him up to seek after salvation, and gives him sufficient grace to convert him; and all this while it was possible for him to be saved, and it was within the reach of his own power to make this grace effectual:—But this is determined to a certain, though unknown day, which if a man passes without being converted, then his salvation becomes impossible. Now, though I would not choose to borrow all my sentiments in the chief doctrines of the gospel from the sermons of a bishop published on the Terms of Salvation, yet against this scheme I may venture to use an argument taken from that book.

Let us suppose, that it was declared in the gospel that there was a certain number of sins, or a certain period of time, beyond which God would not pardon; and not any particular number, or time, was specified to the world: Yet still most men, it is too justly to be feared, would first be led by hope to commit many sins, with a flattering persuasion that they should not come to that number, or arrive at that period; and then, when the habit was become strong, they would be fixed by despair in this opinion, that being probably got past that number of sins, and that period of grace, they had even as good continue in their sins, as their inclination powerfully directs them; they would go on in great wickedness and say, "There is no hope." And thus we see that even his supposition which seems to take most care of the cause of holiness, leaves it not only in a naked, and unguarded, but in very desperate condition.

Concerning a day of grace thus much may be said, and this is all that I can understand by it, namely, That in the life of a man, there are particular seasons when he enjoys more of the outward means of grace, or advantages for the good of his soul, than at other times; that is, more constant opportunities of hearing the word, a more useful and affecting ministry, better company, warmer admonitions, and plainer warnings by divine providence, more leisure and conveniencies for reading, meditation, and prayer; or if all this continue all his life-time, yet there are seasons when the Spirit of God by his common operations does more powerfully convince of sin, and stir up the conscience to duty, and impress his word with more force upon the heart; but being opposed and resisted he is grieved and departs, his workings grow daily fewer and feebler; or it may be he retires at once and leaves the soul in a stupid frame and returns no more.

Yet we could not say heretofore, That the Spirit of God in his former operations gave him a full and proximate sufficiency of inward converting grace before, since it proved so insufficient in the event and ineffectual: Nor can we say now, That his day of grace is quite past and gone; because the Spirit of God who is sovereign in mercy may return again.

Yet it is a very good motive to urge upon delaying sinners, That it is a daring and dangerous piece of impiety and rebellion to quench the motions of the Holy Spirit; lest he depart grieved and never return again, lest he never give them so fair an opportunity for conversion, never bring them so near again to the kingdom of heaven.

XIV.—GOD AND NATURE UNSEARCHABLE.

How poor and imperfect a creature is man! How unequal his knowledge of things! How large and almost immensely diffusive his acquaintance with some parts of nature, but how exceeding limited and narrow in others: The man of learning who has the highest temptations to pride, has also the most powerful motives to humility.

Man can measure the heavens, tell how many miles the planet Venus is distant from Jupiter, and how far the earth from the sun. He has found out with certainty the periods of their revolutions, and the hour of their eclipses; he can adjust the affairs of the planetary world to a moment, their vast variety of appearances with all their prodigious circuits. But this great artist *man* is puzzled at a worm or a fly, a grain of sand or a drop of water: There is not the least atom in the whole creation but has questions about it unsearchable to human nature; no, nor the least part of empty space but sets all the wisest philosophers at variance when they attempt to tell what it is, or whether it be any thing or nothing.

This sort of talk, my neighbours will say, is a flourish of wit to teach us to undervalue our reason, a mere rant of rhetoric, an hyperbole of reproach to our understanding: But while I leave it to astronomers to confirm what I have said concerning the vast extent of their acquaintance with the heavens, I shall make it appear, even to demonstration, that our knowledge of the things on earth is as mean as I have expressed in the literal and proper sense.

There is not the least grain of sand on the shore, nor the least atom in the whole creation, but has questions about it unsearchable by human nature.

This atom may be divided into millions of millions of pieces, and after all this the least part of it will be infinitely divisible. The infinite divisibility of matter is so often proved and so universally granted by all modern philosophers that I need not stand to prove it here: Yet that my unlearned readers may see and believe, I will set down a plain vulgar demonstration or two of this matter.

I. It is certain that if matter be not infinitely divisible, then there is, or may be, so small a part of matter which cannot be divided further: Now take this supposed smallest part, this fancied atom, and put it between the points of a pair of compasses, made of stiff and inflexible matter; it is evident that the legs of the compasses in less and less degrees will be divided asunder quite to the centre; and from the points to the centre there is room for still less and less pieces of matter to be put between the legs. Therefore that very supposed atom may be conceived to be divided still further into less parts, and consequently it was not indivisible.

II. If there be any indivisible part of matter, the shape of it must be spherical, or a perfect globe, wherein every part of the surface is equally distant from the centre; for if you suppose it of any other shape, then some parts of it will be farther from its centre than other parts; and all these longer parts may be shortened or pared off till every part be equally short, or equally distant from the centre; that is, till it be reduced to a globe. Now from the centre of this little globe to the surface, the parts of it are but half so long as from any part of the surface to its opposite part, and therefore this

globe may be still divided into two hemispheres or semicircles, which are not the smallest parts of matter that can be, because they are not of a spherical figure as in the beginning of the argument.

And then by a repetition of the same reasoning, those little semicircles or half globes, by paring off the parts which are farthest from their centre, may be reduced to smaller globes again, and those smaller globes again divided in halves as before: There is no end of these divisions, and therefore matter is infinitely divisible.

To carry on this argument yet further to the surprise of my unlearned readers, let us take notice that all matter has three dimensions in it, namely, length, breadth, and depth: Now every part of matter, every grain of sand, is infinitely divisible as to each of these dimensions; that is, every part which results from an infinite division of the length of it, may be yet again infinitely divided according to its breadth; thus the division of this grain of sand becomes infinitely infinite. And yet still it may be further infinitely divided according to the depth or thickness of it: Thus the divisibility of matter swells beyond all imagination, and is more than infinitely infinite, and that with resistless evidence and astonishment to the eye of reason.

Go now, vain man, and find fault with any part of the creation of God, and play the foolish critic on his works of providence; go and censure the justice of his conduct toward Adam or any of his children, or blame the wisdom of his institutions in the dispensations of his grace: Monstrous arrogance, and proud impiety! Rather go first and learn what an atom is, or the meanest part of the dust of this vast creation which God has made. It has something of infinity in it, it confounds thee in perplexing darkness, and reaches far beyond all the little stretch of thy boasted powers of reasoning. Be dumb in silence, O vain creature, at the foot of this infinite and eternal being, nor pretend to measure his steps, to censure his motions and direct his conduct, till thou art better able to give an account of the dust which he has put under the feet of the meanest of his slaves.

XV.—THE DIAMOND PAINTED.

How wide and unhappy a mistake it is when christians endeavour to adorn their pure divine worship by the mixture of it with ceremonies of human invention! The symbolical ordinances of the gospel have a noble simplicity in them: Their materials are water, bread and wine, three of the most necessary and valuable things in human life; and their mystic sense is plain, natural and easy: By water we are cleansed when we have been defiled; so by the grace of the Holy Spirit we are purified from sin, which pollutes our souls in the sight of God. By bread we are fed when we are hungry, and nourished into strength for service: By wine we are refreshed and revived when thirsty and fainting; so from the body of Christ which was broken as an atoning sacrifice, and his blood which was poured out for us, we derive our spiritual life and strength. The application of these symbols is most simple, and natural also: We are commanded to wash with the water, to eat the bread, and to drink the wine; most proper representations of our participation of these benefits.

Thus much of figures and emblems did the all-wise God think proper to appoint and continue in his church, when he brake the yokes of jewish bondage, and abolished

a multitude of rites and ceremonies of his own ancient appointment. How plain, how natural, how glorious, how divine are these two christian institutions, Baptism and the Lord's-supper, if surveyed and practised in their original simplicity! But they are debased by the addition of any fantastic ornaments.

What think ye of all the gaudy trappings and golden finery that is mingled with the christian worship by the imaginations of men in the church of Rome? Are they not like so many spots and blemishes cast upon a fair jewel by some foolish painter? Let the colours be never so sprightly and glowing, and the lustre of the paint never so rich, yet if you place them on a diamond they are spots and blemishes still. Is not this a just emblem to represent all the gay airs, and rich and glittering accoutrements wherewith the church of Rome hath surrounded her devotions and her public religion?

The reformers of our worship of the church of England were much of this mind, for they boldly pass this censure on many of the popish ceremonies, " That they entered into the church by indiscreet devotion and zeal without knowledge: They blinded the people, and obscured the glory of God, and are worthy to be cut away and clean rejected: That they did more confound and darken, than declare and set forth Christ's benefits unto us, and reduced us again to a ceremonial law like that of Moses, and to the bondage of figures and shadows:" This is their sentence and judgment concerning many of the romish rites, in the preface to the Book of Common Prayer, Happy had it been for Great Britain if they had thought so concerning all of them, since they had all the same or a worse original, and they all tend to the same unhappy end! However, let others take their liberty of colouring all their jewels with what greens and purples and scarlets they please; but for my own part I like a diamond best that has no paint upon it.

XVI.—BILLS OF EXCHANGE. 1705.

When a rich merchant who dwells in a foreign land afar off, commits his treasure to the hands of a banker, it is to be drawn out in smaller sums by his servants or his friends here at home as their necessities shall require; and he furnishes them with bills of exchange drawn upon his banker or treasurer, which are paid honourably to the person who offers the bill according to the time when the words of the bill appoint the payment.

Is it not possible to draw a beautiful allegory hence to represent the conduct of the blessed God in his promises of grace, without debasing so divine a subject?

God the Father, the spring and fountain of all grace, dwells in regions of light and holiness inaccessible, too far off for us to converse with him or receive supplies from him in an immediate way; but he has sent the Son to dwell in human nature, and constituted him Treasurer of all his blessings, that we might derive perpetual supplies from his hand: He has intrusted him with all the riches of grace and glory; he has laid up infinite stores of love, wisdom, strength, pardon, peace and consolation in the hands of his Son for this very purpose, to be drawn out thence as fast as the necessities of his saints require. " It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. He has received gifts for men." *Col.* i. 19. *Psalm* lxviii. 18.

Now all the promises in the Bible, are so many bills of exchange drawn by God the Father in heaven upon his Son Jesus Christ, and payable to every pious bearer;

that is, to every one that comes to the mercy-seat and offers the promise for acceptance, and pleads it in a way of obedient faith and prayer. Jesus the High-Treasurer of heaven, knows every letter of his Father's hand-writing, and can never be imposed upon by a forged note; he will ever put due honour upon his Father's bills; he accepts them all, for " all the promises in him are yea, and in him amen. In him they are all sure to the glory of the Father;" 2 *Cor.* i. 20. It is for the Father's honour that his bills never fail of acceptance and payment.

If you apply to the blessed Jesus and offer him a bill of the largest sum, a promise of the biggest blessings, he will never say, " I have not so much of my Father's treasure in my hand." For he has received all things. John iii. 35. *The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand:* And may I not venture to say, This whole treasure is made over to the saints, *All things are yours;* 1 Cor. iii. 22. And they are parcelled out into bills of promise, and notes under the Father's hand. So the whole treasure of a nation sometimes consists in credit and in promissory notes more than in present sums of gold and silver.

Some of these divine bills are payable at sight, and we receive the sum as soon as we offer the bill, namely, those that must supply our present wants; such as, *Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;* Psalm l. 15. And there have been many examples of such speedy payment. Psalm cviii. 3. *In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.*

Some are only payable in general at a distant time, and that is left to the discretion of Christ the treasurer, namely, *As thy day is so thy strength shall be;* Deut. xxxiii. 25. and we need never fear trusting him long, for this bank in the hands of Christ can never fail; *for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily;* Col. ii. 9. And *Eph.* iii. 8. we are told of *the unsearchable riches of Christ.*

Sometimes Christ may put us off with a general kind answer, or give us a note under his hand payable at demand in several parcels, instead of a full payment all at once: Thus he dealt with his dear friend and servant Paul, in 2 *Cor.* xii. 9. Doubtless Paul, in his seeking the Lord thrice for the removal of his thorn in the flesh, had pleaded several large promises of God, had offered those divine bills to Christ for acceptance and payment; but instead of this our Lord gives him a note under his own hand, which ran in this language, *My grace is sufficient for thee.* And if we had but the faith which that blessed apostle had, we might live upon this hope: This would be as good as present payment; for if he delay to give the full sum, it is only because he sees we have not need of it at present: He knows our necessities better than we ourselves; he will not trust us with too much at once in our own hands; but he pays us those bills when he sees the fittest time, and we have often found it so, and confessed his faithfulness.

At other times he pays us, but not in the same kind of mercy which is mentioned in the promise, yet in something more useful and valuable. If the promise mention a temporal blessing, he may give us a spiritual one: if it express ease, he may give patience: and thus his Father's bills are always honoured, and we have no reason to complain. So the banker may discharge a bill of a hundred pounds not with money, but with such goods and merchandise as may yield us two hundred, and we gladly confess the bill is well paid.

Some of these promises, these bills of heavenly treasure, are not made payable till the hour of our death, as, *Blessed are those servants whom when the Lord comes he*

shall find watching, &c. Luke xii. 37. *He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.* Matt. xxiv. 13. *Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.* Rev. ii. 10.

Others are not due till the day of the resurrection; as, *Them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him;* 1 Thess. iv. 14. *I will redeem them from death;* Hosea xiii. 14. Col. iii. 4. *When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.* Phil. iii. 21. *He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.* 1 Pet. v. 4. *And when the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.*

Now when the great day shall come in which our Lord Jesus Christ shall give up his mediatorial kingdom to the Father, and render an account of all his stewardship, how fair will his books appear! How just a balance will stand at the foot of all his accounts! Then shall he show in what manner he has fulfilled the promises to the saints, and present to the Father all the bills that he has received and discharged; while all the saints shall with one voice attest it to the honour of the High-Treasurer of heaven, that he has not failed in payment even to the smallest farthing.

XVII.—THE SAINTS UNKNOWN IN THIS WORLD.

Out of the millions of mankind that spread over the earth in every age, the great God has been pleased to take some into his own family, has given them a heavenly and divine nature, and made them his sons and his daughters. But he has set no outward mark of glory upon them; there is nothing in their figure or in their countenance to distinguish them from the rabble of mankind. And it is fit that they should be in some measure unknown among their fellow-mortals: Their character and dignity is too sacred and sublime to be made public here on earth, where the circumstances that attend them are generally so mean and despicable. Divine wisdom has appointed the other world for the place of their full discovery; there they shall appear like themselves, in state equipage and array becoming the children of God and heirs of heaven.

Their blessed Lord himself, who is God's first-born Son, was a mere stranger and unknown amongst men; he laid aside the rays of divinity and the form of a God when he came down to dwell with men, and he took upon him the form of a servant. He wore no divine majesty on his face, no sparks of godhead beaming from his eyes, no glaring evidence of his high dignity in all his outward appearance. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. But he shall be known and adored when he comes in the glory of his Father with legions of angels, and we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him. The life of the saints is hidden with Christ in God. But when Christ, who is their life, shall appear, they also shall appear with him in glory. 1 *John* iii. 1, 2. *Col.* iii. 3, 4. In that day they shall stand forth before the whole creation in fair evidence; they shall shine in distinguished light, and appear vested in their own undoubted honours. But here it seems proper there should be something of a cloud upon them, both upon the account of the men of this world, and upon their own account too, as well as in conformity to Christ Jesus their Lord.

First, Upon their own account, because the present state of a christian is a state of

trial. We are not to walk by sight as the saints above and angels do; they know they are possessed of life and blessedness, for they see God himself near them, Christ in the midst of them, and glory all around them. Our work is to live by faith, and therefore God has not made either his love to us or his grace in us so obvious and apparent to ourselves, as that every christian, even the weak and the unwatchful, should be fully assured of this salvation. He has not appointed the principle of life within us to sparkle in so divine a manner as to be always self-evident to the best of christians, much less to the lukewarm and the backslider. It is fit that it should not be too sensibly manifest, because it is so sensibly imperfect, that we might examine ourselves whether we are in the faith, and prove ourselves, whether Christ, as a principle of life, dwell in us or no, 2 *Cor.* xiii. 5. While so many snares, and sins, and dangers attend us, and mingle with our spiritual life, there will be something of darkness ready to rise and obscure it, that so we may maintain a holy jealousy and solicitude about our own state, that we may search with diligence to find whether we have a divine life or no, and be called and urged often to look inwards.

This degree of remaining darkness, and the doubtful state of a slothful christian, is sometimes of great use to spur him onward in his race of holiness, and quicken him to aspire after the highest measures of the spiritual life; that when its acts are more vigorous it may shine with the brightest evidence, and give the soul of the believer full satisfaction and joy. It serves also to awaken the drowsy christian to keep a holy watch over his heart and practice, lest sin and temptation make a foul inroad upon his divine life, spread still a thicker cloud over his best hopes, and break the peace of his conscience. Though the principle of grace be not always self-evident, yet we are required to give diligence to make and to keep it sure; 2 *Pet.* i. 10. And as it was proper that every little seed of grace should not shine with self-sufficient and constant evidence on the account of the christian himself, so, secondly, it was fit that their state and dignity should not be too obvious to the men of the world, that they might neither adore nor destroy the saints. A principle of superstition might tempt some weaker souls to pay extravagant honours to the christian, if he carried heaven in his face, and it were visible in his countenance that he was a Son of God. On the other hand, the malicious and perverse part of mankind might imitate the rage of Satan, and attempt the sooner to destroy the saint.

This was the case of the blessed Paul. When he had wrought a miracle at Lystra, and appeared with something divine about him, when he had healed the cripple by a mere word of command, the people cried out with exalted voices, *The Gods are come down to us in the likeness of men;* immediately they made a Mercury of St. Paul, they turned Barnabas into Jupiter, and the priest brought oxen and garlands to the gates to have done sacrifice to them; this was the humour of the superstitious gentiles. But in several of the Jews their malice and envy wrought a very different effect; for they persuaded the people into fury, so that they stoned the blessed apostle, and drew him out of the city for dead, *Acts* xiv.

Thus it fared with our Lord Jesus Christ himself in the days of his flesh: For the most part he lived unknown among men, he did not cry nor make his voice be heard in the streets; but when he discovered himself to them on any special occasion, the people ran into different extremes. Once when the characters of the Messiah appeared with

evidence upon him, they would have raised him to a throne and made an earthly king of him, *John* vi. 15. At another time, when his holy conduct did not suit their humour, they were *filled with wrath, and led him to the brow of a hill to cast him down headlong;* Luke iv. 29. Therefore our blessed Lord did not walk through the streets, and tell the world he was the Messiah; but by degrees he let the characters of his mission appear upon him, and discovered himself in wisdom as his disciples and the world could bear it, and as the Father had appointed.

Let us imitate our blessed Lord, and copy after so divine a pattern; let our works bear a bright and growing witness to our inward and real christianity. This is such a gentle sort of evidence, that though it may work conviction in the hearts of spectators, yet it does not strike the sense with so glaring a light as to dazzle the weaker sort who behold it into superstitious folly; nor does it give such provocation to the envy of the malicious, as if the saints had borne the sign of their high dignity in some more surprising manner in their figure or countenance.

I might add also, There is something in this sort of evidence of their saintship, that carries more true honour in it, than if some heavenly name had been written in their forehead, or their skin had shone like the face of Moses when he came down from the mount. It is a more sublime glory for a prince to be found amongst the vulgar in undistinguished raiment, and by his superior conduct and shining virtues to force the world to confess that he is the son of a king, than to walk through the rabble with ensigns of royalty, and demand honour from them by the mere blaze of his ornaments.

XVIII.—PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE, O GOD, IN SION. PSALM LXV. 1.

And does praise wait for God in the congregation of his saints? Surely it doth not use to be so. Mercy uses to be beforehand with us, and the Lord waiteth to be gracious. Mercy is wont to be ready in the hands of God, before praise is ready on the tongues of men; and we are sure he waited on us to shew his grace long before we had any songs ready for him, or any thought of praising him.

Yet sometimes it is so in this lower world: Holy souls may be waiting at the throne of grace with their praises ready to ascend as soon as mercy appears: Mercy may be silent for a season, and then praise for a season is silent too. This is the original language of the psalm, and this the state of things when the psalmist wrote; "Praise is silent for thee in Zion." When the church of God under trouble has been long seeking any particular blessing or deliverance, and God's appointed hour of salvation is not yet come, then the songs of the church are silent: Yet she stands watching and waiting for the desired moment, that she may meet the salvation with praise.

But why should God suffer praise to be silent at all in Zion? Is not the church the habitation of his praises? Yes, but it is the house of prayer too: Prayer and patience must have their proper exercise. If praise were never silent on earth, where would there be any room for prayer to speak? When would there be any season for the grace of patience to shew itself? God loves prayer as well as praise: His sovereignty is honoured by humble waiting, as well as his goodness by holy gratitude and joy. If praise be silent, then let prayer be more fervent. The absent Saviour loves to hear the voice of his beloved; the lips of the church must never be quite silent, though they are not always employed in hallelujahs.

Praise is the sweetest part of divine worship; it is a short heaven here on earth. God lets our praises be silent sometimes to teach us that this is not a state of complete blessedness. After the great day of decision, praise shall be continual and unceasing, when there shall be no more sighing for the saints, no more death, no more pain. Then churches shall want ordinances no more, nor saints abstain from the bread of life. Jesus their everlasting Pastor shall feed them in pastures ever green, and from the tree of life, and lead them to the fountains of joy and the streams where eternal pleasures run. O may our souls wait with joyful hope for that day, and our praises shall not be silent.

Yet it is not with the church as it is with the world when praise is silent in both. It is ever silent among the wicked, because they are forgetful of God their Maker; it is only silent among the saints for a season, when their God seems to frown and hide himself, and as it were to forget his people.

Besides, Let us consider that all praise is not silent there. Daily incense arises before God in his temple, though particular thank-offerings wait till particular mercies are received. Praise for all the greatest mercies, namely, for redeeming grace, for electing love, for the sanctifying Spirit, is never silent in Zion. Psalm lxxxiv. 4. *Blessed are they that dwell in thine house, they will be still praising thee.* But praise for some special favours may be silent for a season, as well as that large revenue of praise that shall grow due at the accomplishment of all the promises and the consummation of blessedness.

Again, The praises of God are silent in the world without any design of breaking forth, but the silence of the church longs to be lost in joyful songs of thanksgiving. It is like an engine charged with praise that wants only the warm touch of mercy to make it shine with the glories of heavenly worship, and sound aloud the name of the God of Zion.

Sometimes God is as well pleased that praise should wait with humble silence, as that it should speak. It shows a well-disposed frame and temper of soul that longs to honour God. The hearts of his saints are instruments of music to the Lord; he has formed their souls for his glory, and tuned their heart-strings to his own praise. Now he loves to see them kept still in tune, though he does not always play his own praises upon them; he neither wants our services nor our songs, for his own perfections are an everlasting harmony to himself without the slender notes that we can sound.

We may make this sweet remark at last, That Zion on earth shall be joined to Jerusalem above; the family below shall be joined to the upper house, for they have learnt the work of heaven, their hearts are tuned to praise; they want only such harps as angels have to bring glory down and make a heaven on this earth. In 1 *Chron.* xi. 4. we are told that David took Zion from the Jebusites, and built it round about, and added it to Jerusalem. So shall Jesus the true David, the King of saints, take this earthly Zion from the powers of this wicked world, and shall build and adorn it around with glory and strength, with perfect beauty and complete grace, and add it to the Jerusalem which is above. Look upwards O souls who are full of praises, and are even impatient to speak the glories of your God, look to Jerusalem above, where praise is constant and never ceasing, and rejoice to think that you shall be made inhabitants of that city, and united to the glorious church. It is your chief pleasure here to be praising your God, and it is the chief pleasure of your fellow-saints on high: Where happiness is perfect, praise is perfect too and never silent.

It is the chief delight of happy souls there to run over the glories of their God, and tell one another joyfully, and humbly tell their God, what a wise, what a holy, what an almighty and all-gracious God he is. Every breath of praise is a new gale of pleasure there; it is sweet breathing in air perfumed with praises, and this climate is most agreeable to your new nature and your constitution, you that are members and parts of Zion; and you shall be translated thither to your kindred souls. In heaven the river of pleasure springs from God's right hand, because Jesus the Saviour sits there. It is a river that makes glad the city of God, and every stream, as it flows along the golden streets, murmurs sweet praises to the fountain.

But heaven and the state of glory are not yet complete: The church waits above for many promises that are not yet fulfilled, and future blessings that are yet unknown. The work of grace is not finished till the great resurrection-day; and heaven itself, in all the blissful regions of it, waits for such praises as the ear of men or angels has never yet heard.

While the whole church of God on earth is in a state of imperfection and trial, a state of sins and sorrows, praise waits in all the sanctuaries below, and in Zion above too. The souls in glory wait for complete salvation and the redemption of their bodies from the grave. On the harps of angels praise sits waiting, and it waits also on the tongue of Jesus the intercessor. His prayers shall one day change all at once into praises, and lift the praises of angels and of embodied saints to higher notes than ever yet they knew. O the voices, and the songs, the joys, the raptures of that moment, of that day, of that eternity, when such a multitude of praises shall burst out at once, that have been waiting long in that Zion, and shall become an everlasting praise! When Jesus the Son of God the Mediator shall lead the worship, and the praises that have been growing these seventeen hundred years on his tongue shall break forth and spread themselves abroad, and all the creation shall hear, and all echo to his song, *Glory to God in the highest.* This is what we wait and hope for, and long to bear a part in those pleasures and those praises.

XIX.—JOB XXIII. 3. O THAT I KNEW WHERE I MIGHT FIND HIM!

Among all the various kinds and orders of God's intellectual creation, there is not one that uses this language besides a mourning saint in this lower world. As for all other spirits, whether dwelling in flesh or not, their wishes are expressed in a very different manner, nor do they seek and long to find out an absent God.

If we ascend up to heaven and enquire there what are the wishes of those blessed spirits, we shall find that their enjoyments are so glorious and their satisfactions rise so high in the immediate presence of God amongst them, that they have nothing of this nature left to wish for: They know that their God is with them, and all their wish is, what they are assured to enjoy, that this God will be with them for ever.

If we descend to the regions of hell where God reigns in vengeance, we shall hear those unhappy spirits groaning out many a fruitless wish, "O that I knew where I might avoid him, that I might get out of his sight, out of his notice and reach for ever. I feel his dreadful presence, and O that it were possible for me to be utterly absent from him and to find a place where God is not!"

If we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the utmost parts of the eastern or

the western world, we shall find the language of those ignorant heathens, "O that I knew where I might find food, and plenty, and all sensual delights!" But they send not a wish after the great God, though he has been so many ages absent from them and their fathers. He is unknown to them, and they have no desires working in them after an unknown God.

If we tarry at home and survey the bulk of mankind around us, the voice of their wishes sounds much the same as that of the heathen world, "O that I knew where I might find trade and merchandise, riches and honours, corn, wine and oil, the necessaries or the superfluous luxuries of life!" But God is not in all their thoughts. If they frequent the temples and attend the seasons of worship, they are well enough satisfied with outward forms without the sight of God in them. There is no natural man that with a sincere longing of soul cries out, "O that I knew where to find him!"

As for the children of God that live in the light of their Father's countenance, they walk with him daily and hourly, they behold him near them by the eye of faith, and they feel the sweet influences of his gracious presence; their highest ambition and their dearest wishes are, "O that he might abide for ever with me, and keep me for ever near to himself!"

The words of this scripture therefore can only be the language of a saint on earth in distress and darkness, when God who was wont to visit him with divine communications, and to meet him in his addresses to the throne of grace, has withdrawn himself for a season, and left the soul to grapple with many difficulties alone.

This was the case of that holy man whose sorrows and complaints have furnished out almost a whole book of scripture, and supplied the saints in all succeeding ages with the forms and speeches of pious mourning. It is the voice of a sacred impatience that Job here utters, "O that I knew where I might find him!" And by a plain paraphrase we may learn both the meaning and the reason of such language, and be taught by his example to lament after an absent God.

Let us suppose the saint therefore pouring out his soul in such sort of expressions as these, in which I shall not entirely confine myself to the darkness of the patriarchal dispensation under which Job lived, but indulge the language of the New Testament and personate a mourning christian.

Time was when I had a God near me, and upon every new distress and difficulty I made him my present refuge; I was wont to call upon him in an hour of darkness, and he shone upon my path with divine light. He has often taught me to read my duty in his providences, or in his word, or by some secret hints of his own Spirit, even while I have been kneeling at the throne of grace; but now I find not my usual signs and tokens. My Guide and my Counsellor is withdrawn; "O that I knew where I might find him!"

He was once my kind assistant in every duty, and my support under every burden: I have found the grace of my Lord sufficient for me in my sharpest conflicts, his strength has appeared in my weakness. When my spiritual enemies have beset me round, he has scattered them before me, or subdued them under me; and being held up by his everlasting arms I have stood my ground, and borne up my head under the weight of heavy sorrows; but now I am attacked on all sides, my soul wrestles hard with sins and temptations, and I find no assistance, no victory: I sink under my present sorrows; for my God, my strength, and my Comforter is absent, and afar off; "O that I knew where I might find him!"

My God was wont to deal with me as a compassionate friend; when Satan accused, he has justified. He has shown me the all-sufficient sacrifice of his Son, and that spotless righteousness of his which has answered all the demands of his own holy law, and cancelled all the charges of guilt that the devil or my own conscience could bring against me. He has taught me by faith to put my soul under the sprinklings of this sacred blood, and to wrap around me the robe of this divine righteousness; he himself has arrayed me in garments of salvation. But now the army of my sins rises up before me and overwhelms my spirit with many terrors; Satan the accuser urges on the charge, and my Saviour and his righteousness are as it were hidden from me. "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Many a censure have I borne from men, and had my reputation assaulted and my good name blackened with many a scandal. But when man reproached me God has undertook my cause, and made my righteousness shine as the light, and my innocence as the noon-day; I could then pour out my soul before him, tell him all my sorrows in flowing language, and feel sweet relief; but now, alas! troubles and reproaches are multiplied upon me, and he does not seem to take my part; my spirit is bound and shut up, and I am cut off from that free converse, that humble holy intimacy which I once enjoyed with my God; I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard: I cry aloud, but there is no judgment. Will he not help me to pray? Will he not hear my groans and requests? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Yet I would seek his face still, and "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Often have I seen him in his own ordinances in the place of public worship; I have seen his power and his glory in the sanctuary: I have found him in secret corners, and my meditation of him has been exceeding sweet. In dark retirements he has smiled on my soul, and has often given me reviving light. I have found him in his works, and I have had a fairer sight of him in his word; I can name the places, the pleasant lines in my Bible, and say, "I have seen the face of my God here;" But now the Bible itself is like a sealed book, or like a strange language which I cannot understand; I hear not the voice of my God speaking to me there; I go forward to his promises, and read what he will do for his people, but I perceive him not; backward to his past providences or to my own experiences, and review what he has done, but there is a darkness there too: I turn to my left-hand amongst his works of nature, but I do not see him; I seek him on my right-hand amongst his works of grace, but still he hides himself that I cannot behold him. *ver.* 8, 9. "I wander in the night and enquire after him, I watch for him more than they that watch for the morning, I say more than they that watch for the morning. O that I knew where I might find him!"

And it is no wonder that I am so impatient under the painful sense of his present distance from me, and so importunate for his return: For I have known the dreadful case of utter distance from him in a state of nature and sin, and I have tasted something of the pleasure of being brought nigh by grace, and now I dread every thing that looks like that old distance, that estrangement; I would fain renew those divine pleasures of a returning and a reconciled God: "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Besides, I bethink myself and say, "What shall I do without a God!" for I find all creatures utterly insufficient to relieve and help me; and I have known something of God's all-sufficiency; he has been my helper in six troubles and in seven; he is my only hope: When creatures stand aloof from me, and each of them say, "There is no

help in me," whither should I go then but to my God? " O that I knew where I might find him!"

I have been so much used to live upon him, and found his divine aids and influences so necessary to my life and my peace, that I sink and die at his absence. I feel within myself a sort of heavenly instinct that I want his presence, and cannot live without him. I know he stands in no need of me, for he gives to all his creatures life and breath, and being; but I need his counsels and his comforts, his strength and his love: My soul is touched with such a divine influence that it cannot rest while God withdraws, as the needle trembles and hunts after the hidden loadstone. If my God retire and hide himself, he will forgive a creature that loves him so well as to follow hard after him without ceasing, and is impatient and restless till he search him out: " O that I knew where I might find him!"

Though God is pleased to depart from me for a season, yet I cannot let go all my hope; he hides himself from my soul, yet I dare not think him an enemy, but only a concealed friend: If I could get near him even to his seat, I know I should find it a mercy-seat, though perhaps judgment may sit there too. It is a throne of grace, says a christian, because Jesus is there with the blood of atonement; and having such an High-Priest over the house of God, and such a new and living way of access by the blood of Christ, I will seek after him and address myself to him; I will confess mine iniquities before him, and be sorry for my sins, which may have beclouded or eclipsed my heavenly sun, and hid his face from me, I fear I have grieved his blessed Spirit, and provoked him to withdraw his kind influences of light, strength and comfort; nor will I cease grieving for his absence till he return again.

Come, O eternal Spirit, come and visit my poor dark and disconsolate soul; come and awaken all my powers to follow hard after my Father and my God. Come, invigorate my faith, and lead me to the Mediator the blessed Jesus; come, open to me the promises and let me into the covenant of his unchangeable love ratified and sealed with blood. If ever I find my God again, it is there, I know, I must find him; Christ is the only way to the Father. It is by the interest of his Son I shall get near to him, even to his seat; then will I pour out all my woes and my wants in his sight, I will order my cause before him and fill my mouth with arguments. Will he plead against me with his great power? No, but he will put strength in me, and assist and suffer me to prevail with him.

Then, when I have found him whom my soul loveth, I will hold him fast and not let him go: I will charge all the powers and passions of my nature not to yield to one sinful practice, nor provoke him to depart; for he is my everlasting and my almighty friend.

Then, though I should have a thousand enemies set themselves against me, I would not be afraid; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for I have found my God, and my God is with me.

XX.—THE FIGURE OF A CHERUB.

A Cherub is a name used in scripture to denote some angelic power or powers under the figure of some strange animal: The plural number in the Hebrew is Cherubim, which signifies Cherubs, and I know not how our translators of the Bible came so often

to speak of Cherubims, adding an *s* to the Hebrew plural number instead of the English plural, namely, Cherubs. Perhaps some learned writers using the word Cherubini in Latin instead of Cherubi, might lead them into this grammatical irregularity.

The Jews themselves greatly differ about the form or figure of a cherub. Josephus in his Antiquities, book iii. chap. 6. tells us, That cherubs are flying animals, like to none that were ever seen by man, and whose form no man knoweth. Abenezra, a learned Jew, supposes it to be a general name extending itself to all forms or figures, though in the writings of Moses he supposes it to come nearer the figure of a young man or boy.

Some have imagined that the mere face of a boy with wings is sufficient to describe a cherub, and accordingly such figures are wrought into the ornaments of buildings and curtains, &c. But I know no just ground for this imagination, except it be that those on the ark were beaten out of the same mass of gold which made the mercy-seat: And it must be confessed this sort of figure is more easy to be thus formed than any tall shape with a body and feet; *Exod.* xxv. 10. and xxxvii. 7.

It is generally represented in scripture like some strange living creature with one or more faces, having both wings and feet: When it has four faces, they are borrowed from a man, an ox, a lion and an eagle: The wings are described as very large, and the feet, when they are particularly described, are like those of an ox or a calf: But whether the whole figure be more like that of an ox or of a man, the learned are not agreed. This is certain that the several scriptures wherein cherubs are mentioned, can hardly be reconciled without supposing them represented in different forms, sometimes nearer to one of those forms, and sometimes to the other. If therefore after all our searches we cannot come to a full determination, we must be content to acknowledge our ignorance, though perhaps by diligent enquiry we may come pretty near to the truth.

If we consult the derivation of the word it seems to come from כרב *charab*, which in the Chaldee, Syriac and Arabic languages signifies ‘to plough,’ which is the known work of oxen. This favours the sentiment of those who describe it as a flying ox.

Others tell us that כרוב *cherub*, in Arabic is ‘a ship that carries merchandise,’ and that a cherub is a chariot of God, appointed to carry the Shecinah, or bright glory, which is the symbol of God's presence; and therefore God is said to ride upon a cherub. *Psalm* xviii. 11. ירכב על כרוב *jirchab al cherub*, ‘he rode on a cherub:’ And *Psalm* civ. 3. it is said he maketh the clouds his chariot, רכוב *rechub*, so that by the transposition of a letter, which is frequent with the Hebrews, it seems to signify a chariot: And in 1 *Chron.* xxviii. 18. the cherubs upon the ark are called ‘the chariots of the cherubims,’ and the whole figure in Ezekiel's vision had wheels all about it as a chariot, and yet it is sometimes called the cherub in the singular and sometimes cherubim or cherubs.

All this is true; but in a chariot there are generally some animals represented as moving, drawing or carrying it. And though in Ezekiel's vision it is a living or animated chariot with living wheels which had the spirit of the animals in them; *Ezek.* i. 20. yet there are winged animals to move it, or to move with it. The whole is composed of four living creatures which had faces and wings, and feet and hands, joined together in a living machine with wheels, and the God of glory rode upon it. But let us proceed and consider several scriptures more particularly and in order.

The first place where we find the name mentioned is Gen. iii. ult. *God placed cherubs and a flaming sword to guard the way to the tree of life.* This does not seem to mean a chariot or chariots, but living creatures: If they were in the shape of men, then a

flaming sword is waving in their hands. If in the form of flying oxen, then with flames about them flashing out like a sword from their eyes, nostrils or mouth. Perhaps the brazen-footed bulls breathing out flames which guarded the golden fleece in Colchos, may be derived hence by the fabulous Greeks.

'————————Adamanteis Volcanum naribus efflant
'Æripides Tauri.' OVID.

Or, as the Greeks were wont to compound and divide stories at pleasure, these bulls might keep the gardens of the Hesperides where golden apples grew, that is, by the fabling interpretation, the fruit of the tree of life; though generally I confess a dragon is made the guardian of them, which wild fable might arise from the serpent being there; *Gen.* iii. 1. for stories taken from the Bible are variously mangled and confounded by the heathens.

Some have supposed indeed these cherubs and flaming sword are only a *flaming division* visible, made of burning pitch and such materials, and that this was kindled in the borders of that ground to guard it from men, and that it is attributed to angels after the jewish manner: Others think it the divine Shecinah itself guarding the passage to the tree of life, and cherubs are added by Moses to represent God's being attended with invisible angels. But neither of these two last suppositions carry probability with them, because the word cherub is never used in narratives for mere invisible powers, nor for visible inanimate beings; but it always signifies some visible figure of one animated being or more joined together, though it is designed to denote these invisible angelic powers.

The next scripture where it is mentioned is *Exod.* xxv. 18. among the orders given to Moses for making the ark and the mercy-seat, with the two cherubs to cover it with their wings, one at one end and the other at the other end; *verse* 19, 20. *And whatsoever figure belonged to these cherubs which is so much unknown to us, it was certainly a common idea and well-known figure to the Jews in that day; for Moses doth not concern himself to give any particular description of them as he does almost of every thing else, and yet the jewish artificers made them right.

Some think that these two cherubs on the ark were in the shape of flying oxen, or something near to that figure, and that for these reasons:

1. Because both their faces looked toward one another, and yet both faces downward toward the mercy-seat; *Exod.* xxv. 20. and xxxvii. 9. which posture and description is well suited to an ox, but not so happily adapted to the figure and aspect of the face of a man.

2. Because the same face which is called the face of an ox; *Ezek.* i. 10. is called the face of a cherub; *Ezek.* x. 14. and thus a cherub's face is actually and expressly distinguished from that of a man, and determined to be the face of an ox.

* The cherubs in Solomon's temple stand in another situation; 1 *Kings* vi. 23. for they are placed side by side, so that their four wings reached the whole length of the most holy place. But these seem to be made as some further attendants on the Shecinah or divine glory, besides the two cherubs which were on the mercy-seat; for it was the very same ark which Moses made that was introduced into Solomon's temple; 1 *Kings* viii. 6. and the cherubs on it were beaten out of the same mass of gold which made the mercy-seat or covering of the ark; *Exod.* xxxvii. 7, 8. so that it is most likely those ancient cherubs continued there still, and Solomon's were additional attendants in the most holy place, of a much larger size and overshadowing those on the mercy-seat.

3. Because God is said to ride upon a cherub; *Psalm* xviii. 10. Though this be a metaphorical expression to describe the grandeur and majesty of God, yet the metaphor must be derived from some correspondent sensible figure: Now the figure of a winged ox, or at least of a chariot carried or drawn by winged oxen, is a much fitter vehicle to ride upon in glory and grandeur, in majesty and terror, than the figure of a man.

4. Aaron's calf is reasonably supposed to be a cherub, for neither he nor his abettors can well be imagined so foolish as to make the figure of a mere calf, as some would have it, or of the Egyptian god Apis, who was worshipped under the form of an ox, when it was made as an idol for the Israelites to adore, since the Egyptian gods as well as men partook of the vengeance of the God of Israel for the oppression of his people; *Numb.* xxxiii. 4.

It is therefore much more credible that Aaron's calf was designed as a visible symbol of the presence of the God of Israel, even that very God who released them from their Egyptian masters. The proclamation made before this image was this, *These are thy gods, O Israel, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt;* Exod. xxxii. 4. It would be contrary to all reason to represent the Egyptian gods as bringing Israel from Egypt, for then they would have been kinder to the Israelites who were strangers, than they were to their own worshippers the Egyptians. Besides, it was a feast to Jehovah, the God of Israel, which they celebrated; *Exod.* xxxii. 5. and therefore it is more likely that Aaron's calf was some symbol of the presence of the God of Israel; and that it might be the figure of a cherub, on or over which they would suppose the divine Shecinah or glory of God to sit, for so it appeared on the ark when it was made, and so it appeared in Ezekiel's visions; *Ezek.* i. 26—28. and x. 18, 19. So David describes it, *Psalm* xviii. 10. when the God of Israel rode on a cherub.

Shall it be said, that Aaron had not yet received the order for making the cherubs on the ark, and therefore could not know the figures? But I answer, that cherubs were well known to the Jews of that age, as I hinted before, since Moses gives no description of them to instruct the artificers: They were known of old probably to the patriarchs and to mankind, as emblems of divine majesty and terror guarding the way to the tree of life; *Gen.* iii. 24. and some have supposed that Aaron with his sons and seventy elders saw God in the mount; *Exod.* xxiv. 10. riding on a cherub as in *Ezek.* i. since the other part of that description of God in *Exodus* is much like that in *Ezek.* i. 26. and x. 1. But I proceed to another argument to prove cherubs to be flying oxen.

5. Another reason why a cherub is supposed to be a winged ox is this, Jeroboam the king of Israel is most reasonably supposed to imitate the worship of Jerusalem, when he set up golden calves at Dan and Bethel, and thus to represent God dwelling between the cherubs on the mercy-seat, that the other tribes of Israel might have the same worship as the Jews at Jerusalem, and that the ten tribes might not be inclined to go up to Jerusalem to worship, and be in danger of returning to their king Rehoboam again: for it is hardly to be supposed that Jeroboam should so soon persuade all the ten tribes into such gross idolatry as to worship mere calves, though the scripture calls them so, as usually it does all idols by some word of contempt.

This idolatry or worshipping a mere calf would have been too plain and too gross to be imposed upon the people at first, and that so soon after their separation from Judah and Jerusalem, this being so expressly contrary to the second command, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven,

or earth, or the water," &c. Now if we suppose a cherub to be the figure of a winged ox, or any other winged figure with the face and feet of an ox superadded, it will not be the likeness or image of any thing in heaven, earth, or water, and consequently Jeroboam might persuade the people that this was not plainly forbidden; nay, more, that it was ordered by Moses in the tabernacle, and such figures were in the temple.

Let it be further added, that when the worship of Baal was introduced into Israel by Ahab, it seems to be a different idol from the calves at Dan and Bethel, and yet it was something a-kin to it. The image of Baal was the image of a heifer as we are told in the first chapter of *Tobit*, *verse* 5. and it is evident that Baal is sometimes used in the masculine, and sometimes in the feminine. See 1 *Kings* xvi. 31. in the Septuagint; 1 *Kings* xix. 18. and the citation of that text in *Rom.* xi. 4. But if Baal was a common heifer, it is probable these calves of Jeroboam were something different; for it is plain from many scriptures that Baal was an idol of the Canaanites which Ahab worshipped when both king and people had grown bold in their idolatry: But the calves were designed by Jeroboam for symbols of the presence of Jehovah the God of Israel, and therefore probably they were not common calves, but cherubs, or winged oxen, or a figure near a-kin to those in the temple of Jerusalem.

6. It is further added as another reason, that though the tribe of Judah imitated Israel in all their other shapes of idolatry, yet they never imitated Jeroboam's calves: Now what reason can be given for this, unless it be because the Jews are supposed to have had the very originals at Jerusalem, that is, the cherubs upon the mercy-seat in the form of flying calves or oxen.

These arguments seem to carry great weight with them, yet others have supposed the cherub to be a winged man, because it is described often with one face at least as a man, and also with hands in scripture. Some of the Jews say, it is a young man in beauty and vigour, because it has been generally taken for granted that the cherubs represent angels, which are God's attendants, whose vigour and beauty are ever fresh and immortal, and angels, they say, always appear under the figure of men: And they suppose that in this form multitudes of them were wrought in the curtains and veil and all the parts of the tabernacle and temple, as intimating the presence of angels where God dwells.

It is granted that cherubs represent angelic powers, attending on the great God, but whether the form of a winged man were wrought on the curtains or veil is yet in doubt: And whether this argument be sufficient to outweigh all that is said in favour of the shape of winged oxen let the reader judge.

This I think is remarkable, that though angels are always introduced speaking as men with a voice, and seraphs also speak, as *Isaiah* vi. 3, 6, 7. yet I do not find that cherubs ever spoke: And when Ezekiel tells us in so distinguishing a manner, they had the hands of a man under their wings; *Ezek.* i. 8. it looks as if all the rest of their parts were not exactly those of a man, but of a creature which is not so much designed to perform rational or humane offices, since it appears there and in other places as some kind of living vehicle or divine equipage, rather than as a rational attendant on the majesty of God, exercising its intellectual powers.

Perhaps we have not any place of scripture from which we can derive the complete figure of a cherub better than the first, and tenth, and forty-first chapters of Ezekiel;

for all the four animals in Ezekiel's vision which are mentioned, *Ezek.* i. 5. and x. 14. are several times called cherubs.

If we enquire what their body or general figure was, the prophet says, it was the figure or likeness of a man; *Ezek.* i. 5. But each of them had four faces, and each had four wings, *verse* 6. Their legs were straight, probably like the fore legs of a calf or ox, or like that of a man; and their feet were cloven as an ox's foot, *verse* 7. Under their wings they had the hands of a man on their four sides, *verse* 8.

Each of them had the face of a man before, and this stood in the middle between the face of a lion on the right-side and the face of an ox or a calf on the left-side; and the face of an eagle perhaps was placed in the middle above them or behind, though it is not expressly said it was behind, or above; but it is probable the four faces looked four different ways.

But here it must be observed, that what is called the face of an ox; *Ezek.* i. 10. is called the face of a cherub, supposing them the same; *Ezek.* x. 14. A cherub has also the feet of a calf or ox as before mentioned. So that a cherub appears upon the whole to be nearer to the figures of a winged ox and a man with wings, than to any other creature, for it has the hands, body and face of a man, and it has also the face and feet of an ox: It has nothing of a lion but the face, and that is not always mentioned: It has indeed the wings of an eagle always, but an eagle's face is mentioned as one part of a cherub no where else but in this vision.

Note, This vision does not describe whether each of those animals had four feet or two; but it is probable they had but two feet, because it is said, they had the likeness of a man, that is, the figure of his body.

It is plain they had four wings, *verse* 6. two of their wings were stretched upward as for flight, and two covered their bodies, that is, the lower part of their body, for which decency requires a covering. It is very ridiculous therefore to describe them, as some painters do, like naked boys with little wings on their shoulders only.

In these four various faces, the various properties of angels seem to be represented, namely, The understanding and beauty of a man, the obedience and labour or diligence of an ox, the courage and strength of a lion, together with the sharp sight and swiftness of an eagle in fulfilling the commands of God, and in administering his providence.

It may not be improper also to take notice here, that these four creatures, namely, a man, a lion, an ox and an eagle, are unanimously reported by the Jews, though not with sufficient proof, to have been wrought upon the standards of the four leading tribes of the camp of Israel as they are ranged, *Numb.* ii. namely, a lion the standard of Judah, a man the standard of Reuben, an ox the standard of Ephraim, and an eagle the standard of Dan, And these also were the figures of the four living creatures, in Greek ζῶα, which ought not to be translated beasts; *Rev.* iv. 6. which are before the throne of God; who had each of them six wings; and were full of eyes, and are ever engaged in divine worship. These figures in these several places may denote that wherever God is, the creatures that attend him, whether they be men or angels, should be furnished with these qualifications, namely, understanding, obedience, courage and swiftness.

But let us proceed to search out what is said yet further concerning a cherub in scripture.

In *Ezek.* xli. 19, 25. The inner part of Ezekiel's temple was adorned with intermingled cherubs and palm-trees carved on the walls and the doors. Here every cherub had two faces, namely, that of a man and that of a lion; but as they are called cherubs, we may still conclude their feet were the feet of a calf or ox. And why may not Solomon's temple be adorned with the same sort of cherubs and palm-trees; 1 *Kings* vi. 29. that is, with the faces of a man and a lion, and the feet of an ox, though their faces are not expressly mentioned in that place.

Solomon's ten lavers for the temple had their several bases adorned in the border between the ledges with lions, oxen and cherubs, 1 *Kings* vii. 29. so that here a cherub seems to be mentioned instead of the face of a man, and to be distinguished from an ox, though in Ezekiel's vision *chap.* i. and x. the face of a cherub is plainly the same with the face of an ox. Yet on the plates of the ledges were cherubims, lions and palm-trees; 1 *Kings* vii. 36. where neither the face of an ox nor man is mentioned.

Perhaps these differences may be in some measure reconciled if we observe that these cherubs which adorn the walls of Ezekiel's visionary temple, and of Solomon's real temple, and the borders of the brazen lavers, are only graven or carved upon the flat or plane, or at least with some little protuberance above the flat, which the Italians call Basso Relievo: And then that figure which would have had all four faces visible if it had stood forth by itself as a real animal, or a statue, namely, that of a man, a lion, an ox and an eagle, can have but two faces visible, or three at the most, when figured upon a plain or flat surface; the other one or two being hid behind: And thus the cherubs may be in all these places the same four-faced animals, and yet only two or three of their faces appear according to their designed situation and the art of perspective. And perhaps Solomon might diversify these figures for the sake of variety in different parts of these sacred works*.

Upon the whole what if we should conclude a cherub to be most usually figured with a body like a man with four wings, two whereof are stretched for flight, and two covering the lower parts; with the feet of an ox or calf; with the head of a man or an ox, whatever other faces were joined to it whether lions' or eagles', or whether it had any other face or no. It is more likely there was but one sort of face belonged to each of the two cherubs on the mercy-seat, because it is said, their faces looked toward one another, but whether this was the face of an ox, or a man, is not yet absolutely determined.

I think we may allow Jeroboam to be supposed to imitate these cherubs which were on the mercy-seat in his idolatrous worship; and though they had not the perfect shape of a calf, yet they might be called calves in scripture language, by way of reproach and contempt, because they had the feet of a calf if not the head also.

It is evident that Aaron's idol, which was called the golden calf, had more of the resemblance of an ox or a calf than of a man, because the Israelites are said to change their glory, that is, their God, into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass; *Psalm* cvi.

* It is the opinion of some learned men that Ezekiel's temple was but a kind of a repetition of the pattern of the same temple which God gave to David, and by which Solomon built his temple. And that this pattern was given to Ezekiel that he might shew it the Jews, if they were pious and obedient, to animate them to hope for another temple in their own land, and to instruct them in the building of it when they should be released from Babylon; *Ezek.* xl. 4. and xliii. 10, 11. since it was supposed none remained who could remember so much of their old temple as to give particular directions for the building of it.

19. 20. which would hardly have been thus expressed if the idol had nothing of a calf but its feet.

If any will imagine that in *Psalm* xviii. where God is said to ride upon a cherub, the grandeur and terror of the appearance may require the whole figure of a flying ox rather than of a flying man, or rather of a flying animal with all these four faces, I will not oppose it, since it is plain from this whole account that a cherub is described sometimes more like a winged ox and sometimes more like a winged man with feet like oxen or calves. But where it is represented complete in all its various forms unitcd, as in the first and tenth chapters of Ezekiel, it seems to be the body of a winged man with calves' feet, and with four faces, namely, that of a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle; and thus it is always designed to represent the various properties of angels, which are attendants upon the blessed God, more perfectly than any one of these creatures could do alone.

Perhaps when the jewish nation shall be converted and become believers in Christ, there may be such a new effusion of the Spirit on men, or such a happy discovery some way made of the darker parts of the Mosaic economy and the writings of the prophets, as may shew us much more of the resemblance which God designed between the types of the law in the temple and priesthood, and their antitypes in the gospel, than has ever yet appeared; and among other things the form of a cherub, as an attendance of angelic beings on the majesty of God in the holy of holies, may appear more conspicuously in its original truth and glory.

XXI.—THE AUTHOR'S SOLEMN ADDRESS TO THE GREAT AND EVER-BLESSED GOD ON A REVIEW OF WHAT HE HAD WRITTEN IN THE TRINITARIAN CONTROVERSY, PREFIXED BY HIM TO SOME PIECES ON THAT SUBJECT, WHICH IT WAS NOT JUDGED NECESSARY TO PUBLISH.

Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee; yet I may talk with thee concerning thy judgments. Permit me, O my God and Father, to plead with thee concerning thc revelations of thy nature and thy grace, which are made in thy gospel: And let me do it with all that humble reverence, and that holy awe of thy majesty, which becomes a creature in the presence of his God.

Hast thou not, O Lord God Almighty, hast thou not transacted thy divine and important affairs among men by thy Son Jesus Christ, and by thy Holy Spirit? and hast thou not ordained that men should transact their highest and most momentous concerns with thee, by thy Son and by thy Spirit? Hast thou not, by the mouth of thy Son Jesus, required all that profess his religion to bc washed with water in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost? Is it not my duty then, to enquire, who or what are these sacred names, and what they signify? Must I not know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ thy Son, whom thou hast sent, that I may fulfil all my respective duties towards thyself and thy Son, in hope of eternal life? Hath not thy Son himself appealed to thee in his last prayer, that eternal life depends upon this knowledge? And since thou hast made so much use of thy Holy Spirit in our religion, must I not have some knowledge of this thy Spirit also, that I may pay thee all these honours thou requirest from this divine revelation?

Hast thou not ascribed divine names, and titles, and characters to thy Son and thy Holy Spirit in thy word, as well as assumed them to thyself? And hast thou not

appointed to them such glorious offices as cannot be executed without something of divinity or true godhead in them? And yet art not thou, and thou alone, the true God? How shall a poor weak creature be able to adjust and reconcile these clashing ideas, and to understand this mystery? Or must I believe and act blindfold, without understanding?

Holy Father, thou knowest how firmly I believe, with all my soul, whatsoever thou hast plainly written and revealed in thy word. I believe thee to be the only true God, the supreme of beings, self-sufficient for thine own existence, and for all thy infinite affairs and transactions among creatures. I believe thy Son Jesus Christ to be all-sufficient for the glorious work of mediation between God and man, to which thou hast appointed him. I believe he is a man, in whom dwells all the fulness of the godhead bodily. I believe he is one with God; he is God manifested in the flesh; and that the Man Jesus is so closely and inseparably united with the true and eternal Godhead, as to become one person, even as the human soul and body make one man. I believe that this illustrious person is hereby possessed of divine dignity, sufficient to make full atonement for the sins of men by his sufferings and death, even though sin be accounted an infinite evil; and that he hath all-sufficient power to raise himself from the dead, to ascend to heaven, and fulfil the blessed works for which thou hast exalted him, and to govern and judge the world in thine appointed time.

I believe also thy blessed Spirit hath almighty power and influence to do all thy will, to instruct men effectually in divine truths, to change the hearts of fallen mankind from sin to holiness, to carry on thy work of illumination, sanctification, and consolation on the souls of all thy children, and to bring them safe to the heavenly world. I yield myself up joyfully and thankfully to this method of thy salvation, as it is revealed in thy gospel. But I acknowledge my darkness still. I want to have this wonderful doctrine of the all-sufficience of thy Son and thy Spirit, for these divine works, made a little plainer. May not thy humble creature be permitted to know what share they can have in thy deity? Is it a vain and sinful curiosity to desire to have this article set in such a light, as may not diminish the eternal glory of the unity of the true God, nor of the supremacy of Thee the Father of all.

Hadst thou informed me, gracious Father, in any place of thy word, that this divine doctrine is not to be understood by men, and yet they were required to believe it, I would have subdued all my curiosity to faith, and submitted my wandering and doubtful imaginations, as far as it was possible, to the holy and wise determinations of thy word. But I cannot find thou hast any where forbid me to understand it, or to make these enquiries. My conscience is the best natural light thou hast put within me, and since thou hast given me the scriptures, my own conscience bids me search the scriptures, to find out truth and eternal life. It bids me try all things, and hold fast that which is good. And thy own word, by the same expressions, encourages this holy practice. I have, therefore, been long searching into this divine doctrine, that I may pay thee due honour with understanding. Surely I ought to know the God whom I worship, whether he be one pure and simple being, or whether thou art a threefold deity, consisting of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Dear and blessed God, hadst thou been pleased, in any one plain scripture, to have informed me which of the different opinions about the holy Trinity, among the contending parties of christians, had been true, thou knowest with how much zeal, satisfaction,

and joy, my unbiassed heart would have opened itself to receive and embrace the divine discovery. Hadst thou told me plainly, in any single text, that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are three real distinct persons in thy divine nature, I had never suffered myself to be bewildered in so many doubts, nor embarrassed with so many strong fears of assenting to the mere inventions of men, instead of divine doctrine; but I should have humbly and immediately accepted thy words, so far as it was possible for me to understand them as the only rule of my faith? Or, hadst thou been pleased so to express and include this proposition in the several scattered parts of thy book, from whence my reason and conscience might with ease find out, and with certainty infer this doctrine, I should have joyfully employed all my reasoning powers, with their utmost skill and activity, to have found out this inference, and ingrafted it into my soul.

Thou hast taught me, holy Father, by thy prophets, that the way of holiness in the times of the gospel, or under the kingdom of the Messiah, shall be a high-way, a plain and easy path; so that the wayfaring man, or the stranger, though a fool, shall not err therein. And thou hast called the poor and the ignorant, the mean and foolish things of this world, to the knowledge of thyself and thy Son, and taught them to receive and partake of the salvation which thou hast provided. But how can such weak creatures ever take in so strange, so difficult, and so abstruse a doctrine as this; in the explication and defence whereof multitudes of men, even men of learning and piety, have lost themselves in infinite subtleties of dispute, and endless mazes of darkness? And can this strange and perplexing notion of three real persons going to make up one true God, be so necessary and so important a part of that christian doctrine, which, in the Old Testament and the New, is represented as so plain and so easy, even to the meanest understandings?

O thou Searcher of hearts who knowest all things, I appeal to thee concerning the sincerity of my enquiries into these discoveries of thy word. Thou knowest me, thou hast seen me, and hast tried my heart towards thee: If there be any lurking hypocrisy in my heart, any secret bias towards any thing but truth, uncover it, O Father of lights, and banish it from my soul for ever. If thine eye discovers the least spark of criminal prejudice in any corner of my soul, extinguish it utterly, that I may not be led astray from the truth, in matters of such importance, by the least glance of error or mistake.

Thou art witness, O my God, with what diligence, with what constancy and care, I have read and searched thy holy word, how early and late, by night and by day, I have been making these enquiries. How fervently have I been seeking thee on my bended knees, and directing my humble addresses to thee, to enlighten my darkness, and to show me the meaning of thy word, that I may learn what I must believe, and what I must practise with regard to this doctrine, in order to please thee, and obtain eternal life!

Great God, who seest all things, thou hast beheld what busy temptations have been often fluttering about my heart, to call it off from these laborious and difficult enquiries, and to give up thy word and thy gospel as an unintelligible book, and betake myself to the light of nature and reason: But thou has been pleased by thy divine power to scatter these temptations, and fix my heart and my hope again upon that Saviour and that eternal life, which thou has revealed in thy word, and proposed therein, to our knowledge and our acceptance. Blessed be the name of my God, that has not suffered me to abandon the gospel of his Son Jesus! And blessed be that Holy Spirit that has kept me

attentive to the truth delivered in thy gospel, and inclined me to wait longer in my search of these divine truths under the hope of thy gracious illumination.

I humbly call thee to witness, O my God, what a holy jealousy I ever wear about my heart, lest I should do the slightest dishonour to thy supreme Majesty, in any of my enquiries or determinations. Thou seest what a religious fear, and what a tender solicitude I maintain on my soul, lest I should think or speak any thing to diminish the grandeurs and honours of thy Son Jesus, my dear Mediator, to whom I owe my everlasting hopes. Thou knowest how much afraid I am of speaking one word, which may be construed into a neglect of thy blessed Spirit, from whom I hope I am daily receiving happy influences of light and strength. Guard all the motions of my mind, O almighty God, against every thing that borders upon these dangers. Forbid my thoughts to indulge, and forbid my pen to write one word, that should sink those grand ideas which belong to thyself, or thy Son, or thy Holy Spirit. Forbid it, O my God, that ever I should be so unhappy as to unglorify my Father, my Saviour, or my Sanctifier, in any of my sentiments or expressions concerning them.

Blessed and faithful God, hast thou not promised that the meek thou wilt guide in judgment, the meek thou wilt teach thy way? Hast thou not told us by Isaiah thy prophet, that thou wilt bring the blind by a way which they knew not, and wilt lead them in paths which they have not known? Hast thou not informed us by thy prophet Hosea, that if we follow on to know the Lord, then we shall know him? Hath not thy Son, our Saviour, assured us, that our heavenly Father will give his Holy Spirit to them who ask him? And is he not appointed to guide us into all truth? Have I not sought the gracious guidance of thy good Spirit continually? Am I not truly sensible of my own darkness and weakness, my dangerous prejudices on every side, and my utter insufficiency for my own conduct? Wilt thou leave such a poor creature bewildered among a thousand perplexities, which are raised by the various opinions and contrivances of men to explain thy divine truth.

Help me, heavenly Father, for I am quite tired and weary of these human explainings, so various and uncertain. When wilt thou explain it to me thyself, O my God, by the secret and certain dictates of thy Spirit, according to the intimations of thy word? Nor let any pride of reason, nor any affectation of novelty, nor any criminal bias whatsoever, turn my heart aside from hearkening to these divine dictates of thy word and thy Spirit. Suffer not any of my native corruptions, nor the vanity of my imagination, to cast a mist over my eyes, while I am searching after the knowledge of thy mind and will, for my eternal salvation.

I entreat, O most merciful Father, that thou wilt not suffer the remnant of my short life to be wasted in such endless wanderings, in quest of thee and thy Son Jesus, as a great part of my past days have been; but let my sincere endeavours to know thee, in all the ways whereby thou hast discovered thyself in thy word, be crowned with such success, that my soul being established in every needful truth by thy Holy Spirit, I may spend my remaining life according to the rules of thy gospel, and may with all the holy and happy creation ascribe glory and honour, wisdom and power to thee, who sittest upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.

THE

ART OF READING AND WRITING ENGLISH;

OR, THE CHIEF

PRINCIPLES AND RULES OF PRONOUNCING OUR MOTHER-TONGUE,

BOTH IN PROSE AND VERSE;

WITH

A VARIETY OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR TRUE SPELLING.

WRITTEN AT FIRST FOR PRIVATE USE, AND NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL PERSONS WHO DESIRE A BETTER ACQUAINTANCE WITH THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE.

EXTERA QUID QUÆRIT, SUA QUI VERNACULA NESCIT?

ENGLISHED THUS:

LET ALL THE FOREIGN TONGUES ALONE,
TILL YOU CAN SPELL AND READ YOUR OWN.

TO

MRS. SARAH, MRS. MARY, AND MRS. ELIZABETH ABNEY,

DAUGHTERS OF

SIR THOMAS ABNEY, KNIGHT AND ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

MY HONOURED YOUNG FRIENDS,

WHEN it pleased God to afford me the first degrees of release from a long and tiresome weakness, I thought myself bound to make my best acknowledgment of that uncommon generosity and kindness of your honoured parents, by which I was first invited into your family, and my health began to be restored. Nor could I do any thing more grateful to them, nor more pleasing to myself, than offer my assistance in some part of your education, while I was incapable of more public work.

I began therefore at the first principles of learning, that I might have opportunity to correct any lesser mistakes of your youngest years, and to perfect your knowledge of our mother-tongue: For this purpose, when I found no spelling-book sufficient to answer my designs, I wrote many of these directions; but my health was so imperfect, that I was not able, at that time, to transcribe and finish this little book, which was designed for you.

Thus it lay by, neglected, some years, till a charity-school arose at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, raised and supported by the diffusive goodness of your family, in concert with the pious neighbourhood. Then was I requested, and even provoked to put the last hand to this work, for the better instruction of the children that were taught there; though I must confess, it has grown up, under my reviews of it, to a much larger size than I ever intended.

But, Ladies, I take the freedom to make you my sole patronesses in this affair; for I scarce know any thing else that can effectually defend me, for laying out so many hours in these rudiments of learning, but a desire to be made useful in lesser services, while I am cut off from greater; and the duty of gratitude to an excellent household,

where so many years of my affliction have been attended with so rich a variety of conveniencies and benefits: And now I ask your leave to offer it to the public.

May the valuable lives of Sir Thomas Abney, and his honoured Lady, be prolonged as blessings to the world; while the kindness they have shown me, is signally and plentifully rewarded from heaven with blessings on all your heads: And may the little share I have had in assisting your education, be improved by divine providence and grace, to your temporal and everlasting welfare. So prays

Your affectionate Instructor,

And obliged,

Humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

Theobalds in Hertfordshire,
July 31, 1720.

THE

PREFACE.

THE reader is briefly informed, in the Title Page, what is the general design of this little book, and who are the persons that may hope to profit by it. The Dedication sufficiently acquaints him with the occasion of this composure: And since custom has taught the world to expect a word or two of address in the first leaves of a book, it shall be the business of the Preface to offer a few things which relate to the methods of teaching to read and write English, and to declare a little more particularly what may be expected from this attempt.

My learned friends will easily forgive me, that I did not write for them, who are fitter to be my instructors, in a science which has never been my professed business: I expect rather they will reprove me, for descending from nobler studies, to employ my thoughts on so mean a subject. Now, if I had a mind to flatter my ambition, I would call in several great names to answer for me. Shall those renowned divines and mathematicians, Bishop Wilkins, and Dr. Wallis? Shall Milton, that noblest of poets, and Ray, that pious philosopher, busy themselves in grammars and dictionaries, and nomenclatures, and employ their meditations on words and syllables, and that without sinking their character? Then surely I may tread in their steps and imitate such patterns without disgrace.

But I will content myself with a much plainer apology, and confess to the world that I think nothing of this nature too mean for me to lay out a few weeks of my life upon, for the service of a family, to whom, under God, I owe that I live: For when I had surveyed grammars, and spelling-books, for this service, I found none of them perfectly answer my design, that is, to lead English readers into an easy acquaintance with their mother-tongue, without constraining them to acquire the knowledge of other languages. And though I did not set myself at first to write these directions for the public, yet, since they are written, surely I may offer them to the world without offence. It is not my ambition, by this composure, to supplant the primer or the spelling-book. This book was not written to stand in their stead; yet since it lies naturally in my way, I will venture to speak my sentiments concerning the best way of composing them. It is the custom of common spelling-books, in the first part of them, after the letters, to join consonants and vowels together in various forms; then to make tables of common words of one, two, three, and more syllables: After these, they place catalogues of proper names, dividing them all into their distinct syllables; and I think this method is happily and judiciously contrived for the ease of the teacher, and the profit of the learner. In this part, all the words should be ranged in distinct tables, according to their accents on the first, second, or following syllables; and the consonants which are pronounced

double, should have a double accent upon them, as Mr. Dyche has contrived, and Mr. Munday has since improved. At the end of this first part of the book, three or four pages would be sufficient just to tell the young scholars, briefly, which are vowels, which are consonants, which are diphthongs; and to teach them the common stops of comma, colon, and period, with the marks of the ten figures, &c. till they grow up to be fit for a fuller acquaintance with all these things.

But, I think, the second part of a spelling-book would be much better composed of lessons for children of various kinds: Wherein there should be not only such praxes on the words of different syllables, as Mr. Dyche has framed, but several easy portions of scripture collected out of the Psalms, and Proverbs, and the New Testament, as well as other little composures, that might teach them duty and behaviour towards God and man, abroad and at home. Then I would place some pages of short sentences, to discourage the vices to which children are most addicted: Then a catalogue of common English proverbs: After this, some of the more difficult parts of the scripture, with proper names in it, choosing out such verses, as may, at the same time, entertain the child with some agreeable notices of sacred history. Next to this might be added some well-chosen, short, and useful stories, that may entice the young learner to the pleasure of reading; something of the history of mankind, a short account of England, or the common affairs of our nation: And the world will forgive me, if I should say, let a few pieces of poesy be added; and let the verse be of various kinds, to acquaint the learner with all sorts of subjects and manners of writing, that he may know how to read them when they are put into his hand. And if the author would add proper short prayers and graces for children, he has my hearty approbation. After all, it would not be amiss if a leaf or two were employed in showing the child how to read written letters, by a plate of writing in the secretary and the round-hand graven on purpose; as well as the Lord's-prayer, or creed, or some such short specimen, repeated in the Roman, the Italian, the Old English, and the written letters. I should rejoice to see a good spelling-book framed according to this model.

Then, if I might be thought worthy to give advice to the teachers, I would persuade them to follow this method, namely, Let the children learn to know the letters, and a great part of the single syllables, as they are ranked in spelling-books, before they read any thing else; and be sure that they are well taught to give the full force and sound of the vowels and consonants, as they are variously joined. Then let them have two sorts of tasks appointed every day, one in the tables, or catalogues of words in the first part, and one in the lessons of the second part. Thus they would learn at the same time something valuable and useful in life, as well as the art of reading. And by this means also the child would have some variety in his learning, to render it more pleasant.

The book that I have written is supposed at least to follow the first reading of such a spelling-book; or, which is all one, to be written for those who are a little acquainted with reading: For the art of reading is best begun like the art of speaking, and that is, by rote; though it is best improved and perfected by rules.

The manner in which I would advise the perusal of this little book, so far as is necessary for children, should be this: When they give their spelling-books a second reading, or, for want of that, when they begin their Bible, let them also begin such parts as their master shall choose out of this book: And thus they should have two sorts of lessons every day again; and by the one they would learn rules which they should carefully put

in practice in the other. But my chief hope is to improve the knowledge of persons advanced beyond childhood; though I have frequently, in the book, addressed my directions to masters and their scholars.

I persuade myself that there are thousands of young persons, and many at full-grown age, who for want of happier advantages, may profit considerably in this universal piece of knowledge, by the directions that are here proposed. They may learn to read more usefully to those who hear, as well as to write more intelligibly to those who must read, if they will but enter into acquaintance with the principles of their native tongue, and follow the rules here prescribed.

It is not so easy a matter to read well as most people imagine: There are multitudes who can read common words true, can speak every hard name exactly, and pronounce the single or the united syllables perfectly well; who yet are not capable of reading six lines together with their proper sound, and a graceful turn of voice, either to inform or to please the hearers; and if they ever attempt to read verse, even of the noblest composure, they perpetually affect to charm their own ears, as well as the company, with ill tones and cadences, with false accents, and a false harmony, to the utter ruin of the sense, and the disgrace of the poet.

As for spelling, how wretchedly is it practised by the great part of the unlearned world? For having never attained a good knowledge of the general force and sound of the English letters, nor the customary and various use of diphthongs; and being utter strangers to the derivation of words from foreign languages, they neither spell according to custom, nor to the sound, nor the derivation. When they have learned the use of a pen, they make such a hideous jumble of letters to stand for words, that neither the vulgar nor the learned can guess what they mean.

Yet here I am sensible I must beg pardon of the critics, that I have allowed my readers to spell several English words rather according to custom, and the present pronunciation, than in the etymological and learned way; and that I have advised them sometimes to spell words of the same sound, and the same derivation, two different ways, if they have a different meaning; as *practise*, when it is a verb, with an *s;* and when it is a noun, with a *c:* For it is the happiness of any language to distinguish the writing, and, if it were possible, the sound also of every word which has two distinct senses, as we do in the words *advise* and *advice;* that neither speech nor writing might have any thing ambiguous.

I hope they will forgive too, if I have allowed the unlearned to spell many of the same words two ways, even when their sense is the same; as *pretious* may be written with a *t* or a *c*. Perhaps they may tell me, that both these can never be right. But in several of these instances, the critics themselves are at great variance, though the matter is of too trifling importance to be the subject of learned quarrels: And custom, which is, and will be, sovereign over all the forms of writing and speaking, gives me licence to indulge my unlearned readers in this easy practice. I will never contest the business of spelling with any man; for after all the most laborious searches into antiquity, and the combats of the grammarians, there are a hundred words that all the learned will not spell the same way.

I have by no means aimed at perfection, and shall not at all be disappointed when the world tells me I have not attained an impossibility. The English tongue being composed out of many languages, enjoys indeed a variety of their beauties; but by this

means also it becomes so exceeding irregular, that no perfect account of it can be given in certain rules, without such long catalogues of perpetual exceptions as would much exceed the rules themselves. And after all, too curious and exquisite a nicety in these minute affairs, is not worth the tedious attendance of a reasonable mind, nor the labours of a short life. If what was composed for private use, may be made a public advantage, and may assist my countrymen to a little more decency and propriety in reading and spelling than heretofore they practised, they will enjoy the benefit, and I shall rejoice to find that the service is more extensive than my first design.

Those who have a mind to inform themselves more perfectly of the genius and composition of our language, either in the original derivation of it, or in the present use and practice, must consult such treatises as are written on purpose; amongst which, I know none equal to that Essay towards a Practical English Grammar, composed by Mr. James Greenwood; wherein he has shown the deep knowledge, without the haughty airs of a critic; and he is preparing a new edition, with great improvements, by the friendly communications of the learned world. When that ingenious author has finished the work he designs, if he would deny himself so far as to publish a short abstract of the three first parts of it, in two or three sheets, merely for the instruction of common English readers, I am well assured it would give them an easier and better acquaintance with the nature of grammar, and the genius of their native tongue, than any treatise that has ever yet come within my notice.

THE

ART OF READING AND WRITING ENGLISH,

&c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

OF LETTERS AND SYLLABLES.

1 QUESTION.

WHAT is reading?

Answer. To read, is to express written or printed words by their proper sound.

2 *Q.* What are words made of?

A. Words are made of letters and syllables, either one or more; as *I, by, fire, water.*

3 *Q.* What is a letter?

A. A letter is the mark of a single sound; and it is the least part of a word, as *a, m, s.*

4 *Q.* What is a syllable?

A. A syllable is one distinct sound, made by one letter alone; as *a, e, i;* or by more letters joined together; as *ha, bi, dan, den, pint, sport.*

5 *Q.* How many letters are there;

A. There are usually counted twenty-four letters in English, *a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u w x y z.*

6 *Q.* Are all these letters of one sort?

A. Five of them are vowels, as *a, e, i, o, u;* and all the rest are consonants.

Note, I have here followed the old and usual custom of making twenty-four letters, and distinguishing the *u* and *i* into vowels and consonants afterwards; though it had been much more proper and natural, if our fathers had made the *v* and *j* consonants two distinct letters, and called them *ja* and *vee,* and thus made six-and-twenty.

7 *Q.* What is a vowel?

A. A vowel is a letter which can make a perfect and distinct sound of itself, and often makes a syllable alone, as *i, o, a.*

8 *Q.* What is a consonant?

A. A consonant is a letter which can never make a syllable alone, nor give a clear and perfect sound without a vowel pronounced with it.

9 *Q.* How does it appear that a consonant can make no perfect sound by itself alone?

A. The very names of the consonants cannot be spoken, nor mentioned, without the sound of a vowel; as *f* is called *ef; b* is called *bee; k* is called *ka.*

10 *Q.* Are the consonants all of one kind?

A. Five of the consonants are called liquids, or half vowels, because they have a kind of imperfect sound of themselves, as *l, m, n, r, s;* the rest are mutes, or quite silent.

CHAPTER II.

OF LETTERS CHANGING THEIR NATURE, DOUBLE CONSONANTS, AND DIPHTHONGS.

1 QUESTION.

DO the vowels never become consonants?

Answer. *i* and *u* are sometimes made consonants, and have a different shape and sound, as *ja* and *va.*

2 *Q.* How does the *j* consonant sound?

A. *j*, when it is a consonant, sounds like a soft *g*, as in the words *jest* and *judge.*

3 *Q.* How does *v* sound when it is a consonant?

A. The *v* consonant sounds almost like *f*, as in the words *value*, *visit*, *live*, *starve.*

4 *Q.* Do any of the consonants ever become vowels?

A. *y* and *w* sometimes are used for vowels.

5 *Q.* When is *y* a vowel?

A. *y* is a vowel whensoever it sounds like *i*, as *type*, *rhyme;* and it is often written instead of *i*, at the end of a word, as in *fly*, *city*, *mystery.*

6 *Q.* When is *w* a vowel?

A. *w* is a vowel when it sounds like *u*, and comes after another vowel to make a diphthong; as in these words, *law*, *few*, *town.*

7 *Q.* What is a diphthong?

A. A diphthong is when two vowels are joined together in one syllable, to make one sound, as *ai* in *raise*, *ee* in *feed*, *ie* in *grief*, *oa* in *goat*, *ow* in *grow*, and *uy* in *buy.*

8 *Q.* Are two consonants never joined together in one syllable?

A. Yes; sometimes double consonants begin words or syllables, and sometimes end them; as *fl* in *fly*, *st* in *star*, and *ng* in *king*, with many others.

9 *Q.* Are three vowels or consonants never joined together?

A. Sometimes three vowels are joined in one sound, and make a triphthong, as *uai* in *acquaint*, *eau* in *beauty*, *ieu* in *lieu*, *iew* in *view;* and sometimes three consonants, as *str* in *strong*, *thr* in *throw;* or four, as *ngth* in *length*, *rcht* in *parcht*, *phth* in *phthisic.*

Note, By this means there are a few words in the English tongue that are of one syllable, and have seven consonants to one vowel; as *strength*, *stretcht.*

10 *Q.* Do the letters never alter or lose their sound?

A. Vowels, consonants, and diphthongs alter their sound very much in different words, and sometimes entirely lose it.

11 *Q.* How may you know when any letter loses or changes its sound?

A. Though many of these things in the following chapters are reduced to rules; yet these rules are so large, and the exceptions so many, that we may almost as well learn this by practice.

Note, The following chapters, as far as the tenth, may be read by children two or three times over; but they should not be put to the task of learning them by heart. Yet if the master thinks proper to mark out a few of the most useful questions in them for his scholars to learn, he must use his own discretion in choosing them; and thus proceed to the tenth chapter.

CHAPTER III.

OF CONSONANTS CHANGING THEIR SOUND.

1 QUESTION.

WHICH are the consonants that alter their sound in different words?

Answer. Chiefly these six, *c*, *g*, *h*, *k*, *s*, and *t*.

2 *Q.* When doth *c* change its proper sound?

A. *c* properly sounds like *k*, as *can*, *cry*; but before *e*, *i*, or *y*, it is pronounced like *s*, as *cease*, *city*, *cypress*, *mercy*.

3 *Q.* How doth *g* change its pronunciation?

A. Three ways; when it comes before *e*, *i*, or *y*, when it comes before *h*, and when it comes before *n*.

4 *Q.* How doth *g* change its sound before *e*, *i*, or *y*?

A. *g* before *e*, *i*, or *y*, at the end of a syllable, always sounds soft like *j* consonant, as *huge*, *barge*, *clergy*; and sometimes before *e*, *i*, or *y*, in the beginning of a syllable, as *gentle*, *ginger*, *gipsy*; but not always, as *get*, *give*; for which there are no certain rules.

5 *Q.* Are *g* and *c* always sounded hard before a consonant?

A. Let it be noted, That wheresoever the letters *c* or *g* come before an apostrophe, where the vowel *e* is cut off, or left out, the *c* and *g* must still be sounded soft, as though *e* were written; as *placed*, plac'd; *danced*, danc'd; *raged*, rag'd; *changed*, chang'd.

6 *Q.* How doth *g* alter its sound before *h*?

A. *gh*, at the end of a syllable, only lengthens the sound of it, as *high*, *bright*, *dough*, *sigh*, which some pronounce *sithe*; except in these few words, where it is pronounced like *f*, as *cough*, *trough*, *chough*, *laugh*, *laughter*, *rough*, *tough*, *hough*, and *enough*.

7 *Q.* How does *g* sound before *n*?

A. When *g* comes before *n*, in the beginning of a word, it sounds like *h*, as *gnaw*, *gnash*, *gnat*.

8 *Q.* Does *h* show any alteration in its sound?

A. *ch*, *sh*, and *th*, have a peculiar sound like new and distinct letters, as *chalk*, *cheese*, *shall*, *shew*, *that*, *there*; and *ph*, which sounds like *f*, as *physic*, *dolphin*.

9 *Q.* Doth *th* always sound alike?

A. *th* sometimes has a hard sound, as *this*, *they*, *bathe*, *brother*; and sometimes it is sounded softer, as *hath*, *bath*, *thin*, *thick*.

10 *Q.* Wherein doth *k* alter its sound?

A. *k* before *n*, in the beginning of a word, is pronounced like *h*, as *knock*, *knife*, *knowledge*.

11 *Q.* Wherein doth *s* change its pronunciation?

A. *s* sounds sometimes softer, as *this*, *best*, *lesson*; sometimes hard, like *z*, as *these*, *his*, *reason*.

12 *Q.* How does *t* change its sound?

A. *ti*, *ci*, and *si*, in the middle of a word, sound like *sh*; when another vowel follows them, as *social*, *vision*, *action*, *relation*; except when *s* goes just before the *t*, as *christian*,

question; also except such derivative words as *emptied, mightier, twentieth,* which are but few.

13 *Q.* Doth *t* sound like *s* any where else?

A. st sounds like double *s* in such words as these, *castle, thistle, whistle.*

CHAPTER IV.

OF CONSONANTS THAT LOSE THEIR SOUND.

1 QUESTION.

ARE all the consonants always pronounced?

Answer. Nine consonants lose their sounds entirely in some words, as *b, c, g, h, l, n, p, s,* and *w.*

2 *Q.* When doth *b* lose its sound?

A. b is not sounded at the end of a word just after *m,* as *lamb, comb;* nor before *t,* as *debt, doubt,*

3 *Q.* When is *c* quite silent?

A. c is not sounded in these words, *verdict, victuals, indict, muscle.*

4 *Q.* Where has *g* no sound?

A. g has no sound before *n,* in the end of a word, as *sign, sovereign;* except *condign.*

5 *Q.* When is *h* without sound?

A. h is hardly sounded in these words, *honour, honest, heir, herb, &c.*

6 *Q.* When is *l* not pronounced?

A. The sound of *l* is almost worn out towards the end of a syllable in many words; as *psalm, half, fault, talk, salmon, faulcon.*

7 *Q.* Where is *n* silent?

A. n is never pronounced at the end of a word after *m,* as *damn, condemn, column, contemn, limn, solemn, hymn, autumn;* nor in the words *malt-kiln,* and *brick-kiln.*

8 *Q.* Where does *p* lose its sound?

A. p can hardly be sounded in such words as these, *receipt, psalm, tempt, empty, redemption.*

9 Q. In what words doth *s* lose its sound?

A. s is not sounded in *isle, island, demesne, viscount.*

10 *Q.* When is *w* not pronounced?

A. The sound of *w* before *r* is almost worn out, as *wrath, write, bewray;* nor is it sounded after *s* in these words, *sword, swoon, answer.*

Note, I have not mentioned here such consonants as *c* in *scissors, science, back, sick, &c.* and *t* in *pitch, catch; h* in *ghess, ghost, rhyme, myrrh;* because they have all the sound they can have, in the place where they stand.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE SEVERAL SOUNDS OF SINGLE VOWELS.

1 QUESTION.

DO the vowels always keep the same sound?

Answer. Every vowel has a long and a short sound, but the letter *a* is pronounced long, and short, and broad.

2 *Q.* How are these three several sounds of *a* distinguished?

A. *a* is sounded short in *mat, cart;* it is long in *mate, care;* and broad in *malt, call.*

3 *Q.* What are the different sounds of *e?*

A. *e* is pronounced short in *hell, then, ever;* and long in *he, here, these, even:* and besides these, the short sound is sometimes prolonged, as *there, where, equal, &c.*

4 *Q.* How is *i* sounded?

A. We pronounce *i* short in *fist, mill, thin;* long in *fire, mile, thine;* and it sounds like short *u* in *first, third, bird, dirt,* &c.

5 *Q.* How is *o* pronounced?

A. It is a short *o* in *not, rod;* it is a long *o* in *post, gold;* it is sounded double in *to, do, move, prove;* it sounds like *i* in *women;* and it is pronounced like short *u* in *love, dost, doth, some, comfort, conduit, money,* and some others.

6 *Q.* Has *u* several sounds also?

A. *u* is pronounced short in *dull, cut:* long in *dure, cure;* and it sounds like a short *i* in *bury, busy,* and words derived from them.

7 *Q.* How shall you know when these vowels are to be pronounced long or short?

A. This can hardly be determined by any general rules, but must be learned by practice; yet there is this one rule that scarce ever fails, namely, All single vowels are short, where only a single consonant comes after them in the same syllable, as *stag, then, pin, not, cur;* and they have a long sound if *e* be added at the end of a word after a single consonant, as *stage, these, pine, note, cure.*

The chief exception to this rule are the letters *i* and *o* in some few common words, which custom pronounces short, though they have an *e* at the end; as *give, live, one, some, come, gone, love, done, dove.*

8 *Q.* When must *a* have its broad sound?

A. Chiefly in two cases:

First, *a* hath generally its broad sound when *l* follows it in the same syllable, as *call, false, bald, halter;* except in some words that have double *l* in the middle, as *tallow, sallad;* or where *f* or *v* consonant follows it, as *calf, half, salve.*

Secondly, *a* is often pronounced broad, when it comes after a *w* in the same syllable; as *war, was, water, swan, swallow,* and some few other words.

9 *Q.* What general exception is there to these two rules concerning the letter *a?*

A. *a* must be sounded long like other vowels in short words that end in *e,* though an *l* come after it, or *w* before it; as *pale, whale, wade, sware, waste.*

CHAPTER VI.

OF SINGLE VOWELS LOSING THEIR SOUND.

1 QUESTION.

DO the vowels ever quite lose their sound?

Answer. One of the vowels in a diphthong often loses its sound, and sometimes single vowels too.

2 *Q.* When doth *a* lose its sound?

A. A single *a* seldom or never loses its sound, except in *diamond.*

3 *Q.* When doth *e* lose its sound?

A. e loses its sound in words of two syllables that end in *en,* as *garden, token;* or *le,* as *candle, castle;* or *re,* as *metre, lucre.*

Note, In these sort of words the sound of the vowel may be dropped without loss; because *n, l, r,* are liquids, or half-vowels, and have some imperfect sound of their own.

4 *Q.* Is a single *e* ever pronounced at the end of a word?

A. A single *e* is never pronounced at the end of a word, but where there is no other vowel in the word, as *the, he, she, me, we, be.*

5 *Q.* Why then doth *e* stand at the end of so many words, if it must be silent and not pronounced?

A. The silent *e* at the end of a word serves two purposes:

First, It makes that word a syllable long, which otherwise would be short, as *can, cane; not, note; hast, haste; bath, bathe.*

Secondly, It softens the sound of *c* and *g,* as *lac, lace; rag, rage; sing, singe.*

In other words it does nothing but shew the genius and custom of the English tongue, which seldom ends a word with any other of the four vowels; as *lie, die, toe, foe, sloe, true, virtue, plague.*

6 *Q.* Are there any words wherein *i* is not pronounced?

A. i is not pronounced in *evil, devil, venison, marriage, carriage, business, cushion, fashion, parliament.*

7 *Q.* Doth *o* ever lose its sound?

A. The sound of *o* is lost in many words ending in *on,* as *mutton, crimson, bacon.*

8 *Q.* Doth *u* ever quite lose its sound?

A. A single *u* is always pronounced: But it is often lost when another vowel follows it after *g,* as *guard, guilty, tongue, plague;* yet not always, as *anguish, languish.*

9 *Q.* Doth not *u* lose its sound after *q?*

A. q is never written without *u;* and there are some words wherein the *u* is quite silent; as *conquer, musquet, liquor, masquerade;* and all words borrowed from other languages that end in *que,* as *barque, risque, burlesque, oblique.*

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SOUND OF DIPHTHONGS.

1 QUESTION.

ARE both the vowels in a diphthong plainly pronounced?

Answer. In some words they seem to be both pronounced, in some they are not, and in other words they have a peculiar sound by themselves.

2 *Q.* Give some instances of words where both vowels seem to be pronounced.

A. ai are both pronounced in the word *pain*, *ou* in *house*, *oi* in *point*, *ow* in *cow*.

3 *Q.* Give some instances of diphthongs, where but one of the vowels is pronounced.

A. a only is pronounced in *heart*, *e* in *bread*, *i* in *guide*, *o* in *cough*, and *u* in *rough*.

4 *Q.* Give some instances where the vowels, joined in a diphthong, have a peculiar sound of their own.

A. ee in *need*, *oo* in *moon*.

5 *Q.* What is the use of writing two vowels, where but one is pronounced?

A. Custom has made it necessary, and it serves also generally to lengthen the syllable, or to alter the sound of the other vowel; as *au* in *cause*, *eo* in *people*, and *oa* in *groan*.

6 *Q.* Do not diphthongs much alter their sound in different words?

A. Yes; so much, as scarce to be reduced to any certain rules, and it is better learned by custom and practice.

Note, It has been usual, with writers on these subjects, to distinguish the diphthongs into two sorts, namely, *proper* and *improper:* They call those *proper* where both vowels are pronounced; and *improper*, where one only is sounded. But there are so many instances wherein one of the vowels is not sounded, even in those which they call proper diphthongs, as in *aunt*, *grow*, *flow*, *cough*, *rough*, *neuter*, &c. that I choose rather to make no such distinction between them; for it is nothing but practice can teach us how and when one or both vowels are to be sounded.

We should proceed in the next place to shew what difference there is in the pronunciation of proper names, or words of any foreign language.

Let it be observed in general, that most words borrowed or derived from the learned languages, namely, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, are pronounced in English, as Englishmen pronounce them in those languages; except where the termination is altered, and those words are made English, then that determination is pronounced according to the English custom.

Those words that we have borrowed from our neighbour nations, such as the French, &c. should be pronounced nearly as a Frenchman pronounces them in his own tongue.

But to help the English reader, these few following rules may be of some advantage.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE SOUND OF THE CONSONANTS IN FOREIGN WORDS.

1 QUESTION.

WHICH of the consonants differ from their English sound in words borrowed or derived from other languages?

Answer. c, *g*, *h*, and *t*, in proper names, and foreign words, differ a little from the usual English pronunciation; also the double consonant *ch*.

2 *Q.* Wherein doth *c* differ?

A. *c* sounds like *k* in *sceptic, scepticism, sceleton, ascetic;* and some proper names, as *Cis, Cenchrea, Aceldama.*

3 *Q.* Where doth *ch* differ from the English sound?

A. *ch* sounds like *k* in words derived from the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; as *chaos, character, christian, stomach, anchor, scheme, &c.* and proper names, as, *Melchizedek, Archelaus, Archippus,* and *Antioch.* But there are two exceptions.

First, except *schism, schismatic, drachm, &c.* where the *ch* is lost.

Secondly, except *Rachael, Tychicus, cherubim;* and the words that are made English beginning with *arch,* as *arch-bishop, arch-angel, architect,* where *ch* has the proper English sound; though if a vowel follow *arch,* the *ch,* may be also sometimes sounded like *k;* as *archetype, architect, &c.* may be read *arke-type, arki-tect.*

4 *Q.* How is *ch* sounded in French words?

A. *ch* in French words sounds like *sh,* as *chevalier, machine, capuchin, chagrin.*

5 *Q.* How is *g* sounded in proper names, and foreign words?

A. *g* keeps its hard sound in most proper names, and foreign words, before *e* and *i,* as *Geba, Gilboa, Gilbert, Gelderland, Rhegium;* except some few, as, *Geoffry, George, Gyles, Egypt,* and all French words, where it is sounded soft.

6 *Q.* Is *h* sounded in foreign words?

A. It is usually sounded as in English; but the sound of it is quite lost in these following proper names, *Dorothy, Esther, Anthony, Thomas, Arthur, John, Humphry* or *Humphrey;* and at the end of words after a vowel, as *Messiah, Jeremiah, Shiloh.*

7 *Q.* Wherein doth *t* change its English sound?

A. *ti* in Greek and Hebrew proper names keeps its own natural sound, as *Pelatiah, Phaltiel, Adramyttium, &c.* In Latin words it is sounded like *sh,* as *Gratian, Portius,* as it is in English.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE SOUND OF VOWELS IN FOREIGN WORDS.

1 QUESTION.

Is *a* sounded in all foreign words?

Answer. The sound of *a* is almost lost in *Bilboa, Guinea, Pharaoh, Israel,* and some others.

2 *Q.* Is *e* at the end of a foreign word pronounced?

A. Yes; always in Hebrew words, as *Jesse, Mamre;* in Greek, as an *epitome,* a *catastrophe, Candace, Phebe;* and in Latin, as a *simile, præmunire:* Except where the termination or end of the word is made English, as *Eve, Tyre, Crete, Kenite, Israelite, ode, scheme, dialogue, &c.* which the English learner can know only by custom.

3 *Q.* How are the diphthongs sounded in foreign words?

A. The learned languages, as Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, have but few diphthongs in comparison of English; therefore in words that are borrowed thence, two distinct vowels generally make two distinct syllables; as the Latin, *de-ist, po-et, cre-ate, co-operate, Je-su-it;* the Greek, *ide-a, oce-an, Archela-us, Zacche-us, Co-os;* the Hebrew, *Kadesh-barne-a, Ephra-im, Abi-ezer, Zo-ar,* and *Gibe-on.*

4 *Q.* How is double *a*, or double *e*, sounded in foreign words?

A. We meet with these chiefly in Hebrew names, and they are sounded for the most part like single *a*, or single *e;* as *Isaac*, *Canaan*, *Balaam*, *Baal*, *Beershebah*, and *Beel-zebub*.

5 *Q.* What are the chief diphthongs in Latin that are brought into the English tongue?

A. ae and *oe*, in which the two vowels are joined together often in writing, as *æ* and *œ*, and always sound like an English *e;* as *Æneas*, *Ætna*, *Cæsar*, *œconomy;* and oftentimes are so written, as *Eneas*, *Cesar*, *&c.*

" Here let the scholar learn the following rules, and perfectly understand and remember the two next chapters, at least the sense of them."

CHAPTER X.

OF DIVIDING THE SYLLABLES IN SPELLING.

HAVING finished all that is necessary concerning the sound of letters, I proceed to consider them as joined in syllables and words in spelling.

1 *Q.* What is spelling?

A. Spelling is the art of composing words out of letters and syllables, either in reading or writing.

2 *Q.* How are the letters to be divided in spelling words of several syllables?

A. All the letters that make up the first syllable are to be put together, and pronounced; then put the letters that make up the second syllable together, and having pronounced them, join them to the first, and thus proceed till the word is finished: As for example, in the word Philosopher.

P, *h*, *i*, ——————Phi
l, *o*, ————lo————Phi—lo
s, *o*, ————so————Phi—lo—so
p, *h*, *e*, *r*, ———pher———Phi-lo-so-pher.

3 *Q.* How shall I know how many syllables are in a word?

A. Consider how many distinct sounds are in it, or how many pauses or stops may be made in the pronouncing of it, for there are just so many syllables in that word; as in *but-ter*, *a-ny*, *can-dle*, are two syllables, because they are two distinct sounds; in *tes-ti-fy*, are three syllables, because three sounds; and in *tes-ti-mo-ny* there are four.

Note here, That a word of one syllable is called a *monosyllable;* a word of two is a *dissyllable;* and three make a *trissyllable;* words of more syllables are called *polysyllables*.

4 *Q.* What is the great general rule for true spelling?

A. In dividing syllables aright, you must put as many letters to one syllable as make one distinct sound in pronouncing that word; as *tri-al*, *con-straint*, *i-vy*, *but-ter*, *mag-ni-fy*, *temp-ta-ti-on*.

5 *Q.* What are the four particular rules for true spelling?

A. The first rule is this: A consonant betwixt two vowels must be joined to the latter

of them, as *a-bide, po-per, na-ked;* except the letter *x*, which is always joined to the vowel that goes before, as *ox-en, ex-er-cise.*

Observe here, that *ch, ph, th,* and *sh*, are to be counted single consonants, and belong to this rule, as *fa-ther, cy-pher;* except where they are sounded apart, as *up-hold, pot-hook, grass-hopper.*

6 *Q.* Are there not some words wherein a single consonant, between two vowels, is pronounced in the former syllable; as *image, body, mother;* and some others?

A. In all such words the sound of the consonant is truly double, and belongs to both syllables; but custom has determined that the consonant shall be rather joined to the latter in writing and spelling, as *i-mage, bo-dy, mo-ther.*

7 *Q.* What is the second rule for true spelling?

A. When two consonants of the same kind come together in the middle of a word, they must be parted, that is, one to the former syllable, and the other to the latter, as *bor-row, com-mon, lit-tle.*

8 *Q.* What is the third rule?

A. When several consonants come together in the middle of a word, they must be placed in the syllables according to the distinct sounds; as in the words *re-store, be-speak, a-skew, a-squint, fa-ble,* all the middle consonants belong to the last syllable: But the very same consonants in *mas-ter, whis-per, bas-ket, mus-quet, pub-lish,* must be divided, one to the first syllable, and the other to the latter, because they are so pronounced.

9 *Q.* What is the fourth rule?

A. When two vowels come together in the middle of a word, and both are fully pronounced in distinct sounds, they must be divided in distinct sounds, as *cre-ate, ru-in, No-ah;* though the very same vowels are diphthongs in the words *fear, guilt, goat,* and make but one syllable.

CHAPTER XI.

OF COMPOUND AND DERIVATIVE WORDS.

1 QUESTION.

WHAT sort of words are excepted from these particular rules?

Answer. Compound words and derivatives.

2 *Q.* What is a compound word?

A. A compound word is either made up of two distinct words, as *where-in, thank-ful, sap-less, cart-horse, up-hold;* or it is made of one word, which is called the primitive, and a syllable going before it, which is called a preposition; such as *ad, en, un, sub, per, de, dis, pre, trans, re,* &c. whence arise such words as these, *en-able, un-equal, dis-ease, re-strain, trans-act,* and such like.

3 *Q.* What is a derivative word?

A. A derivative word is made of one word and a syllable coming after it, which is called a termination; such as *ed* in *paint-ed, en* in *gold-en, ess* in *count-ess, est* in *read-est, eth* in *speak-eth, er* in *hear-er, ing* in *talk-ing, ish* in *fool-ish, ist* in *art-ist, ous* in *covet-ous, ly* in *kind-ly;* and several others.

4 *Q.* How must compound and derivative words be divided in spelling?

A. The single words must keep their own proper letters and syllables distinct, and the little prepositions or terminations must be spelt distinct by themselves.

5 *Q.* Are any compound words excepted from this rule?

A. In such as are derived from the Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, as *adorn*, *proselyte*, *transient*, *iniquity*, *Bethel*, and several others, the primitive word can never be distinguished without the knowledge of other tongues: And therefore the English scholar may spell them according to the common rules, without just blame; as *pro-selyte*, *transient*, *a-dorn*, *ini-quity*, *Be-thel*.

6 *Q.* Are any derivative words reduced also to the common rules?

A. Yes, there are two sorts:

First, Such as end in a single consonant, and double it before the termination, as *cut*, *cut-teth*; *glad*, *glad-der*; *com-mit*, *commit-ting*.

Secondly, Such as end in *e*, and lose it before the termination, as from *write* come *writ-est*, *writ-eth*, *writ-er*, *writ-ing*; all which must be spelled by the common rules.

Note, The following chapter is not necessary for children.

CHAPTER XII.

OF QUANTITY AND ACCENT.

1 QUESTION.

ARE all words and syllables to be pronounced with the same sort of voice or sound?

Answer. Every syllable must be sounded according to its proper quantity, and every word of two or more syllables must have its proper accent.

2 *Q.* What is quantity?

A. Quantity is the distinction of syllables into long or short.

3 *Q.* How are long and short syllables distinguished?

A. All long syllables have a diphthong in them, as *gain*, *heap*, or else the vowel has a long or a broad sound, as *gall*, *mate*, *hope*; all other syllables are short; as *mât*, *hop*, *bank*, *string*, *punch*.

4 *Q.* What do you mean by accent?

A. The accent is a particular stress or force of sound that the voice lays upon any syllable, whether the syllable be long or short, as *ó* in *ó-pen*, *pé* in *pé-ny*.

5 *Q.* Doth not the accent then always belong to the long syllable?

A. Though the accent is laid much more frequently on a long syllable, than a short one, yet not always; for in these words *móney*, *bórrow*, the last syllable is long, and the first short, yet the accent belongs to the first.

Yet here let it be noted, *That though in reading* Verse, *the accent must be laid on the same syllables as it is in* Prose, *and the words must have the same pronunciation; yet a syllable in* Verse *is called* Long *or* Short, *not according to the* long *or* short vowel, *but according to the* accent.

6 *Q.* Is the accent always the same in the same words?

A. It is for the most part the same; yet there are two cases wherein, sometimes, the accent differs.

First, The same word when it signifies an action, is accented upon the last syllable,

as to *contráct*, to *rebél:* when it signifies a thing, the accent is sometimes transferred to the first, as a *cóntract*, a *rébel.*

Secondly, Though compound words and derivatives are most times accented like their primitives, yet not always; as *máker* has a strong accent on the first syllable, which is lost in *shoe-maker; prefér* has the accent on the last syllable; but *préference* and *préferable* on the first: *Fínite* has its accent on the *fi*, but *ínfinite* on the syllable *in;* and *infínity* has it restored to the syllable *fi*, again.

7 *Q.* Doth the accent change the sound of letters?

A. Wheresoever the accent is laid on a short vowel before a single consonant, it makes the consonant be pronounced double, as *málice, séven, bódy*, must be sounded like *mal-lice, sev-ven, bod-dy.*

8 *Q.* Have any words more accents than one?

A. Yes, some long words have two accents, as *únivérsal, ómniprésent*, both which are accented on the first and third syllables: *Tránsubstántiátion* has three; but generally one of those accents is much stronger than the other.

9 *Q.* Are there any certain directions where to place the accent in words of several syllables?

A. Though there can no certain rules be given where to place the accent, but custom must entirely determine; yet there is this general observation, which may be of some use, namely, *That it is the custom of the* English, *in most words, to remove the accent far from the last syllable;* whence these particular remarks follow:

1 *Remark*, That in words of two syllables, where both are short, or both long, the accent is laid generally on the first, as *mántle, prívate.*

2 *Remark*, If the first syllable only be long, the accent is very seldom laid on the last.

3 *Remark*, That where the accent lies on the last syllable, the word is almost always a kind of a compound, and the first syllable is a preposition, as *compléte, dissólve, prevént, retúrn.*

4 *Remark*, That in words of three, four, or five syllables, the accent is seldom laid on the two last syllables, but often on one of the first, as *céremony, abóminable, quéstionable, vísionary.*

Last Remark, In words of six syllables there are frequently two accents, one on the first, and the other on the fourth, as *jústificátion, únphilosóphical, fámiliárity.*

But after all the rules that can be given, I know not any thing that will lead a child so easily to put the right accent upon words, as tables or catalogues of words disposed according to their accents on the first, second, or third syllables, &c.

It must be acknowledged that our language is compounded and mingled with so many languages, that renders the sounds of letters and syllables so very irregular, that it is hardly to be learned by any rules, without long and particular catalogues of words, or by constant observation and practice.

Thus far have I followed the common method, and written those chapters in the way of *Question* and *Answer:* It is easy for any master to teach children the following chapters in the same manner: But it would have taken up too much room to have written the whole book in this method.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE NOTES OR POINTS USED IN WRITING OR PRINTING.

AFTER such an account of *letters* and *syllables* as I thought necessary, in order to pronounce *single words* aright, we come now to consider how they are to be pronounced when they are *joined together* to make up *sentences;* and this is what we call *reading* in the most proper sense.

But before I lay down particular *directions how to read*, we must take notice of several sorts of *points* and *marks*, that are used in writing or printing, to distinguish the several parts of a sentence, and the several kinds of sentences and ways of writing which are used, that the learner may know how to manage his voice, according to the sense.

The *points* or *marks*, used in writing or printing, may be distinguished into three sorts, and called *stops of the voice, notes of affection, and marks in reading*.

The *stops of the voice* shew us where to make a pause, or rest, and take breath; and are these four:

1. Comma , 2. Semicolon ; 3. Colon : 4. Period .

1. A *comma* divides betwixt all the lesser parts of the same sentence, and directs us to rest while we can tell two; as, *Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall separate me from thy love.*

2. A *semicolon* separates betwixt the bigger parts or branches of the same sentence, and directs us to rest while we can tell three; as, *Woe to them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.* And especially where there is a sort of opposition between the one and the other; as, *And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are justified*, &c.

3. A *colon* divides between two or more sentences that belong to the same sense, and have any proper connection with one another; and it requires a pause a little longer than a *semicolon;* as *My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right-hand upholdeth me.* But let it be noted, that a *colon* and a *semicolon* are often used one for the other, especially in our Bibles.

4. A *period*, or full stop, shows either the sense, or that particular sentence to be fully finished, and requires us to rest while we can tell five or six, if the sentence be long; or while we can tell four, if it be short: as, *Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks. Quench not the Spirit.*

The *notes of affection* are these two:

1. Interrogation ? 2. Exclamation !

1. A note of *interrogation* requires as long a stop as a period, and is always used when a question is asked: as, *What advantage hath a Jew? or what profit is there of circumcision?*

2. A note of *exclamation*, or as some call it *admiration*, requires also a stop as long as a *period*, and betokens some sudden passion of the mind, as admiring, wishing, or crying out; as *O that I might have my request! Alas! Alas! How is the city fallen!*

The *other marks* used in reading are these twelve:

1. Apostrophe '	5. Paragraph ¶	9. Index ☞
2. Hyphen - or =	6. Quotation "	10. Asterisk *
3. Parenthesis ( )	7. Section §	11. Obelisk †
4. Brackets [ ]	8. Ellipsis - - or —	12. Caret ^

1. *Apostrophe*, or as it may be written in *English apostrophy*, is set over a word where some letter is left out; as, *'tis*, *thro'*, *lov'd*, *fear'd*, for *it is*, *through*, *loved*, *feared*.

2. An *hyphen* joins two words together which make a compound, as *coach-man*, *apple-pye*; or if the line end in the middle of a word it is used to show that those divided syllables should be joined together in reading, and make but one word.

3. A *parenthesis* is used to include something that is not necessary to the sense, but brought in by the bye, to explain or illustrate it; as, *To their power (I bear record) they were willing of themselves. I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing.*

Note, That before and after a *parenthesis* you must stop as long as at a *comma*; and the words inclosed in the *parenthesis* must be pronounced with a little different sound of voice sometimes.

4. *Brackets* or *crotchets*, are used to include a word or two which is mentioned in the sentence, as the very matter of discourse; as, *The little word* [man] *makes a great noise in the world.* These brackets are also used sometimes to include a part of a sentence that is cited from another author, sometimes to inclose a word or sentence that is to be explained, and sometimes the explication itself; as, *When* David *said* [Thou wilt shew me the path of life] *he foretold the resurrection of Christ;* Psalm xvi. 11.

Note, That *brackets* and *parenthesis* [ ] and ( ) are often used for one another without distinction.

5. A *paragraph* is thus marked ¶, and is used chiefly in the Bible, to distinguish a new paragraph, or where another sense or subject begins, or some new matter.

6. A *quotation* is marked with reversed *commas*, thus "; and is used when something is repeated or quoted out of another author, both at the beginning of the quotation, and at the beginning of every line of it; as, *An old philosopher said*, " I carry all my " goods about me."

7. A *section* § is used for the same purpose, in other books, as a *paragraph* ¶ is in the Bible. *Sections* are made for dividing chapters of any book into several parts.

Note, At the end of a *paragraph*, or the end of a *section*, the reader should make a little longer stop or pause, than he does at a common *period*.

8. *Ellipsis*, or as some call it *a blank line*, is used when part of the word is left out and concealed, as *D*— of *B*——*m*, for *Duke of Buckingham:* or when part of a sentence or verse, &c. is omitted or wanting, either in the beginning or at the end, as —— *that I may recover strength before I go hence.*—Psalm xxxix. 13. When part of a book or chapter is lost, it is often marked thus * * *.

9. *Index* or *Hand* ☞ points to something very remarkable, that should particularly be taken notice of.

10. *Asterism* or *asterisk* *, a *star*, and

11. *Obelisk* or *dagger* † and other marks, such a *parallels* ‖ and ‖‖, &c. refer the reader to something in the margin.

12. A *caret* is made thus ∧, and is set under the line, where some word or syllable is left out, which is commonly written above the line, and should be read where this note stands, as in

and
Fear God, ∧ *honour the king.*

But this is used only in writing, not in printing; and it is called *interlining*.

It may not be amiss to add here that crooked line which is usually called *braces*, ⌐¬ whose design is to couple two or more words or lines together, that have relation to one thing; thus,

The letter A *has* { *a long* / *a short* / or / *a broad* } *sound.*

And it saves the writer the trouble of repeating the same word or words.

It is used also sometimes in poetry, when three lines have the same rhyme or ending; as,

'Not all the skill that mortals have,
'Can stop the hand of death, or save
'Their fellow-mortals from the grave."

There are also some other *marks* that belong to single words, and not to sentences; but these are seldom used except in particular books, especially such as treat of grammar, spelling, poesy, &c. namely,

Dialysis ¨ over two vowels, to shew they must be pronounced in distinct syllables, as *Raphaël.*

Circumflex ^ over a long syllable, as *Euphrâtes, Thessalonîca, Aristobûlus.*

Accent ′ to shew where the stress or force of the sound must be placed, as *cónstant, contémpt.*

A *double accent* ″ shews the following consonant is pronounced double, as *bâ-nish.*

CHAPTER XIV.

DIRECTIONS FOR READING.

BEFORE I give any directions to *scholars*, I would take the freedom here to propose one to the *teacher;* and that is, That what lessons soever he appoints the child to spell or read, he should sometimes spell or read that very lesson over before the child; whether it be the tables of syllables, or words, or names, or verses in the Bible or Testament; or whether it be a newspaper, an oration, a dialogue, poetry, &c. And let him observe the stops, read slow, give the proper accents distinctly to every word, and every part of the sentence. Children that have a tolerable ear, will take in the sounds well, and imitate their master's voice, and be secured against an ill turn of voice, or unhappy tone, by this method; and they will better learn to pronounce well whatsoever they read by this imitation, than by a mere correction of their faults, without any example.

If the master keeps several scholars to the same lesson, this may be done with ease; for all may attend in their own books while the master spells or reads.

The chief *directions* which should be given to learners, in order to read and pronounce well, are such as these:

1*st direction.* Be sure you take due pains in learning to pronounce common single words well, by attaining a perfect knowledge of the nature and sound of the vowels and consonants, and especially the double consonants and the diphthongs: Then it will be a very easy matter to join the syllables together in reading harder and longer words, and to join words together in reading sentences.

2*d direction.* If you do not certainly know any word at first sight, do not guess at it, lest thereby you get a habit of miscalling words, and reading falsely; and be sure to spell every word and syllable before you pronounce it, if you are not acquainted with it.

I confess it does not appear so well, when you are reading in company, to spell letter by letter; therefore spell any strange long word you meet with in your mind, syllable by syllable, and pronounce it slowly, step by step; and thus you may read the longest word in the world easily, as *ma-her-sha-lal-hash-baz*, *Isa.* viii. 1. But this is merely an indulgence to those who are not able to read better.

3*d direction.* Have a care of putting *hem's* and *o's* and *ha's*, between your words; but pronounce every syllable distinct and clear, without a long drawling tone.

Let the tone and sound of your voice in *reading* be the same as it is in *speaking;* and do not affect to change that natural and easy sound wherewith you *speak*, for a strange, new, awkward tone, as some do when they begin to *read;* which would almost persuade our ears that the *speaker* and the *reader* were two different persons, if our eyes did not tell us the contrary.

4*th direction.* Take heed of hurrying your words or syllables over in *haste*, lest thereby you are led to *flutter*, or *stammer*, in speaking or reading; it is better to read slow at first: But most children, when they come to read well, are in danger of too much *hurry* and *speed* in their pronunciation, whereby many of your lesser syllables are ready to be cut off or lost, and the language becomes a kind of *gibberish*, and is scarce to be understood.

5*th direction.* Children may he taught to let their voice in reading be *so loud*, as that every one in the same room may hear and understand; but *not loud enough* to reach the next room, if the doors be shut. The reader's voice should be such as may give a clear and distinct sound of every syllable to those who must hear, let the subject-matter be of any kind whatsoever; but if it be any thing passionate or affecting, the voice may be raised a little higher.

6*th direction.* Make proper stops and pauses, according as the points direct; as the *comma*, *semicolon*, *colon*, and *period;* by which the hearers will better understand all that you read, and you will have time to take breath to continue in reading.

But be sure to make no stops where the sense admits of none; and take care to avoid that faulty custom of reading all the short little words quick, and the solid and longer words of a sentence very slow: for such a reader, by the *jerks* and *starts* of his voice, destroys the sense, and suffers no hearer to understand it.

7*th direction.* As the accent, or stress of the voice, must be placed on the proper syllable in pronouncing each word, so a proper accent must be given to such words in a

sentence, whereby the force and meaning of that sentence may best appear. This is called the *emphasis*.

The notes of *interrogation*, *admiration*, &c. are often useful to direct where the *emphasis* must be placed; which shall be farther explained in the next chapter.

8*th direction.* Consider what the subject is which you read, and let your voice humour the sense a little.

Where the subject is merely *historical*, as a *newspaper*, or a *story*, or any relation of what was done, there you should not vary the accents very much, nor affect so strong and passionate a pronunciation, as you ought to do where the subject is *affecting* or *persuasive;* as in an *oration*, an *exhortation*, or the more practical parts of a *sermon*.

Where the sense is *grave* and *solemn*, especially if it be in the way of *instruction*, or *explaining* any point of difficulty, let your voice be more slow, and pronounce every word very distinctly; but where the subject is some *familiar*, *easy*, and *pleasant* matter, let your pronunciation be a little more speedy: But still remember, that to read too fast, is a greater fault, at all times, than to read too slow, supposing that the *accents* and *emphasis* be well observed.

9*th direction.* Attend with diligence when you hear persons who read well: Observe the manner how they pronounce; take notice where they give a different turn to their voice; mark in what sort of sentences, and in what parts of any sentence, they alter the sound; and then endeavour to imitate them. Thus you will learn a graceful cadence of voice in *reading;* as you may learn the change of the notes in *singing*, by rote as well as by rule, and by the ear, attending to the teacher, together with the eye fixed upon the book of tunes.

10*th direction.* Let those who desire to read gracefully, practise it often in the presence of such as have an harmonious ear, and understand good reading; and let them be willing and desirous to be corrected.

Let the master once or twice a week appoint his best scholars to read some oration, some affectionate sermon, some poetry, some newspaper, some familiar dialogues, to show them how to pronounce different sorts of writing, by correcting their mistakes.

Though I would advise young persons to read aloud even sometimes in private, in order to obtain a graceful pronunciation; yet I would not have them trust only to their *private reading*, for this purpose, lest they fall into some foolish and self-pleasing tones, of which their own ears are not sufficient judges, and thereby settle themselves in an ill habit, which they may carry with them even to old age, and beyond all possibility of cure.

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE EMPHASIS, OR ACCENT WHICH BELONGS TO SOME SPECIAL WORD OR WORDS IN A SENTENCE.

IT has been said already, that as that force of the voice which is placed on the proper syllable in each word, is called the *accent;* so that stress or force of sound that is laid on a particular word in a sentence, is called the *emphasis*.

The word on which the stress is laid, is called the *emphatical word*, because it gives force, and spirit, or beauty, to the whole sentence; as in Nehem. vi. 11. *Should such a man as I flee?* The little word *I* is the most *emphatical*, and requires the accent.

To *place an emphasis* upon any word, is only to pronounce that word with a peculiar strength of voice above the rest. But if the word be of two syllables, then the accented syllable of the *emphatical* word must be pronounced stronger than otherwise it would be, and not any new or different *accent* placed upon that word. As in this question, *Did you travel to* London, *or to* York, *last week?* The first syllable in London, and the word York, must both be pronounced with a strong sound, because the *emphasis* lies on those two words.

And upon this consideration it is, that we use the words *accent* or *emphasis* indif ferently, to signify the stress that must be laid on any word in a sentence, because both are usually placed on the same syllable.

Yet if it happen that there be a plain opposition between two words in a sentence, whereof one differs from the other but in part, as *righteous* and *unrighteous, form* and *reform*, or *conform; proper* and *improper; just* and *unjust;* then the accent is often removed from its common place, and fixed on that first syllable in which those words differ; as, *If I would* fórm *my manners well, I must not* cónform *to the world, but rather* réform *it. The* júst *must die as well as the* únjust. Whereas if these words *unjust* or *conform* stood by themselves in a sentence, without such an opposition, the accent would lie on the last syllable; as, *I would never* confórm to their unjúst *practices.*

As there may be two *accents* upon one word, so there may be two or three *emphases* in one sentence; as, *James is neither a* fool, *nor a* wit, *a* blockhead, *nor a* poet. Now in this sentence, *fool, wit, blockhead, poet,* are all emphatical words.

The great and *general rule* to find out which is the emphatical word in a sentence, is this; *Consider what is the chief design of the speaker or writer;* and that word which shows the chief design of the sentence, is the *emphatical* word: For it is for the sake of that word, or words, the whole sentence seems to be made.

There might be some *particular rules* given to find the *emphatical word,* such as these:

1st. When a question is asked, the emphasis often lies on the *questioning word,* such as, *who, what, when, whither;* as, *Who is there? What is the matter? Whither did you go?* But it is not always so; as, *Who was the strongest, or the wisest man?* In which sentence, *wisest* and *strongest* are the emphatical words.

2dly. When two words are set in opposition one to the other, and one of them is pronounced with an emphasis, then the other should have an *emphasis* also; as, *If* they *run,* we *will run, for* our *feet are as good as* theirs. In this sentence *they* and *we, our* and *theirs,* are the emphatical words.

In reading a discourse which we know not before, sometimes we happen to place the *emphasis* very improperly; then we must read the sentence over again, in order to pronounce it with a proper sound: But when a person speaks his own mind, or reads a discourse which he is acquainted with, he scarce ever gives the *emphasis* to the wrong word.

To make it appear of how great importance it is to place the *emphasis* aright, let us consider, that the very sense and meaning of a sentence is oftentimes very different, according as the *accent* or *emphasis* is laid upon different words; and the particular design of the speaker is distinguished hereby, as in this short question, *May a man walk in at the door now?* If the *emphasis* be laid upon the word *man,* the proper negative answer to it is, *No, but a boy may.* If the *emphasis* be laid upon the word *walk,* the answer is, *No, but he may creep in.* If the *emphasis* be put on the word *door,* the

answer will be, *No, but he may at the great gate.* And if the *emphasis* be placed on the word *now*, the negative answer is plainly this, *No, but he might yesterday.* And let us but consider how impertinent either of these answers will be, if the enquirer did not lay the *emphasis* on the proper word, that should give the true meaning of his question.

Take the utmost care therefore, in reading, to distinguish the *emphatical word;* for the beauty and propriety of reading depends much upon it: And that every reader may fully understand me, I would lay down these *four particular rules* concerning the *emphasis.*

1st. *Carefully avoid uniformity of voice, or reading without any* emphasis *at all;* like a mere ignorant boy, who knows not what he reads, expressing every word with the same tone, and laying a peculiar force of sound no where: For such an one pronounces the most pathetic oration, as though he were conning over a mere catalogue of single words.

2dly. *Do not multiply the accents, nor change the tone of your voice so often as to imitate singing or chanting;* for this is another extreme, and as faulty as the former. The reader should not make new *emphases* beyond the design of the writer; and therefore,

3dly. *Take heed of laying a stress or accent on words where there ought to be none.* Some persons have got a very unhappy custom of placing a strong sound on words, not so much according to their sense, as according to the length of the sentence, and the capacity of their breath to hold out in pronouncing it: Therefore you shall find them strengthen their tone perhaps at the end of every *line,* or *comma;* and others shall do it perhaps only at a *colon,* or *period.* Now, though towards the end of the sentence the voice should usually suffer an agreeable turn, yet not always grow louder; for the *emphatical* word may stand perhaps in the middle of the sentence, where there is no stop at all. But this leads me to the *fourth rule.*

4thly. *Have a care of omitting the accent, or emphasis, where it ought to be placed;* for this will make the sentence lose all its force, and oftentimes conceal the meaning of it from the hearer.

Perhaps I have been too tedious here; but if these rules are not observed in *reading,* the speech of the finest orator, with all the noblest ornaments of eloquence, will become flat, and dull, and feeble, and have no power to charm or persuade.

CHAPTER XVI.

OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING THE LETTERS IN PRINTED BOOKS, AND IN WRITING.

1. THE twenty-four letters are called the alphabet, because *alpha, beta,* are the names of the two first *Greek* letters *A* and *B*. *Note,* That the great letters are called *capitals,* and the others *small.*

2. The round, full, and upright print, is called the *Roman,* as Father. The long, narrow, and leaning letters, are called *Italic* or *Italian,* as *Father*. The old black letter is called the *English,* as Father.

3. In most books both the *Roman* and *Italian* are used, but in the old *English* letter few things are printed now-a-days, besides acts of parliament, proclamations, &c.

4. Books that are printed in the *Roman* letter, allow such parts as these to be printed in the *Italic*, namely,

(1.) The *preface*, and sometimes the *index*, or *table* of the matters contained in the book.

(2.) The titles or arguments of the several chapters, sections, or pages.

(3.) Examples to any rules that are laid down.

(4.) Words of any foreign language that are cited or mentioned.

(5.) Such sentences as are cited from other authors, or the speeches or sayings of any person.

(6.) Those words that have the chief place or force in a sentence, and are most significant and remarkable; where the *emphasis* is placed.

(7.) Where any word or words are made the very matter of the discourse, or are explained, those words are printed often in the *Italic;* or else the explication of them is so; as, The name of *cannon* is given to a *great gun.*

Note, That if a book, or chapter, or preface, &c. be printed in the *Italic* letter, then all these things beforementioned are printed in the *Roman.*

Note also, That most of those things which ought to be put in a different letter in *print,* ought to have a stroke drawn under them in *writing,* or be written in a different hand, or, at least, they should be included in *crotchets* for distinction's sake.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF GREAT LETTERS.

THE last observation concerning letters, is this, That *capital,* or great letters, are never used among the small, in the middle or end of words, but only at the beginning of a word; and that in the cases following:

1. At the beginning of any writing, book, chapter, paragraph, &c.

2. After a period, or any full stop, when a new sentence begins.

3. At the beginning of every line in poetry, and every verse in the Bible.

4. At the beginning of proper names of all sorts, whether of persons, as *Thomas;* places, as *London;* ships, as *The Hopewell;* titles and distinctions of men and women, as *King, Queen, Bishop, Knight, Lady, Esquire, Gentleman, Sir, Madam.*

5. All the names of God must begin with a great letter, as *God, Lord,* the *Eternal,* the *Almighty;* and also the *Son* of God, the holy *Spirit.*

6. A citation of any author, or saying of any person, which is quoted in his own words, begins with a capital; as, *The fool hath said in his heart,* There is no God.

7. Where whole words or sentences are written in capitals, something is expressed extraordinarily remarkable; as, *I AM THAT I AM, is the name of God.* Whole words also are written in capitals, in the titles of books, for ornament sake.

8. When *I* or *O* are single words, they must always be writ in capitals, as *I read, O brave!*

9. It has also been the growing custom of this age in printing of every thing, but especially poetry or verse, to begin every name of a thing, which is called *a noun substantive,* with a great letter; though I cannot approve it so universally as it is practised.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING THE SIZE, PAGES, TITLES, &C. IN PRINTED BOOKS.

1. BOOKS are said to be printed in *folio*, in *quarto*, in *octavo*, or in *twelves*, or sometimes in *twenty-fours*.

Books in *folio*, are those wherein a whole sheet makes but two leaves; in *quarto*, a sheet makes four leaves; in *octavo*, eight leaves; and in *duodecimo* or *twelves*, twelve leaves, &c.

2. A *page* in a book, is all that is written, or printed on one side of a leaf.

3. A *line* signifies all the words that stand in one rank, from the left-hand of the page to the right.

4. But when the page is divided into several parts from the top to the bottom, one of those parts is called a *column*; as in bibles, testaments, newspapers, dictionaries, all tables of catalogues of words.

5. The spaces on the side, or bottom of the page, are called the *margin*, whether they be empty, or have notes in them, which are called *marginal notes*.

6. The first page of every book, which gives an account what that book treats of, is called the *title-page*; and the first part of it is usually written or printed in capitals.

7. The word or sentence that stands over the head of every page is called the *running title*.

8. The word that is written at the bottom of the page, at the right-hand, is called the *catch-word*, and is repeated again at the beginning of the next page, to show that the pages are printed in true order, and follow one another aright.

9. The great or small letters and figures that stand under many of the pages, are *marks* of the *printer*, chiefly for the use of the *book-binder* to number the sheets; as, A, B, C, note the 1*st*, 2*d*, and 3*d* sheet, &c.

10. Where a line begins shorter than the rest, with a great letter, it is called *a new paragraph*.

11. As *chapters* are parts of a *book*, so *sections* are sometimes made parts of a chapter, and *paragraphs* are parts of a section.

12. The words or sentences written just before the beginning of a chapter or section, are called the *contents* of it, or sometimes the *argument*.

CHAPTER XIX.

OBSERVATIONS IN READING THE BIBLE.

1. THE Bible is divided into the *Old Testament* and the *New*, and each of these divided again into several books, as the book of *Genesis*, the book of *Exodus*, &c. The books into chapters, namely, I, II, III, &c. and the chapters into verses, 1, 2, 3, &c.

2. There is generally a *period* at the end of every verse, though the sense sometimes is not complete; and oftentimes a *colon* in the middle of a verse, instead of a *semicolon* or *comma*; especially in the Old Testament.

3. This mark, ¶, is usually put at the beginning of every *paragraph*, as we took notice before.

4. In the Bible those words only are printed in a different or *italic* letter, which are not found in the original *Hebrew* or *Greek;* but the translators have added them, to complete the sense, or to explain it: and therefore proper names are not distinguished by a different print, but by a great letter at the beginning.

5. In the Old Testament, where LORD is written all in capitals, the word in the *Hebrew* is *Jehovah:* Where it is written in small letters, Lord, it is some other word in the *Hebrew*, as *Adôn*, or *Adonai*, *&c.*

6. In Bibles with marginal notes, let these three things be observed:

(1.) The little letters a, b, c, d, placed between the words, refer to other texts of scripture in the margin that have a like sense; and these are called *references.*

(2.) An *obelisk*, or *dagger* †, is used to shew what are the words, or literal expressions of the *Hebrew* or *Greek*, which the translators have a little altered, to render them proper *English.*

(3.) A *double stroke*, or *parallel* ‖, is used to show how the words may be differently translated.

Lastly, It is an useful thing also to remark, that the very same names are spelled different ways in the *Old Testament* and in the *New;* because the words in the Old Testament are much according to the *Hebrew*, from whence they are translated, and the New are spelled according to the *Greek.* See the seventh table.

CHAPTER XX.

OF READING VERSE.

THERE are two ways of writing on any subject, and these are *prose* and *verse;* or, in other words, *plain language* and *poetry.*

Prose is the common manner of writing where there is no necessary confinement to a certain number of syllables, or placing the words in any peculiar form.

English *verse* generally includes both *metre* and *rhyme.*

When every line is confined to a certain number of syllables, and the words so placed, that the accents may naturally fall on such peculiar syllables as make a sort of harmony to the ear; this is called the *metre.*

When two or more verses, near to each other, end with the same, or a like sound, the verse is said to have *rhyme.*

TAKE THESE EXAMPLES:

'I've tasted all the pleasures here,
'They are not lasting, nor sincere.
'To eat and drink, discourse and play,
'To-morrow as we do to-day:
'This beaten track of life I've trod
'So long, it grows a tedious road.'

Sir R. BLACKMORE.

OR THUS:

'Patience a little longer hold,
'A while this mortal burden bear;
'When a few moments more are told,
'All this vain scene will disappear:
'Immortal life will follow this,
'And guilt and grief be chang'd for endless joy and bliss.'

Sir R. BLACKMORE.

Sometimes a *double rhyme* is used, and the two last syllables chime together; but this is seldom admitted, except in comical, pleasant, or familiar verse: as,

'What made thee, *Tom*, last night so merry?
'Was it good ale, or good canary?'

Sometimes English verse is written *without rhyme*, and is called *blank verse*. For instance of this, take the description of hell in Milton's admirable poem, called *Paradise Lost:*

'Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
'And rest can never dwell: Hope never comes,
'That comes to all; but torture without end
'Still urges; and a fiery deluge fed
'With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd.'

But in this sort of verse the *metre* is observed, as much as if it had *rhyme* also.

In English metre the words are generally so disposed, that the accent may fall on every second, fourth, and sixth syllable; and on the eighth, and tenth, and twelfth also, if the lines are so long. The first six lines of Sir Richard Blackmore's excellent poem, called *Prince Arthur*, happen to give us an instance of this without one variation.

'I síng the Bríton ánd his gén'rous árms,
'Who vérs'd in súfferings, ánd the rúde alárms
'Of wár, relúctant léft his nátive sóil,
'And úndismáy'd sustáin'd incéssant tóil,
'Till léd by heáv'n propítious hé retúrn'd,
'To bléss the ísle which lóng his ábsence moúrn'd.'

Now, because English verse generally takes this turn, ignorant persons are ready to imagine that it must be so universally, and that it is absolutely necessary to give this sort of sound to every line in poesy, and to lay a stress upon every second syllable; whereas there is a great deal of just liberty and variation, which poesy allows in this case, without destroying the harmony of the verse, and indeed it adds a beauty and grace to the poetry, sometimes to indulge such a variety, and especially in the first and second syllables of the line.

But for want of this knowledge, most people affect to read verse in a very different manner from prose; and they think it not sufficient to place a common accent, but lay a very hard and unnatural stress on every other syllable; and they seem to stop and rest on it, whether the natural pronunciation of the words will allow it or no. By this means

they give a false and wretched accent to many words, and spoil good *English*, to make it sound like verse in their opinion. In short, they would not only read the song, but give it a tune too.

Let the following instance be given, wherein one of these mistaken readers will be guilty of this fault in a shameful degree:

Note, I have placed the accents in this example, not where they ought to lie, but where such a common reader would place them.

'Angéls invísiblé to sénse,
'Spreadíng their pínions fór a shiéld,
'Are thé brave soúldiers bést defénce,
'When cánnons ín long órder sháll dispénse
'Terríble slaúghter roúnd the fiéld.'

What an hideous harmony doth this stanza make on the lips of such a pronouncer!

The great and general rule therefore of reading English verse, is to pronounce every word, and every sentence, just as if it were prose, observing the stops with great exactness, and giving each word and syllable its due and natural accent; but with these two small allowances, or alterations:

I. At the end of every line, where is no stop, make a stop about half so long as a comma, just to give notice that the line is ended.

II. If any words in the line happen to have two sounds, choose to give that sound to it which most favours the metre and the rhime.

To favour the metre, is to read two syllables distinct, or to contract them into one, according as the metre requires; as the word *glittering* must make three syllables in this line;

'All glittering in arms he stood.'

But in the following line it makes but two; as,

'All glitt'ring in his arms he stood.'

The metre also is favoured sometimes by placing the accent on different syllables in some few words that will admit of it; as the word *avenue* must have the accent on the first syllable in this line:

'Wide ávenues for cruel death.'

But in the next line it must be accented on the second syllable; as,

'A wide avénue to the grave.'

To favour the rhime, is to pronounce the last word of the line so as to make it chime with the line foregoing, where the word admits of two pronunciations; as,

'Were I but once from bondage free,
'I'd never sell my liberty.'

Here I must pronounce the word *liberty*, as if it were written with a double *e*, *libertee*, to rhime to the word *free*.

But if the verse ran thus:

'My soul ascends above the sky,
'And triumphs in her liberty.'

The word *liberty* must be sounded as ending in *i*, that *sky* may have a juster rhime to it.

But whether you pronounce *liberty* as though it were written with *ee* or *i*, you must still pronounce that last syllable but feebly, and not so strong as to misplace the accent, and fix it on the last syllable.

So in this verse:

'Unbind my feet, and break my chain,
'For I shall ne'er rebel again.'

Here you must give the diphthong *ai* its full sound, in the word *again;* but it must be pronounced *agen* in the following verse; as,

'Put Daniel in the lions' den,
'When he's releas'd, he'll pray again.'

Now having made these two small allowances, if the verse does not sound well and harmonious to the ear when it is read like prose, the fault must be charged on the poet, and not on the reader; for it is certain that those verses are not well composed, which will not be read gracefully according to the common rules of pronunciation.

Make an experiment now in the lines before-mentioned, and if you read them like prose, you will find the justness of the natural accent is maintained in every word, and yet the harmony or muse of the verse sufficiently secured.

'Angels invisible to sense,
'Spreading their pinions for a shield,
'Are the brave souldier's best defence,
'When cannons in long order shall dispense
'Terrible slaughter round the field.'

I might take notice here, that there are two other kinds of metre in English, besides this common sort, where the accent is supposed to lodge on every second syllable.

One sort of uncommon verse, is when the line contains but seven syllables, and a pretty strong accent lies on the first syllable in the line, and on the third, fifth, and seventh; as,

'Glitt'ring stones, and golden things,
'Wealth and honours that have wings,
'Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
'I could never call my own:
'Riches that the world bestows,
'She can take, and I can lose;
'But the treasures that are mine,
'Lie afar beyond her line.'

The other sort of uncommon verse has a quick and hasty sound, and must have the accent placed on every third syllable. Matters of mirth and pleasantry are the subject

of this sort of song; and but seldom is it used where the sense is very solemn and serious. Take this instance of it:

'Tis the vóice of the slúggard: I heár him compláin,
'You have wák'd me too soón, I must slúmber agaín.
'As the doór on its hínges, so hé on his béd
'Turns his sídes, and his shóulders, and his heávy head.'

In this last line the natural and proper accent lies not on the word *his*, where the word seems to require it; but on the word *heávy:* Yet it happens to have a sort of beauty in it here, to keep the natural accent, and thereby to shew the heaviness of the sluggard more emphatically, while he suffers not the verse to run swift, and smooth, and harmonious.

Thus let the poesy always answer for itself, but the reader should keep true to the natural accent. And, in general, it must be still maintained that the common rules of reading prose, hold good in reading all these kinds of poetry: Nor is the reader obliged to know before-hand what particular kind of verse he is going to read, if he will but follow the common pronunciation of the English tongue; let him but humour the sense a little, as he ought to do in prose, by reading swift or slow, according as the subject is grave or merry, and if he has acquainted himself a little with verse, and practised the reading of it, where the poet has performed his part well, the lines will yield their proper harmony.

Thus it appears to be a much easier matter to read verse well, than most people imagine, if they would but content themselves to pronounce it as they do common language, without affecting to add new music to the lines by an unnatural turn and tone of the voice.

CHAPTER XXI.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR SPELLING AND WRITING TRUE ENGLISH.

All the rules that can possibly be given, for spelling English words aright, can never make the scholar perfect in this work, without diligent observation of every word in the books which he reads; and by this means alone thousands have attained a good degree of skill in it: Yet considerable assistance towards this art, may be given to children, and those that are unlearned, by some general methods, and some particular rules.

The general directions for true spelling, are these:

1*st direction.* Pronounce the word plain, clear, distinct, syllable by syllable; give the full sound to every part of it, and write it according to the longest, the hardest, and harshest sound in which the word is ever pronounced; as *apron*, not *a-purn; cole-wort*, not *collut*, &c.

The reason of this rule is this: Most words were originally pronounced as they are written; but the pronunciation being something long and rough, difficult and uneasy, they came to be pronounced in a more short and easy way for conversation, by the leaving out some letters, and softening the sound of others: So for instance, *join* is pronounced *jine; purse* is pronounced *pus; half* is pronounced *haf; marri-age, marrage; na-ti-on, nashun; vic-tu-als, vittles:* But the way of writing these words remains still the same.

2*d general direction.* When scholars begin to read pretty well, let the master take their books out of their hands, after they have read their lessons, and then ask them to spell the easier or the harder words of it, such as he judges suitable to their capacities or their improvement.

Two scholars, when they have read their own lessons, may ask each other to spell the words of them, and thus improve themselves; or any two persons of advanced years, who are sensible of their own defects.

3*d general direction.* Let there be a spelling exercise appointed twice a week, at least, for the whole school; and by degrees, let the master ask them to spell every word in some well-collected catalogues, and the tables in this book; and let them be encouraged by gaining superior places in their rank, as Captain, Lieutenant, &c. according as they spell most words right.

Two or three scholars may use these tables of words in a sort of sport or play, and when they ask each other to spell them, he that misses not one in ten or twenty, shall gain a pin, or two pins, or a marble, or what other toy they think proper, never exceeding the value of a farthing.

4*th general direction.* When scholars begin to write well, let several of them be appointed to write a page, or a column out of these, or any other tables of words, and sometimes out of the Bible, or any other book, and well observe how every word is spelt: Then let the master take all their books and papers away, and himself, or one of the best scholars, read and pronounce all the words distinctly, and let all the rest write them down, and be encouraged, or reproved, according to the number of faults.

Any two persons may do this for their own improvement; and the reason why I give this direction is, because once writing a line impresseth it more upon the memory than three or four readings.

5*th general direction.* Read over the chapters of this book, from the third to the tenth, with diligence, and remark how the vowels and consonants are sounded in different sorts of words, English or foreign; and learn to write them accordingly: Observe where they keep their proper sound, and where they change it.

Take particular notice also what letters are silent, and not pronounced at all; and remember to put in those letters in writing, though you leave them out in reading.

6*th general direction.* In your younger years especially, take all proper opportunities for writing, and be careful to spell every word true: This may be done by the help of some small English dictionary, where the words are put down in the order of the alphabet; and if you doubt of the spelling of any word, write it not without first consulting the dictionary.

The best dictionary that I know for this purpose, is entitled, A New English Dictionary, &c. by J. K. The second edition, 1713, in a small octavo.

CHAPTER XXII.

PARTICULAR RULES FOR SPELLING AND WRITING TRUE ENGLISH.

A GREAT part of the English tongue is so irregular in the letters and composition of it, that it would require almost as many rules to spell by, as there are words to be spelled: But there are several other words that may be reduced into some ranks and

order, and the scholar may be assisted toward the spelling them aright, by the observations, and the rules following:

The certain rules are these:

1. *ch* at the end of a word, after a short vowel, always takes *t* before it, as *catch, fetch, pitch, botch, dutch;* except some very few common words, as *much, such, rich, which.*

2. A vowel sounding long before a single consonant, requires an *e* at the end, as *fate, where, mine, bone, tune:* But very seldom after a double consonant or a diphthong, except after the letters *c* soft, *g* soft, *s, x, z,* and *v* consonant, as in *voice, fence, range, house, rouse, carve, twelve.*

3. Where *g* has a soft sound after a short vowel, *d* generally must go before it; as *badger, hedge, ridge, lodge, cudgel.*

4. Wheresoever *g* is sounded hard after a long vowel in the end of a word, *ue* must follow it, as *plague, intrigue, prorogue;* and in all foreign words, as *catalogue, synagogue, &c.*

5. *gh* is written instead of *g* in *ghess, ghittar, aghast, ghastly, ghost;* and *gu* in the words following, *guard, guest, guide, guile, guilt, guinea, guise,* and their compounds and derivatives, as *beguile, disguise, guilty, &c.*

6. *k* at the end of a word after a short vowel, always takes *c* before it, as *crack, knock, neck, sick, duck.*

7. Double *l* is always used at the end of words of one syllable after a single vowel, as *call, full, fill, smell, roll, poll.*

8. Double *s* most usually ends a word after a vowel that sounds short, as *pass, goodness, miss, toss:* Except a few common words of one syllable; as *as, was, yes, is, his, this, us, thus:* Except also when *s* or *es* is added to a word, as *horse,* horses; *kiss,* kisses; *despise,* despises; *die,* dies.

9. A long *f* is never used at the end of a word, nor just after a short *s,* in writing or printing.

The sound of *us,* at the end of a word of more than one syllable, is written *ous,* in words purely English, as *righteous, piteous, cautious, &c.*

The observations which cannot be reduced to any certain rules, are these:

1. Observe when a single vowel is sounded, whether the word be written with a diphthong or no, as *bread, heart,* have a diphthong; but *fed, part,* have not.

2. Observe the words where *ch* has the proper English sound, as *child, patch, such;* and where it is sounded hard, and written instead of *k,* as *school, stomach, character, &c.* or where it is sounded like *sh,* as in French words, *chaise, machine, chagrine, &c.*

3. Observe where *sc* is written instead of *c* soft or *s;* as *science, disciple, scent, ascent, conscience, &c.*

4. Observe where *ph* is written instead of *f,* as *physic, philosophy, triumph, camphire, &c.*

5. Observe where *que* is written instead of *k,* as *oblique, antique, masque, &c.*

6. Observe where *rh* is written for *r,* as *rheum, rhetoric, myrrh, catarrh, &c.*

7. Observe how the sound of *shi,* before a vowel, is written; whether with *ci,* as *vicious;* or *sci,* as *omniscient;* or *shi,* as *fashion;* or *si,* as *vision;* or *ssi,* as *passion;* or *ti,* as *condition.* But remember, that where *sh* sounds hard like *zh,* it is always written with a single *s,* as *vision, decision, occasion, confusion.*

8. Observe where *y* is written for *i*, as *presbyter*, *synagogue*, *rhyme*, *type*, *myrtle*, *physic*, and many others.

9. Observe where *x* is sounded before *ion*, most times *ct* must be written, as *affliction*, *destruction;* but not always, as *crucifixion*, *complexion*, *defluxion*, and *reflexion*, which is sometimes spelled *reflection.*

10. Observe, in the last place, that compound and derivative words are generally spelled as their primitives are, as *guile*, beguiles; *knock*, knocked; *catch*, catcher; *rich*, richer; *call*, calling.

The chief exception is in the final *e*, namely, If the first, or the primitive word in a compound or derivative, end in *e*, that *e* is often left out; as *take*, *taking; write*, *writing; house*, *houshold; horse*, *horsman:* But sometimes it must be written, as *where*, *whereof; here*, *herein; peace*, *peaceable;* which no rules can so well determine, as a general acquaintance with the English tongue.

Note also, That if the primitive word end in *y*, it may be most times changed into *i*, as in *marry*, *marriage; marryed*, or *married;* but not in *marrying*, where *i* follows it.

To provoke all my readers to observe these directions let them know, that it is for want of skill in this art of spelling, that so many women in our age are ashamed to write, and thus forget the art of writing itself for want of practice: And if several men, whose business constrain them to write frequently, could but know the ridiculous faults of their own spelling, they would be ashamed to be so exposed. Diligent attendance to these directions, and due care in younger years, would prevent these inconveniences.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING THE VARIOUS WAYS OF SPELLING THE SAME WORD.

THOUGH far the greatest part of English words are spelled but one way, yet there are some that seem to admit of two manners of spelling; for which these following rules may be given for our observation:

1. *ee* is sometimes written for *ie*, in the middle of a word, as *niece*, neece; *piece*, peece; *belief*, beleef; *thieves*, theeves.

2. *in* is changed for *en*, at the beginning of a word, as *ingage*, engage; *inquire*, enquire; *indanger*, endanger; *indure*, endure; *intangle*, entangle.

3. *im* is also changed for *em*, as *imploy*, employ; *imbattle*, embattle; *imbezzle*, embezzle; *imbarque*, embarque.

4. *k* may be left out after *c*, in words borrowed from the Latin, as *publick*, public; *musick*, music; *logick*, logic; *pedantick*, pedantic.

5. *el* is sometimes written for *le*, at the end of some words, as *cattle*, cattel; *battle*, battel.

6. *oa* is turned sometimes into long *o*, and *e* final, as *coal*, cole; *cloak*, cloke; *smoak*, smoke; *groan*, grone; *shoar*, shore.

7. *or* is often written where *our* was wont to be written, as *labour*, labor; *honour*, honor; *favour*, favor; *conquerour*, conqueror.

8. Among other letters which are now-a-days omitted by some writers, *p* between *m*

and *t* is often left out; as *presumption*, presumtion; *attempt*, attemt; so in *assumption*, *contempt*, *contemptuous*, *temptation*, *&c.*

9. *ph* is changed into *f* many times, as *phansy*, *phanatic*, *phantastic*, *phantom*, *phrenzy*, *phlegm*, *sulphur*, *prophane*; for which are written, *fancy*, *fanatic*, *&c.*

10. *que* is changed into *k*, or *ke*; as *barque*, *traffique*, *masque*, *flasque*, *relique*, *checquer*, *casquet*, *musquet*, are often written *bark*, *traffick*, *&c.*

11. *re* or *er* are written indifferently in these words; *theatre*, or theater; so *metre*, meter; *centre*, center; *sepulchre*, sepulcher.

12. *s* is sometimes turned into *z*, in such words as *rasor*, *scissars*, *brasier*, *losenge*, *exercise*, *chastise*, *devise*, *enterprise*; which may be written *razor*, *scizzars*, *exercize*, *enterprize*, *&c.*

There are also many other words where *c* is made frequently to supply the place of *s*, but it is by no means proper, though it is very common; as in *dispence*, *suspence*, *sence*, *pretence*, *&c.* all which words ought to end in *se*, as *dispense*, *suspense*, *sense*, *&c.*

13. *ti*, or *ci*, are written in these words, *antient*, *vitious*, *gratious*, *pretious*, *spatious*, *&c.* as *ancient*, *vicious*, *&c.*

14. *ugh* may be left out in *though*, tho'; *through*, thro'; and in *thought*, *brought*, *&c.* with an apostrophe in the room of them, as *tho't*, *bro't*, *&c.*

15. *ugh* is sometimes changed for *w*, as in *yew*, *plow*, *bow*, *thorow*, *enow*; for yeugh, plough, bough, thorough, enough.

Upon the word *enough* there is this observation made, that, when it signifies a *sufficient quantity*, it is written always with *ugh*, and pronounced *enuff*, as *there is wine enough.* But when it signifies a *sufficient number*, it is oftentimes both pronounced and written *enow*; as, *There are bottles enow.*

16. *ul*, or *wl*, is turned into *ll* in these words, *rowl*, roll; *powl*, poll; *scrowl*, scroll; *controul*, controll.

17. Many words are written with *u* after a vowel, which used to be written with *w* heretofore, as *noun*, nown; *ground*, grownd; *sour*, sowr; *caul*, cawl; *lour*, lowr.

18. Words whose sounds end in *i*, were once written with *ie*, now with *y*, as *flie*, fly; *bloodie*, bloody; *victorie*, victory: Some are written either with *ie*, or *ye*, as *die*, dye; *lie*, lye; *tie*, tye: Others only with *y*, as *my*, *thy*, *by*; others chiefly with *ye*, as *rye*, *pye*; as custom pleases.

19. It may be observed in general, that *i* and *y* are written for one another indifferently in many words, as *lion*, lyon; *tiger*, tyger; *praise*, prayse; *toil*, toyl; *said*, sayd; *paid*, payd.

20. Some words are written either with a double or single consonant in the middle, as well as in the end; as *aray*, array; *orange*, orrange; *forage*, forrage; *later*, latter; *mat*, matt; *rot*, rott; *scof*, scoff; *sum*, summ: And words of several syllables ending in *l*, as *hopefull*, hopeful; *speciall*, special; *naturall*, natural.

I dare not pretend to maintain that both these ways of spelling the same words in this chapter, are learnedly right, and critically true: Nor do I write now for scholars and critics; but many of the learned have been wisely negligent in these lesser matters, and not wasted their time in long and deep researches after an *e*, or an *i*, an *s*, or a *z*, and they have taken the liberty to spell those words different ways; and many times, in imitation of the French, have left out useless letters by way of refinement: I confess the derivation of these words is hereby lost. But after all, custom, which will be the standard

of language, has rendered both these methods of spelling tolerable; at least to the unlearned.

For the words which are not reduced to any of these rules, see the sixth table.

There are also several English proper names which men spell different ways; as *Elisabeth*, or *Elizabeth*; *Esther*, or *Hester*; *Nathanael*, or *Nathaniel*; *Humfry*, or *Humphrey*; *Anthony*, or *Antony*; *Gaspar*, or *Jaspar*; *Hierom*, or *Jerom*; *Giles*, or *Gyles*; *Katharine*, or *Catharine*; *Britain*, or *Brittain*. But I shall not make a distinct table of them here, observation will sufficiently teach them.

I shall conclude this chapter with one remark, namely, That in old writings, and in books printed long ago, you find many needless letters used in spelling several words, which are left out in modern books and writings; as for instance, the words which we write, *son*, *gun*, *sap*, *press*, *goodness*, *tho'*, *body*, *doth*, *dost*; *&c.* were once written, *sonne*, *gunne*, *sappe*, *presse*, *goodnesse*, *though*, *boddy* or *boddie*, *doeth*, *doest*; and a thousand other instances there are of the like kind wherein modern writers have shortened the manner of spelling, by leaving out such letters as are not pronounced.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CATALOGUES OF WORDS PRONOUNCED OR WRITTEN IN SUCH A WAY AS CANNOT BE REDUCED TO RULES, &c.

IN learning to read and write English, we shall find several words whose accent pronunciation, and spelling, are not easy to be brought under any certain rules; and these can only be learnt by long observation, or by tables or catalogues drawn up for this end.

There are several other things also that relate to reading and writing, which cannot well be taught otherwise than by tables; such are abbreviations and contractions in writing and in speaking, whereby two or three letters are made to signify one or two words or more, as A. M. or M. A. *Master of Arts*. So *numbers*, as one, two, three, &c. which are marked with letters, as I, II, III, &c. or with particular characters, as 1, 2, 3, &c. Various other *letters* and *marks* also are used to signify whole words, as *l.* for *pounds*; *oz.* for *ounces*; &, or &, or &c, for *and*; which may be learnt by the following tables.

TABLE I.

A TABLE OF WORDS ACCENTED ON DIFFERENT SYLLABLES, ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOM OF THE SPEAKER, EVEN WHEN THEY ARE USED TO SIGNIFY THE SAME THING.

A′CADEMY	Acádemy
A′cceptable	Accéptable
A′dmirable	Admírable
Advértisement	Advertísement
A′ttribute	Attríbute
A′venue	Avénue
Cónfessor	Conféssor
Cóntemptible	Contémptible
Cóntrary	Contráry
Cóntribute	Contríbute
Cónverse	Convérse
Cónversant	Convérsant
Córollary	Coróllary
Córrosive	Corrósive
Córruptible	Corrúptible
Concúpiscence	Concupíscence
Délectable	Deléctable
Dístribute	Distríbute
Gázette	Gazétte
Oéconomy	Oecónomy
Réfractory	Refráctory
Súccessor	Succéssor
Tóward	Towárd
U′tensil	Uténsil

With some others.

Note, I do not suppose both these ways of pronunciation to be equally proper; but both are used, and that among persons of education and learning in different parts of the nation; and custom is the great rule of pronouncing; as well as of spelling, so that every one should usually speak according to custom.

TABLE II.

A TABLE OF WORDS WHICH ARE ACCENTED ON THE FIRST SYLLABLE WHEN THEY SIGNIFY THE NAME OF A THING; BUT ON THE LATTER SYLLABLE, WHEN THEY SIGNIFY AN ACTION. THE FIRST IS A NOUN, THE SECOND A VERB.

Nouns.	*Verbs.*
TO *be* A′bsent	To absént
An A′ccent	To accént
An A′ttribute	To attríbute
A Cément	To cemént
A Cóllect	To colléct
A Cómpound	To compóund
A Cónduct	To condúct
The Cónfines	To confíne
A Cónflict	To conflíct
A Cóncert	To concért
A Cónsort	To consórt
A Cóntest	To contést
A Cóntract	To contráct
A Cónvert	To convért
A Désert	To desért
A Férment	To fermént
Fréquent	To frequént
I′ncense	To incénse
An O′bject	To objéct
An O′verthrow	To overthrów
A Prémise	To premíse
A Présent	To presént
A Próject	To projéct
A Rébel	To rebél
A Récord	To recórd
Réfuse	To refúse
A Súbject	To subjéct
A Tórment	To tormént
An U′nite	To uníte

Note here, That *names* derived from these *verbs*, are accented as the verbs are; as, to *fermént*, *fermenting*; to *colléct*, a *colléctor*; to *objéct*, an *objéction*, &c.

TABLE III.

A TABLE OF OTHER WORDS PRONOUNCED DIFFERENT WAYS, WHEN THEY ARE USED IN DIFFERENT SENSES.

AN Abuse, or *injury;*	*To* abuse, or do *injury.*
Borne, or *carried;*	Born, or *brought forth.*
A Bow, *to shoot;*	*To* bow, or *bend.*
Can't, *for* cannot;	Cant, *unintelligible talk.*
Close, or *near;*	*To* Close, or *shut*, or *end.*
To cónjure, *as witches do;*	*To* conjúre, *make one swear.*
Crowd, *a throng:*	Crow'd, or *did crow.*
Human, *like a man;*	Humáne, or *kind.*
Gallant, *brave;*	A Gallánt, *a courtier* or *suiter.*
Job, *a name;*	*A* Job *of work.*
Lead, *a metal;*	*To* lead, or *guide.*
A Minute, *part of an hour;*	Minúte, or *small.*
Muse, *to meditate;*	Muse, or *song.*
Precédent, *going before;*	*A* Précedent, or *a pattern.*
To read *a book;*	*I have* read.
Sow, *a female hog;*	*To* sow, *seed or corn.*
To tear *in pieces;*	*A* Tear, *in weeping.*
Use, or *interest;*	*To* use, or *employ.*
Won't, *will not;*	Wont, or *custom.*

Note, The words *Hast, Past, Bath, Breath, Cloth,* and such others, when they are pronounced long, should have the *e final* added to the end; as *Haste, Paste, Bathe, Breathe, Clothe:* And therefore they are not to be spelled the same way.

TABLE IV.

A TABLE OF WORDS, THE SAME OR NEARLY ALIKE IN SOUND, BUT DIFFERENT IN SIGNIFICATION AND IN SPELLING.

ABEL, Cain's *brother*
Able, *powerful*
Accidence, *a book*
Accidents, *chances*
Account, *esteem*
Accompt, *reckoning*
Achor, *a valley*
Acorn, *of an oak*
Acre, *of land*
Advice, *counsel*
Advise, *to counsel*
Ale, *malt-liquor*
Ail, *to trouble*
All, *every one*
Awl, *to bore holes*
Alehoof, *an herb*
Aloof, *at a distance*
Allay, *to diminish*
Alloy, *of metal*
Alley, *a narrow passage*
Ally, *confederate*
Allow'd, *granted*
Aloud, *with a noise*
Altar, *for sacrifice*
Alter, *to change*
Ant, *a pismire*
Aunt, *uncle's wife*
Are, *be*
Air, *we breathe*
E'er, *ever*
Heir, *eldest son*
Errand, } *a message*
Arrand, }
Arrant, *notorious*
Arras, *hangings*
Harass, to trouble
Ascent, *going up*
Assent, *agreement*
Assistance, *help*
Assistants, *helpers*
Augur, *a soothsayer*
Augre, *for carpenters*
Axe, *to cut wood*
Acts, *deeds*
Bacon, *hog's flesh*
Baken, *baked*
Beacon, *to give notice of enemies*
Beckon, *to wink*
Bail, *a surety*
Bale, *of cloth or silk*
Bald, *without hair*
Bawl'd, *cry'd out*
Ball, *any round thing*

Bawl, *to cry aloud*
Barbara, *a woman*
Barbary, *a country*
Barberry, *a fruit*
Bark, *of a tree*
Barque, *a ship*
Beau, *a fop*
Bow, *to shoot*
Bear, *a burden*
Bare, *did bear*
Bare, *naked*
Bear, *a wild beast*
Bass, *part of music*
Base, *mean*
Baiz, *cloth*
Bays, *bay-trees*
Be, *are*
Bee, *with honey*
Beer, *to drink*
Bier, *to carry the dead*
Bel, *an idol*
Bell, *to ring*
Berry, *a small fruit*
Bury, *a corpse*
Blew, *did blow*
Blue, *a colour*
Board, *plank*
Bor'd, *a hole*
Boar, *a beast*
Boor, *a country fellow*
Bore, *to make a hole*
Bolt, *the door*
Boult, *meal*
Bow, *to bend*
Bough, *a branch*
Boy, *a lad*
Buoy, Booy, *to bear up*
Bread, *to eat*
Bred, *brought up*
Breeches, *to wear*
Breaches, *broken places*
Bruit, *a report*
Brute, *a beast*
Burrow, *a hole in the earth*
Borough, *a corporation*
By, *near*
Buy, *for money*
Brews, *he breweth*
Bruise, *to break*
Cain, Adam's *son*
Cane, *a shrub*
Call, *by name*
Cawl, Caul, *over the bowels*
Cannon, *a great gun*
Canon, *a rule*
Capital, *chief*
Capitol, *a tower in* Rome
Career, *full speed*
Carrier, *that carrieth*
Cellar, *under ground*
Seller, *that selleth*
Censer, *for incense*
Censor, *a reformer*
Censure, *judgment*
Centaury, *an herb*
Century, 100 *years*
Centry, *a guard*
Chair, *to sit in*
Chare, *a job of work*
Choler, *rage*
Collar, *for the neck*
Cornhill, *in* London
Cornwall, *a county*
Cieling, *of a room*
Sealing, *setting a seal*
Cittern, *an instrument*
Citron, *a fruit*
Clause, *of a sentence*
Claws, *of a bird or beast*
Coarse, *not fine*
Course, *race or way*
Coat, *or garment*
Cote, *a cottage*
Comet, *a blazing star*
Commit, *to do*
Common, *public*
Commune, *to converse*
Council, *an assembly*
Counsel, *advice*
Cou'd, *was able*
Cud, *of cattle*
Courant, *a messenger*
Current, *passable*
Currans, Corinths, *fruit*
Creek, *of the sea*
Crick, *in the neck*
Cousin, *near relation*
Cozen, *to cheat*
Cymbal, *an instrument*
Symbol, *a mark*
Cypress, *a tree*
Cyprus, *an island*
Cruse, *a little vessel*
Cruise, *sail near the shore*
Cygnet, *a young swan*
Signet, *a seal*
Daign, *to vouchsafe*
Dane, *of* Denmark
Dam, *to stop*
Damn, *to condemn*
Dear, *of great value*
Deer, *in a park*
Decent, *becoming*
Descent, *going down*
Deep, *low in the earth*
Diepe, *a town in* France
Defer, *to put off*
Differ, *to disagree*
Desert, *merit*
Desart, *or* Desert, *a wilderness*
Dew, *from heaven*
Due, *a debt*
Do, *to make*
Doe, *a female deer*
Dough, *paste or leaven*
Done, *acted*
Dun, *a colour*
Devices, *invention*
Devizes, *in* Wiltshire
Doer, *that doth*
Door, *of an house*
Dragon, *a beast*
Dragoon, *a soldier*
Draught, *a drink*
Drought, *dryness*
Ear, *for hearing*
E'er, *ever*
Year, *twelve months*
Early, *betimes*
Yearly, *every year*
Earth, *the ground*
Hearth, *of a chimney*
Easter, *a feast*
Esther, *the queen*
Eaten, *devour'd*
Eton, *a town's name*
Eminent, *famous*
Imminent, *over head*
Enter, *go in*
Interr, *to bury*
Envy, *hatred*
Envoy, *a messenger*
Exercise, *labour*
Exorcise, *to conjure*
Fain, *desirous*

Feign, *to dissemble*
Faint, *weary*
Feint, *a pretence*
Fair, *comely*
Fare, *a customary price*
Feed, *to eat*
Fee'd, *rewarded*
Fellon, *a whitlow*
Felon, *a criminal*
File, *a smith's tool*
Foil, *to overcome*
Fillip, *or* Fillop, *with the finger*
Philip, *a man's name*
Fir, *wood*
Furr, *of a skin*
Floor, *ground*
Flour, *for bread*
Flower, *of the field*
Forth, *abroad*
Fourth, *in number*
Foul, *nasty*
Fowl, *a bird*
Fourm, *to sit on*
Form, *shape*
Francis, *a man's name*
Frances, *a woman*
Frays, *quarrels*
Froise, *fry'd meat*
Gall, *bitter substance*
Gaul, *a* Frenchman
Genteel, *graceful*
Gentile, *heathen*
Gentle, *quiet*
Gesture, *carriage*
Jester, *a merry fellow*
Gilt, *with gold*
Guilt, *of sin*
Glutinous, *sticking*
Gluttonous, *greedy*
Grate, *of iron*
Great, *large*
Grater, *for the nutmeg*
Greater, *larger*
Greave, *a boot*
Grave, *solemn*
Groan, *to sigh aloud*
Grown, *increased*
Grot, *a cave*
Groat, *four-pence*
Hail, *to salute*
Hale, *to draw along*
Hare, *a beast*
Hair, *of the head*
Heir, *eldest son*
Harsh, *cruel*
Hash, *to mince meat*
Hart, *a beast*
Heart, *the seat of life*
Haven, *a harbour*
Heaven, *on high*
Herd, *of cattle*
Heard, *did hear*
Hard, *difficult*
Here, *in this place*
Hear, *to hearken*
Hie, *make haste*
High, *lofty*
Hoy, *a sort of ship*
Him, *that man*
Hymn, *a song*
Hire, *wages*
Higher, *more high*
His, *of him*
Hiss, *like a snake*
Hoar, *frost*
Whore, *a lewd woman*
Hole, *hollowness*
Whole, *perfect*
Holloo, *or* ho! ho! *to call*
Hallow, *to make holy*
Hollow, *not solid*
Holy, *pious*
Wholly, *entirely*
Home, *house*
Whom? *what man?*
Holm, *holly*
Hoop, *for a barrel*
Whoop, *to cry out*
Hue, *colour*
Hew, *to cut*
Hugh, *a man's name*
I, *myself*
Eye, *to see with*
Idle, *lazy*
Idol, *an image*
I'll, *I will*
Isle, *in the church*
Isle, *an island*
Oil, *of olives*
Imploy, *work*
Imply, *to signify*
In, *within*
Inn, *for travellers*
Incite, *to stir up*
Insight, *knowledge*
Ingenious, *of sharp parts*
Ingenuous, *candid*
Joyst, *a beam*
Joyce, *a man's name*
Ketch, *a ship*
Catch, *to lay hold*
Kill, *to murder*
Kiln, *for bricks*
Kind, *good-natur'd*
Coin'd, *as money*
Kiss, *to salute*
Cis, Saul's *father*
Knave, *dishonest*
Nave, *of a cart-wheel*
Knight, *by honour*
Night, *the evening*
Lade, *the water*
Laid, *or* Layd, *placed*
Lain, *or* Layn, *did lie*
Lane, *a narrow passage*
Latin, *old Roman*
Latten, *tin*
Lattice, *of a window*
Lettice, *a woman's name*
Lettuce, *an herb*
Lease, *of a house*
Leash, *three*
Lees, *dregs of wine*
Leopard, *a beast*
Leper, *one leprous*
Leaper, *that leapeth*
Lessen, *to make less*
Lesson, *a reading*
Lest, *for fear*
Least, *smallest*
Liquorish, *dainty*
Liquorice, *a sweet root*
Lier, *in wait*
Lyer, *a teller of lies*
Limb, *a member*
Limn, *to paint*
Loath, *abhor*
Loth, *unwilling*
Line, *length*
Loyn, *of veal*
Lo, *behold*
Low, *humble*
Lose, *to suffer loss*
Loose, *slack*
Lower, *to let down*

Lowr, *to frown*
Made, *finish'd*
Maid, *a young woman*
Main, *the chief*
Mane, *of a beast*
Male, *not female*
Mail, *armour*
Manner, *custom*
Manor, *a lordship*
Marsh, *watry ground*
Mesh, *or* Mash, *the hole of a net*
Mayor, *of a town*
Mare, *female horse*
Mead, *a meadow*
Mede, *one of* Media
Mean, *of little value*
Mein, *or* Mien, *aspect*
Meat, *to eat*
Meet, *fit*
Meet, *come together*
Mete, *to measure*
Message, *business*
Messuage, *a house*
Mews, *for hawks*
Muse, *to meditate*
Mile, *by measure*
Moil, *to labour*
Mite, *small money*
Might, *strength*
Moat, *a ditch*
Mote, *in the eye*
More, *in quantity*
Mower, *that mows*
Moor, *or marsh*
Naught, *bad*
Nought, *nothing*
Nay, *not*
Neigh, *as a horse*
Near, *or* Neer, *nigh*
Ne'er, *never*
Neither, *none of the two*
Neather, *lower*
No, *denying*
Know, *understand*
New, *not old*
Knew, *understood*
None, *not one*
Known, *understood*
Neal, *harden glass*
Kneel, *bend the knee*
Nap, *sleep*
Knap, *of cloth*
Nit, *young louse*
Knit, *make hose*
Nag, *a horse*
Knag, *a knot*
Nell, *Elenor*
Knell, *for funeral*
Not, *denying*
Knot, *to unite*
Ore, *of gold*
Oar, *of a boat*
O'er, *over*
Of, *belonging to*
Off, *at a distance*
O, *as O brave*
Oh! *alas*
Owe, *to be indebted*
One, *in number*
Won, *at play*
Own, *to acknowledge*
Order, *rank*
Ordure, *dung*
Our, *of us*
Hour, *sixty minutes*
Palate, *in the mouth*
Pallet, *a little bed*
Pale, *a colour*
Pail, *a vessel*
Pall, *a funeral cloth*
Paul, *a man's name*
Pain, *or grief*
Pane, *of glass*
Parson, *of a parish*
Person, *some body*
Peal, *upon the bells*
Peel, *the outside*
Pear, *a fruit*
Pair, *a couple*
Pare, *to cut*
Peter, *a man's name*
Petre, *salt*
Pick, *to choose*
Pique, *a quarrel*
Pint, *half a quart*
Point, *a stop*
Place, *of abode*
Plaise, *a fish*
Plait, *the hair*
Plate, *of metal*
Plum, *the fruit*
Plumb, *a leaden weight*
Pole, *a long stick*
Poll, *the head*
Porcelain, *or* Porcelane, *a sort of china ware*
Purslain, *an herb*
Pour, *as water*
Power, *might*
Practice, *exercise*
Practise, *to exercise*
Pray, *to beseech*
Prey, *a booty*
Presence, *being here*
Presents, *gifts*
Princes, *king's sons*
Princess, *the king's daughter*
Principal, *chief*
Principle, *the first rule*
Profit, *advantage*
Prophet, *a foreteller*
Prophecy, *foretelling*
Prophesy, *to foretel*
Quire, *of paper*
Choir, *of singers*
Quarré, *of glass*
Quarry, *of marble*
Rack, *to torment*
Wreck, *of a ship*
Rain, *water*
Reign, *rule as king*
Rein, *of a bridle*
Raisin, *dry'd grape*
Reason, *argument*
Raise, *to set up*
Rays, *sun-beams*
Race, *to run*
Rase, *to blot out*
Raze, *to demolish*
Red, *a colour*
Read, *did read*
Reddish, *somewhat red*
Rhadish, *a root*
Reed, *a shrub*
Read, *in a book*
Relic, *a remainder*
Relict, *a widow*
Rere, *the back-part*
Rear, *to erect*
Rest, *quiet*
Wrest, *to turn or twist*
Rhyme, *or* Rhythm, *in verse*

Rime, *a freezing mist*
Rice, *a sort of corn*
Rise, *advancement*
Rie, *a sort of corn*
Rye, *in* Sussex
Wry, *crooked*
Ring, *the bells*
Wring, *the hands*
Rite, *a ceremony*
Right, *just and true*
Wright, *a workman*
Write, *with a pen*
Rode, *did ride*
Road, *the highway*
Row'd, *did row*
Roe, *a kind of deer*
Row, *a rank*
Rome, *a city*
Rheum, *humour*
Room, *part of a house*
Rote, *by custom*
Wrote, *did write*
Wrought, *work'd*
Rough, *not smooth*
Ruff, *a band*
Roof, *top of a house*
Sail, *of a ship*
Sale, *bargaining*
Saviour, *that saveth*
Savour, *a smell*
Sea, *water*
Say, *speak*
Seem, *appear*
Seam, *that is sown*
Scene, *of the stage*
Seen, *beheld*
Seas, *great waters*
Seize, *to lay hold*
Cease, *to leave off*
Sent, *did send*
Scent, *a smell*
Shew, *to make appear*
Shoe, *for the foot*
Ship, *for sailing*
Sheep, *a beast*
Shoar, *a prop*
Shore, *the sea coast*
Shown, *did shew*
Shone, *did shine*
Shread, *to mince*
Shred, *minced*
Spred, *from* Spread, &c.
Sign, *a token*
Sine, *in geometry*
Site, *situation*
Cite, *to summon*
Sight, *seeing*
Sink, *to go down*
Cinque, *five*
Slight, *to despise*
Sleight, *dexterity*
Sloe, *a sour fruit*
Slow, *not quick*
Slough, *a miry place*
Soal, *of a shoe*
Soul, *of a man*
Sole, *a fish*
Some, *a part*
Sum, *the whole*
Son, *a man child*
Sun, *the heavenly light*
Soon, *quickly*
Swoon, *to faint*
Sword, *a weapon*
Soar'd, *did soar*
Sore, *an ulcer*
Soar, *to mount upwards*
Stare, *to look earnestly*
Stair, *a step*
Stear, *a young bullock*
Steer, *to guide a ship*
Stead, *place*
Steed, *a horse*
Stile, *for passage*
Style, *of writing*
Stood, *did stand*
Stud, *an embossment*
Succour, *help*
Sucker, *a young twig*
Sue, *to make suit*
Sew, *with a needle*
Swoon, *to faint*
Sound, *noise*
Tail, *the end*
Tale, *a story*
Tare, *weight allow'd*
Tear, *to rend in pieces*
Tare, *did tare*
Than, *in comparing*
Then, *at that time*
There, *in that place*
Their, *of them*
Through, *thorow*
Throw, *to cast*
Throne, *a seat of state*
Thrown, *cast*
Tide, *flux of the sea*
Ty'd, *made fast*
Tile, *for covering*
Toil, *to take pains*
Time, *as day or hour*
Thyme, *a sweet herb*
To, *unto*
Toe, *of the foot*
Tow, *to draw along*
Too, *likewise*
Two, *a couple*
Told, *as a tale*
Toll'd, *as a bell*
Tongs, *for the fire*
Tongues, *languages*
Towr, *to fly up*
Tower, *of defence*
Tulip, *a flower*
Julep, Julap, *a cordial*
Veil, *a covering*
Vale, *a valley*
Vain, *useless*
Vane, *to shew the wind*
Vein, *for the blood*
Valley, *a dale*
Value, *worth*
Volley, *of shot*
Vassal, *a slave*
Vessel, *for liquor*
Vial, *or* Phial, *a glass*
Viol, *for music*
Vice, *ill habit*
Vise, *a skrew*
Ure, *practice*
Ewer, *a bason*
Your, *of you*
Use, *to be wont*
Ews, *sheep*
Wade, *to go in water*
Weigh'd, *in the balance*
Wail, *to lament*
Whale, *a sea fish*
Wale, *a mark of a whip*
Wane, *to decrease*
Wain, *a waggon*
Wean, *a child*
Wait, *to look for*

Weight, *heaviness*
Ware, *merchandise*
Wear, *to put on clothes*
Were, *was*
Waste, *to spend*
Wast, *wert*
Way, *to walk in*
Weigh, *to poize*
Wey, *forty bushels*
Weal, *good*
Wheal, *a pimple*
Wen, *a swelling*
When, *at what time*
Wet, *watry*
Whet, *to sharpen*
What, *which*
Wat, Walter
While, *in the mean time*
Wile, *a trick*
Whore, *a lewd woman*
Woer, *a suiter*
Hoar, *frost*
Wight, *an island*
White, *of colour*
Which, *who* or *what*
Witch, *that conjures*
Wist, *knew*
Whist, *silence*
Woe, *misery*
Who, *which*
Won, *did win*
One, *in number*
Wood, *of trees*
Wou'd, *would*
Yarn, *woollen*
Earn, *to get*
Yern, *to compassionate*
Ye, *yourselves*
Yea, *yes*
Yew, *a tree*
Ewe, *a sheep*
You, *yourself*

This fourth table, as well as the fifth, are borrowed chiefly from Mr. Dyche, who has well distinguished those words in their *spelling*, which are distinguished, or different in their *signification*. Though the critics will complain this is not always the truest spelling, yet I think this way has a great advantage to prevent one word being mistaken for another; which is a thing of great moment in writing.

TABLE V.

A TABLE OF WORDS DIFFERENT IN SIGNIFICATION BY THE ADDITION OF *e* FINAL.

BAD, *nought*
Bade, *commanded*
Ban, *a curse*
Bane, *ruin*
Bar, *a hindrance*
Bare, *naked*
Bath, *a washing-place*
Bathe, *to wash*
Bit, *a small piece*
Bite, *with the teeth*
Breath, *air*
Breathe, *to take air*
Cag, *of liquor*
Cage, *for birds*
Can, *to be able*
Cane, *a staff*
Cap, *for the head*
Cape, *of a coat*
Chin, *of the face*
Chine, *the back-bone*
Cloth, *linen* or *woollen*
Clothe, *or* Cloath, *cover with clothes*
Cub, *a whelp*
Cube, *a die*
Cur, *a dog*
Cure, *to heal*
Dam, *to stop water*
Dame, *a lady*
Demur, *to delay*
Demure, *modest*
Din, *noise*
Dine, *eat at dinner*
Divers, *many*
Diverse, *different*
Fat, *not lean*
Fate, *destiny*
Fan, *to blow*
Fane, *weather-cock*
Far, *at a distance*
Fare, *entertainment*
Fin, *of a fish*
Fine, *brave*
Fir, *a tree*
Fire, *that burns*
Flam, *a pretended story*
Flame, *of fire*
Gat, *did get*
Gate, *a door*
Hast, *thou hast*
Haste, *speed*
Hat, *for the head*
Hate, *to abhor*
Her, *she*
Here, *in this place*
Hop, *a bitter fruit*
Hope, *to expect*
Hug, *to embrace*
Huge, *very big*
Kin, *relation*
Kine, *the cows*
Lad, *a boy*
Lade, *to take up water*
Lath, *for tiles*
Lathe, *for turners*
Loth, *unwilling*
Lothe, Loath, *dislike*
Mad, *distracted*
Made, *done*
Man, *in stature*
Mane, *of a horse*
Mar, *to spoil*
Mare, *a beast*
Mat, *to tread on*
Mate, *a companion*
Met, *come together*
Mete, *to measure*
Mop, *to wash with*

Mope, *stupid*
Nod, *with the head*
Node, *a knot*
Not, *no*
Note, *observe*
On, *upon*
One, *unit*
Pan, *of earth*
Pane, *of glass*
Past, *gone*
Paste, *dough*
Pat, *seasonable*
Pate, *the head*
Pin, *to dress with*
Pine, *to languish*
Plat, *of ground*
Plate, *a metal*
Plum, *a fruit*
Plume, *a feather*
Quit, *to leave*
Quite, *altogether*
Rag, *of cloth*
Rage, *fury*
Rat, *a little beast*
Rate, *a price*
Rid, *to deliver*
Ride, *on horseback*
Rip, *to cut up*
Ripe, *full grown*
Rob, *to steal or plunder*
Robe, *long garment*
Rod, *to strike with*
Rode, *did ride*
Rot, *to consume*
Rote, *without knowledge*
Sat, *or* Sate, *did sit*
Sate, *cloy*
Scar, *of a wound*
Scare, *to affright*
Scrap, *a bit*
Scrape, *with a knife*
Sever, *to divide*
Severe, *cruel*
Sham, *a pretence*
Shame, *a disgrace*
Shin, *of the leg*
Shine, *to look bright*
Sin, *a fault*
Sine, *in* Geometry
Sing, *to be merry*
Singe, *to burn*
Sir, *master*
Sire, *father*
Sith, *since*
Sithe, *to mow*
Sooth, *truth*
Soothe, *to flatter*
Sop, *of bread*
Sope, *to wash with*
Spit, *with the mouth*
Spite, *malice*
Stag, *a deer*
Stage, *to stand on*
Star, *in the sky*
Stare, *to gaze*
Strip, *to uncover*
Stripe, *a blow*
Swing, *to and fro*
Swinge, *full scope*
Them, *those*
Theme, *a subject*
Thin, *not thick*
Thine, *of thee*
Trip, *to go nimbly*
Tripe, *the inwards*
Tub, *of water*
Tube, *a pipe*
Tun, *in weight*
Tune, *in music*
Twin, *one of two*
Twine, *to close about*
Van, *the front*
Vane, *a weathercock*
Us, *we*
Use, *accustom*
War, *fighting*
Ware, *merchandize*
Wast, *hast been*
Waste, *to consume*
Win, *to get*
Wine, *to drink*
Wan, *pale*
Wane, *decrease*
Writ, *written*
Write, *with a pen.*

TABLE VI.

A TABLE OF WORDS THAT MAY BE SPELLED DIFFERENT WAYS, WHICH ARE NOT EASILY REDUCED TO ANY RULES.

ACRUE, Accrew
Apricot, Apricock
Accompt, Account
Afraid, Affraid
Ambassador, Embassador
Alembick, Limbeck
Ancle, Ankle
Accessary, Accessory
Alom, Allum, Alum
Acrostich, Acrostick
Alarm, Alarum
Atchieve, Achieve
Bachelor, Batchelour
Biscuit, Bisket
Burden, Burthen
Becken, Beckon
Bedlam, Bethlehem, *or* Bethlem
Briar, Brier
Balk, Baulk
Bucksome, Buxom
Bloud, Blood
Cabbage, Cabbidge
Carrabine, Carbine
Centry, Sentry; *or rather* Sentinel
Cess, Sess, Assess
Carret, Carrot, Carot
Camelot, Camlet
Chace, Chase
Chaldron, Chauldron
Caldron, Cauldron
Chear, Cheer

Checker, Chequer
Choir, Quire
Clark, Clerk
Countrey, Country
Cyon, Scion
Clyster, Glister
Cyder, Sider
Chamois, Shammy, *gloves*
Cloath, Clothe
Choose, Chuse
Connection, Connexion
Clod, Clot
Crowd, Croud
Colledge, College
Compleat, Complete
Cosen, Cozen, *to cheat*
Cousen, Cousin
Curds, Cruds
Cruise, Cruize
Counsellour, Councellour
Damsell, Damosel
Damsin, Damson, *or* Damascene
Demeans, Demesnes
Desert, Desart
Daign, Deign
Dram, Drachm
Eilet, Oilet-*holes*
Ensign, Ancient, *ship's flag*
Examin, Examine
Extasy, Ecstasy
Emerods, Hemorrhoids
Extreme, Extream
Felon, Fellon
Fancy, Phansy, *or* Phantasie
Faulcon, Falcon
Fore-head, Forhead
Fane, Vane
Fan, Van
Farther, Further
Flix, Flux
Floud, Flood
Flea, Flay, *or skin*
Fraight, Freight
Foreign, Forreign, Forrein
Gray, Grey
Gage, Gauge
Gulf, Gulph
Gantlet, Gauntlet
Graff, Graft
Gaol, Jayl
Gaoler, Jaylor
Gill, Jill
Guiney, Guinea
Guess, Ghess
Grandure, Grandeur
Hainous, Heinous
Head-ake, Head-ach
Halser, Hawser
Hiccough, Hiccop, *or* cup
Hanch, Haunch
Houshold, Household
Hearse, Herse
Hatchment, Atchievement
Julep, Julap
Imposthume, Apostem
Jessamine, Jessemin
Indite, Indict
Ideot, Idiot
Launch, Lanch
Lacquay, Lackey
Landress, Laundress
Least, lest, *or smallest*
Lemmon, Limon
Leasure, Leisure
Loath, Lothe
Leaver, Lever
Lantern, Lant-horn
Landscape, Landskip
Licorice, Liquorice
Metal, Mettle
Murder, Murther
Manteau, Mantua-*gown*
Meer, Mere
Neer, Near
Orchard, Hortyard
Peny, Penny
Perswade, Persuade
Primerose, Primrose
Pigeon, Pidgeon
Pretense, Pretence
Porrenger, Porringer
Priviledge, Privilege
Persue, Pursue
Periwig, Peruque
Profane, Prophane
Porrige, Pottage
Portmanteau, Portmantle
Plat, Plot, *of ground*
Plaister, Plaster
Poppet, Puppet
Phrensy, Frenzy
Public, Publick
Quoit, Coit
Quoif, Coif
Quoil, Coyl, *of ropes*
Quinsie, Squinancy
Reflexion, Reflection
Rhyme, Rhythm
Ribband, Ribbon
Ruin, Ruine
Receipt, Receit
Sattin, Satten
Sense, Sence
Sceleton, Skeleton
Shew, Show
Snipe, Snite
Scritore, Scritoir
Surgeon, Chirurgeon
Sextan, Sacristan
Scutcheon, Escutcheon
Sparagrass, Asparagus
Squire, Esquire
Scimiter, Cymiter
Shooe, Shoe
Sphere, Sphear
Santer, Saunter
Steddy, Steady
Sive, Sieve
Sithe, Sythe, Scithe
Strait, Straight
Solder, Sodder
Scrue, Screw, *or* Skrew
Soldier, Souldier
Skreen, Screen
Suddain, Sudden
Skain, Skean, *of thread*
Sovereign, Soverain, *or* rein, *or* raign
Stirrop, Stirrup
Subtil, Subtle
Serjeant, Sergeant
Supream, Supreme
Sprain, Strain
Survey, Surveigh
Syrup, Syrrop
Spittal, *or* Spittle, *contracted from* Hospital
Tabacco, Tabaco, Tobacco
Tach, Tack
Taffety, Taffata
Teize, Tease
Terras, Terrace

Thirsday, Thursday
Troop, Troup
Tonn, Tunn, *or* Tun
Treacle, Triacle
Vellom, Vellum, Vallam
Vicarage, Vicaridge
Veil, Vail
Viall, Phial
Waist, Waste, *or middle*
Whay, Whey
Wrack, Wreck.

Note, Let it be observed here (as in the twenty-third chapter) that both these ways of spelling all these words, are not the original and proper composition of them; but through the negligence of the learned, and through the prevalence of custom, both these ways become common and tolerable.

TABLE VII.

A TABLE OF PROPER NAMES SPELLED DIFFERENT WAYS IN THE OLD TESTAMENT AND IN THE NEW.

Old Test.	*New Test.*	*Old Test.*	*New Test.*
AHAZ,	Achaz	Judah,	Judas, Jude
Ashdod	Azotus	Kish,	Cis
Baalzebub,	Beelzebub	Molech,	Moloch
Elijah,	Elias	Melchizedek,	Melchisedec
Elisha,	Eliseus	Naphtali,	Nephthalim
Hagar,	Agar	Nashon,	Naasson
Hamor,	Emmor	Rachab,	Rahab
Hannah,	Anna	Rebekah,	Rebecca
Hezekiah,	Ezechias	Rehoboam,	Roboam
Hezron,	Esrom	Shechem,	Sychem
Haran,	Charran	Sampson,	Samson
Hosea,	Osee	Tyrus,	Tyre
Jacob,	James	Tarshish,	Tarsus
Jephthah,	Jephthae	Uzziah,	Ozias
Joshua,	Jesus	Zebulon,	Zabulon
Isaiah,	Esaias	Zidon,	Sidon
Immanuel,	Emmanuel	Zion,	Sion.

And some others.

Note here in general, That names ending in *ah* in the Old Testament are turned into *as*, if they are men, as *Uriah*, Urias; *Josiah*, Josias, &c. and into *a* if they are women, as *Sarah*, Sara.

TABLE VIII.

A TABLE OF WORDS WRITTEN VERY DIFFERENT FROM THEIR PRONUNCIATION.

Written. Pronounced.	*Written.* Pronounced.	*Written.* Pronounced.
ADIEU, *Adu*	Apothecary, *Potticary*	Atchievement, *Hatchment*
Ancient, *Ainchunt*	Answer, *Ansur*	Atheist, *Athist*
Almond, *Amun*	Alchymy, *Occamy*	Athwart, *Athurt*
Anise-seed, *Anniseed*	Anemone, *Emmeny*	Asthma, *Asma*
Apparitor, *Paritur*	Apoththegm, *Apothegm*	Aukward, *Awkurd*, or *Unkuard*
Apprentice, *Prentis*	Apron, *Apurn*	
Artichoke, *Hartichoke*	Apostem, *Imposthume*	Auricula, *Riggolas*

Written.	Pronounced.
Autumn,	*Awtum*
Awry,	*A-ri*
Balast,	*Ballas*
Balcony,	*Belcony*
Balluster,	*Bannister*
Ballad,	*Ballet*
Beau,	*Bo*
Beauty,	*Buty*
Boatswain,	*Bote-son*
Bosom,	*Boozum*
Bureau,	*Buro*
Busy,	*Bizzy*
Business,	*Biznes*
Bury,	*Berry*
Buy,	*By*
Buyer,	*Byur*
Carduus,	*Caredress*
Carrion,	*Carren*
Centaury,	*Centry*
Chaise,	*Shaze*
Chariot,	*Charrat*
Chorister,	*Querister*
Circle,	*Surcle*
Circuit,	*Surket*
Cochineal,	*Cutchineel*
Chronicles,	*Crunnik'ls*
Cockswain,	*Cox'n*
Colewort,	*Collut*
Conduit,	*Cundet*
Conscience,	*Conshunce*
Colonel,	*Curnel*
Conscientious,	*Conshenshus*
Construe,	*Constur*
Coroner,	*Crowner*
Courage,	*Currage*
Courtesy,	*Curchee*
Cough,	*Coff*
Coyn,	*Quine*
Cuckow,	*Coocoo*
Cucumber,	*Cowcumber*
Cupboard,	*Cubburd*
Cushon,	*Cooshon*
Cypher,	*Sifur*
Cuirassier,	*Kirasseer*
Czar,	*Zar*
Daughter,	*Dawter*
Debauchee,	*Deboshee*
Diamond,	*Dimun*
Dictionary,	*Dixnery*
Dough,	*Do*
Dungeon,	*Dunjun*
Eight,	*Ait*
Entendre,	*Antawndre*
Enough,	*Anuff*
Ensign,	*Insiue*
Errand,	*Arrant*
Eschew,	*Esku*, or *Eschu*
Ewe,	*U*
Exchange,	*Change*
Exchequer,	*Checker*
Eunuch,	*Unuke*
Exhort,	*Exort*
Eye,	*I*
Farthing,	*Farden*
Fashion,	*Fashun*
Feign,	*Fain*
Feoffee,	*Feeffe*
First,	*Fust*
Frumenty,	*Furmitee*
Friendship,	*Frenship*
Guinea,	*Ginnee*
Ghess,	*Gess*
Ghost,	*Goast*
Groundsill,	*Grunsell*
Gorgeous,	*Gorjus*
Haut-bois,	*Hoboy*
Haut-goust,	*Hogo*
Handkerchief,	*Hankechur*
Handsome,	*Hansum*
Harangue,	*Hurang*
Hiccough,	*Hiccup*
Hieroglyphic,	*Hirogliffic*
Hierarchy,	*Hirarky*
Height,	*Huit*, or *Hite*
Housewife,	*Huzzif*
Honey,	*Hunnee*
Hymn,	*Him*
Jaundice,	*Janders*
Jeopardy,	*Jepurdee*
Jessamine,	*Jessamy*
Jointure,	*Jinture*
Joyst,	*Jice*
Jonquill,	*Junkill*
Iron,	*Iurn*
Island,	*Hun*
Isle,	*Ile*
Isthmus,	*Ismus*
Juice,	*Juce*
Knowledge,	*Hnollege*
Knob,	*Huob*
Knuckle,	*Hnukk'l*
Knight,	*Hnite*
Lacquay,	*Lackee*
Laughter,	*Lafter*
League,	*Leeg*
Leopard,	*Lepurd*
Lieu,	*Lu*
Lieutenant,	*Leftennant*
Lychnus,	*Likness*
Liquor,	*Likkur*
Luscious,	*Lushus*
Machine,	*Masheen*
Melancholy,	*Mallancollee*
Mastiff,	*Mastee*
Myrrh,	*Mir*
Medicine,	*Mets'n*
Monkey,	*Munkee*
Mithridate,	*Mettredate*
Monsieur,	*Mounseer*
Mortgage,	*Morgage*
Money,	*Munnee*
Nephew,	*Nevu*
Neigh,	*Nay*
Nauseous,	*Naushus*
Neighbour,	*Nebur*
Northwest,	*Norwest*
Nuisance,	*Nusance*
Nurse,	*Nus*
Ocean,	*Oshan*
Onion,	*Unnyan*
Owe,	*O*
Ought,	*Awt*
Oat-meal,	*Otmell*
Pamphlet,	*Pauflet*
Poursuivant,	*Pursevant*
Parliament,	*Purliament*
Postscript,	*Poscrip*
Pentateuch,	*Pentatuke*
People,	*Peeple*
Perfect,	*Parfet*
Phlegm,	*Fleem*
Physic,	*Fizzic*
Phthisick,	*Tizzick*
Purse,	*Pus*
Pique,	*Peek*
Pottage,	*Porrage*
Protonotary,	*Prothonetor*
Psalm,	*Saam*
Physician,	*Fizzishun*
Quotient,	*Coshent*

Written.	Pronounced.
Rendezvous,	*Randevoo*
Rational,	*Rashunal*
Righteous,	*Richus*
Rheum,	*Rume*
Roqueleau,	*Rokelo*
Rough,	*Ruff*
Saffron,	*Saffurn*
Sarsenett,	*Sasnet*
Scholar,	*Scollur*
Sentinel,	*Sentry*
Serjeant,	*Sarjant*
Seven-night,	*Sennet*
Seigniory,	*Sennyory*
Scent,	*Sent*
Schedule,	*Sedule*
Schism,	*Sism*
Schismatic,	*Sismatic*
Scummer,	*Skimmer*
Sheriff,	*Shreeve*
Shipwright,	*Shiprite*
Sigh,	*Si*, or *Sithe*
Symptom,	*Simtum*
Slaughter,	*Slawter*
Slough,	*Slou*
Sallad,	*Sallet*
Spaniel,	*Spannel*
Stomach,	*Stummuk*
Subtilty,	*Suttlety*
Suit,	*Sute*
Sword,	*Soard*
Swoon,	*Sound*
Synagogue,	*Sinnagog*
Through,	*Throu*, or *Throo*
Thirsty,	*Thustee*
Toilet,	*Twaylet*, or *Twilight*
Tongue,	*Tung*
Tough,	*Tuff*
Truncheon,	*Trunchun*
Tuesday,	*Teuzday*
Vault,	*Vawt*
Venison,	*Venz'n*
Verdict,	*Vardit*
Verjudice,	*Vargess*
Victuals,	*Vittles*
View,	*Vu*
Vouchsafe,	*Voutsafe*
Voyage,	*Voige*
Upholder, *or* Upholster,	*Upholsterer*
Uvula,	*Evelo*
Usquebaugh,	*Uskeba*
Wednesday,	*Wensday*
Weight,	*Wait*
Whoredom,	*Hoordum*
Wholesom,	*Holesum*
Whortle-berry,	*Hurt* or *Hurtle-berry*
Women,	*Wimmen*
Whose,	*Hooze*
Wrestle,	*Ressle*
Waist-coat,	*Wescote*
Wrist-band,	*Risban*
Wrought,	*Rawt*
Wry-neck,	*Ryneck*
You,	*U*
Yatcht,	*Yot*
Yeoman,	*Yemun*
Youth,	*Uth*

There are many other words that are pronounced in a very different manner from what they are written, according to the dialect or corrupt speech that obtains in several counties of England: It would be endless to remark all these: I have therefore chosen out chiefly those words which are written different from their common and frequent pronunciation in the city of London, especially among the vulgar.

Note also, That there are some other corruptions in the pronouncing of several words by many of the citizens themselves, that were at first perhaps owing to a silly affectation, because it makes the words longer than they really are; such as *yourn* for *yours*, *ourn* for *ours*, *theirn* for *theirs*, *gould* for *gold*, *ould* for *old*, *booshop* for *bishop*, *squench* for *quench*, *squeedge* for *squeeze*, *scroudge* for *crowd*, *yerb* for *herb*; which I have not thought worthy of a place in this catalogue, as well as others that must be ascribed to mere ignorance, many of which I have here described, for the instruction of those who know not how to spell them.

TABLE IX.

A TABLE OF PROPER NAMES WRITTEN VERY DIFFERENT FROM THEIR PRONUNCIATION.

Written.	Pronounced.
AGMONDESHAM,	*Amesham*
Augustin,	*Austin*
Alresford,	*Alsford*
St. Albans,	*St. Awbans*
Abraham,	*Abrum*
Aix-la-chapelle,	*E la shappel*
Bartholomew,	*Bartlemy*
Birmingham,	*Brummijum*
Bergamot,	*Burgamy*
Berwick,	*Barrick*
Bleinheim,	*Blenheme*
Bourdeaux,	*Boordo*
Brentford,	*Branford*
Bristol,	*Bristo*
Cecily,	*Sisly*
Champaign,	*Shampane*
Chess-hunt, *or* Chest-hunt,	*Chess'n*
Christ,	*Crist*
Christmas,	*Crismus*
Christopher,	*Christofur*
Cirencester,	*Sisseter*
Cologn,	*Cullen*
Cenchrea,	*Kencrea*
Deptford,	*Dedfurd*
Dorothy,	*Dorroty*
Ellinor, Elenor, Eleanor,	*Ellenur*
Egypt,	*Egip*
England,	*Inglan*
Esther, *or* Hester,	*Eestur*

Written.	Pronounced.	*Written.*	Pronounced.	*Written.*	Pronounced.
February,	*Feburrery*	Lincoln,	*Lincon*	Sevenoak,	*Sennuck*
Geoffry,	*Jeffry*	London,	*Lunnun*	Sibyl,	*Sibbil*
George,	*Jorge*	Loughborough,	*Lufburro*	Sarah,	*Sarey*
Ghent,	*Gent*	Margaret,	*Margate*	Southwark,	*Suthrick*
Glascow, *or* Glasgow,	*Glasko*	Marlborough,	*Mallburro*	Stephen,	*Steev'n*
Guernsey,	*Garnzee*	Michaelmas,	*Micklemus*	Thames,	*Tems*
Gloucester,	*Gloster*	Mary,	*Maere*	Thanet,	*Tannet* or *Tennet*
Guild-hall,	*Eeld-hall*	St. Neots,	*St. Needs*	Theobalds,	*Tibbals*
Hague,	*Ha-ag*	Nicholas,	*Nickless*	Thomas,	*Tommus*
Hertford,	*Harfurd*	Okehampton,	*Okkinton*	Toucester,	*Tosseter*
Hierom, *or* Jerome,	*Jerrum*	Paul's church,	*Pole's*	Toulon,	*Tooloon*
Holborn,	*Hoburn*	Philip,	*Filup*	Versailles,	*Versails*
Hugh,	*Hu*	Portsmouth,	*Portmuth*	Ursula,	*Usly*
Humphry,	*Umfry*	Prague,	*Praag*	Walter,	*Watur*
John,	*Jon*	Ralph,	*Rafe*	Warwick,	*Warrick*
Joseph,	*Josef*	Ranelagh,	*Ranela*	Worcester,	*Wuster*
Isaac,	*Izac*	Rhenish,	*Rennish*	Waltham,	*Waltum*
Katharine, *or* Catharine,	*Catturn*	Rhine,	*Rine*	Westminster,	*Westmistur*
Leicester,	*Lester*	Rhone,	*Rone*	Zachary,	*Zaccry*
Leonard,	*Lennard*	Rotherhithe,	*Redriff*		
		Salisbury,	*Salsbery*		

Note, That I have here set down only such names of persons and places as are common, and frequently occur in conversation, at least in the city of London, and in writing in our age. It would have been an endless task to mention all the little villages or towns in England, and other nations, that are corruptly pronounced, or whose spelling differs from the customary sound.

Names of places whose common pronuneiation ends in *ich*, are written *wich*, as *Norwich, Sandwich, Ipswich, Harwich, Greenwich.* If it ends in *um*, they are written *ham*, as *Tottenham, Durham, Shoreham: berry* is written *bury*, as *Shrewsbury, Tewkesbury: boro* is written *borough*, or *burgh;* as *Scarborough, Edinborough, Edinburgh, Hamburgh: ust* is written *hurst*, as *Penshurst, Brokenhurst: ood*, is written *wood;* as *Burnt-wood, Heywood.*

As for the letters that compose proper names of places which are very uncommon, as well as the surnames of men, it is impossible to tell exactly what they are, or how to place them in spelling, without particular information; sometimes because their original derivation or true composition is far from the present sound of them, and sometimes because every person takes the liberty to spell his own name as he pleases: So *Reynolds* is a frequent surname; but it is also spelt *Reignolds*, or *Rainolds*, or *Raynolds.* So *Tomson* is spelt also *Thomson*, or *Thompson*, or *Tompson*, according to the skill or humour of the writer, or some superstitious or affected reverence to the custom of their ancestors, whether true or false.

TABLE X.

A TABLE OF WORDS JOINED TOGETHER IN COMMON DISCOURSE, AND PRONOUNCED VERY DIFFERENT FROM THEIR TRUE SPELLING.

IT is contracted by leaving out the *i*, as *'tis* for *it is; 'twas* for *it was.*

Not is contracted in these words; *can't* for *can not; mayn't* for *may not; shan't* for *shall not; coodn't* for *could not; shoodn't* for *should not; woodn't* for *would not; won't* for *will not; 'tisn't* for *it is not.*

Have is often contracted into *ha*, as *ha' done* for *have done; ha'n't* for *have not.*

Give is contracted thus, *gi'nmee* for *give me; gee't'er* for *give it her; gi'n ye* for *given you.*

Good is contracted thus; *gaffer* for *good-father; grammer* for *good-mother; goodee* for *good-wife.*

With is contracted thus; *wi'mmee* for *with me; wee'ye* for *with you; goodbw'y* for *God be with you.*

You is thus contracted; *ben't ye* for *be not you; won't ye* for *will not you; cumt'ee* for *come to you; howd'ee* for *how do you; de'e no* for *do you know; y'a' been* for *you have been.*

Him is thus contracted; *tak'n* for *take him; gee't'n* for *give it him; gee'nsum* for *give him some.*

Them is thus contracted; *call'um* for *call them; a'tr'um* for *after them; gee't'um* for *give it them.*

Penny or *pence,* and words joined with it, are thus contracted; *pen'uth* for *penny-worth; tuppence* for *twopence; thrippence* for *threepence; fippence* for *fivepence; ha'penny* for *halfpenny; ha'p'uth* for *halfpennyworth.*

Some of these words are now and then spelled partly as they are pronounced; but it is only or chiefly in pleasant and familiar writing, as *take 'em, han't, won't.*

There are many other contractions in speech used in the English tongue, which would be too tedious to describe: I have given these few only as a pattern, that the child may learn how to spell others of the like nature, by pronouncing each word distinct and apart.

There are also some other corrupt pronunciations of Latin words, or terms of art in use among the vulgar, as *iciprizys* for *nisi prius; sessarero* for *certiorari; suppiney* for *sub pœnâ; hippo* for *hypochondriacal;* and other words that are shortened in speech, as *pozz* for *positively; plenipo* for *plenipotentiary,* &c. which I cannot much approve, though some polite persons have used them, and thereby confirm the ignorance and ill custom of the unlearned part of mankind, without any necessity.

Here I would have it observed also, that all the three foregoing tables, namely, the *eighth, ninth,* and *tenth,* were not written so much with a design to teach how to *read,* as how to *write:* Not to tell how such words ought to be *pronounced,* because some of those pronunciations are corrupt and too vulgar; but the design is rather to show how those words ought to be *spelled,* which have obtained by custom so different a pronunciation.

TABLE XI.

A TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS OR CONTRACTIONS, WHEREIN ONE, OR TWO, OR THREE LETTERS, STAND FOR ONE OR MORE WORDS.

A. *or* An. Answer
A.B. *or* B.A. Bachelor of arts
Abp. Archbishop
A.D. *Anno domini,* or in the year of our Lord
A.M. *or* M.A. Master of arts
B. Book
B.A. Bachelor of arts
Bp. Bishop
B.V.M. Blessed Virgin Mary
B. Brother
C.C.C. Corpus Christi college
Cent. *Centum,* an hundred
C.S. *Custos sigilli,* keeper of the seal
D. Duke
Dr. Doctor
D.D. Doctor in Divinity
Do. Ditto, the same
E. Earl
E. g. *or* ex. gr. *exempli gratia,* or for example
F.R.S. Fellow of the royal society
Hnble. Honourable

Id. *idem*, the same
Ibid. *ibidem*, in the same place
I. H. S. *Jesus hominum salvator*, or Jesus the Saviour of men
I. N. R. I. *Jesus of Nazareth* King (or *Rex*) of the Jews
J.D. *Juris Doctor*, doctor of the law
K. King
Km. Kingdom
Kt. *or* Knt. Knight
L. *or* Ld. Lord
L. C. J. Lord chief justice
Ldp. *or* Lp. Lordship
Lap. Ladyship
LL.D. *Legum Doctor*, doctor of the laws
M. Marquis
M.A. Master of arts
Math. Mathematics
M.D. *Medicinæ Doctor*, doctor in physic
Mr. Master
Mrs. Mistress
MS. Manuscript
MSS. Manuscripts
M. S. *Memoriæ sacrum*, or sacred to the memory
N. B. *Nota benè*, mark well
N. S. New style
O. S. Old style
Pen. or *penult*. Last save one
Per cent. By the hundred
P. G. Professor in *Gresham* college; as M. of music, A. of astronomy, &c.
P. S. Postscript
q. d. *quasi dicat*, as if he should say
Q. Queen, *or* question
R. *Rex*, king, or *Regina*, queen; as W. R. king *William*. A. R. queen *Anne*. C. R. II. king *Charles* the second
Revd. Reverend
Rt. Right, as Rt. Wpful. right worshipful, *or* Rt. Honble. right honourable
S. *or* St. Saint
S. S. T. *Sacrosancta theologia*, holy divinity
S. T. P. Professor, *or* doctor in divinity
S. Sc. Holy or sacred scripture
Sc. *Scilicet*, to wit; *or*, that is
Sh. Shire
Sr. Sir
Ult. *ultimus*, last
v. *vide*, see
(viz.) *videlicet*; or, that is
v. g. *verbi gratia*, for example
Wp. Worship
Wpful. Worshipful
&, *&*, *et*, and
&c. *&c. et cætera*, and so forth

There are many other contractions that are used both in print and writing, which may be reduced to these general heads:

1. Titles and characters of men; as *Adml.* admiral; *Bart.* baronet; *Capt.* captain; *Coll.* colonel; *Esq.* esquire; *Gen.* general; *Gent.* gentleman; *Philomath.* philomathematicus, or a lover of mathematics; *Prof.* professor.

2. Proper names of persons and places; as *Abr.* Abraham; *Geo.* George; *Wm.* William; *Lond.* London; *Southton*, Southampton, &c.

3. Books of the Bible, as *Gen.* Genesis, *Ex.* Exodus, &c.

4. Months; as *Jan.* January, *Feb.* February, *Sept.* September, &c.

5. Winds; *N.* north, *S.* south, *E.* east, *W.* west; *N. N. E.* north north-east; *W. b. S.* west by south.

6. Parts of books; as *Ch.* or *Chap.* chapter; *S.* or *Sect.* section; *p.* or *pa.* page; *l.* line; *v.* verse; *Qu.* question; *Ans.* answer; *Obj.* objection; *Sol.* solution, *or* answer; *Ep.* Epistle; *Doct.* doctrine; *Obs.* observation; *Expl.* explication, &c.

7. Inscriptions on coin or money, and on medals; as GEORGIVS, D. G. M. BR. FR. ET HIB. REX. F. D. that is, *Georgius, Dei Gratia Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ & Hiberniæ Rex, Fidei Defensor*. George, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the faith.

And on the Reverse.

BRVN. ET L. DVX. S. R. I. A. TH. ET EL. 1720. that is, *Brunswigæ & Lunenburgæ Dux, sacri Romani imperii archi-thesaurarius & elector*, 1720. Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, high-treasurer and elector of the sacred Roman empire, 1720.

TABLE XII.

A TABLE OF CONTRACTIONS USED ONLY IN WRITING, BUT SCARCE EVER IN PRINT IN OUR AGE.

ACCT. Account	Lr. Letter	wn. when
Agt. against	L. J. C. Lord Jesus Christ	wch. which
Admr. Administrator	Mam. Madam	wt. what
Cr. Creditor	Mty. Majesty	ye. the
Comr. Commissioner	Pd. Paid	yt. that
Dd. delivered	qt. containing	yis. this
Dr. Debtor	Rcd. received	yr. your
Exec. Executor	Servt. Servant	Xt. Christ
Hond. Honoured	Sd. said	Xtian. Christian
Jho. John	wth. with	Xmas. Christmas

m. is written often for *ment*, at the end of a word, as *instrumt. commandmt.* and *t* set a little above the last letter, with a full-point under it, stands for *ant* or *ent*, in many other words also; as *covent. covenant; obedt. obedient*, &c.

con, with a line or dash over it, it goes for *tion*, at the end of a word, as *condicon*, condition.

A dash or line over any vowel, stands for *n* or *m*; thus, *comon* for *common*; *wat* for *want*; *comet* for *comment*.

Note, Some of these contractions are used in books that are printed on particular subjects, as *Execrs. Admr, &c.* in law books; *Dr. Cr. Acct.* in books of merchandize, but seldom in other authors.

See more in the fourteenth table.

TABLE XIII.

A TABLE OF NUMBERS AND FIGURES.

NUMBERS are usually expressed either by these seven Roman capital letters, I. V. X. L. C. D. M. which are called *numerals*, or by these ten characters, namely, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, which are called *figures*, and 0, which is a *cypher*.

THEIR SIGNIFICATION.

I. One	1. One
V. Five	2. Two
X. Ten	3. Three
L. Fifty	4. Four
C. One Hundred	5. Five
D. Five Hundred	6. Six
M. A Thousand	7. Seven
	8. Eight
	9. Nine
	0. Nothing

Observe concerning the *numeral letters*, that if a less *numeral letter* be placed before a greater, it takes away from the greater so much as the lesser stands for; but being placed after a greater, it adds so much to it as the lesser stands for: As the letter V. stands for *five;* but having I placed before it, it takes one from it, and makes both stand but for *four:* Thus, IV. But I being set after V. it adds one to it, and make it *six*, VI.

Take notice of these examples:

IV. Four	V. Five	VI. Six
IX. Nine	X. Ten	XI. Eleven
XL. Forty	L. Fifty	LX. Sixty
XC. Ninety	C. Hundred	CX. Hundred and ten

Observe concerning the *characters* or *figures*, that *cyphers* at the right-hand of *figures* increase their value ten times, as 1 one, 10 ten, 100 hundred, 7 seven, 7000, seven thousand: But at the left-hand they signify nothing at all, as 01, 001, make but *one*, 0002 is but *two*.

A figure at every remove from the right-hand increases its value ten times, as 9 *nine*, 98 *ninety-eight*, 987 *nine hundred eighty-seven*.

1.	One	I.
2.	Two	II.
3.	Three	III.
4.	Four	IV.
5.	Five	V.
6.	Six	VI.
7.	Seven	VII.
8.	Eight	VIII.
9.	Nine	IX.
10.	Ten	X.
11.	Eleven	XI.
12.	Twelve	XII.
13.	Thirteen	XIII.
14.	Fourteen	XIV.
15.	Fifteen	XV.
16.	Sixteen	XVI.
17.	Seventeen	XVII.
18.	Eighteen	XVIII.
19.	Nineteen	XIX.
20.	Twenty	XX.
21.	Twenty-one	XXI.
22.	Twenty-two	XXII.
23.	Twenty-three	XXIII.

24.	Twenty-four	XXIV.
25.	Twenty-five	XXV.
26.	Twenty-six	XXVI.
27.	Twenty-seven	XXVII.
28.	Twenty-eight	XXVIII.
29.	Twenty-nine	XXIX.
30.	Thirty	XXX.
40.	Forty	XL.
50.	Fifty	L.
60.	Sixty	LX.
70.	Seventy	LXX.
80.	Eighty	LXXX.
90.	Ninety	XC.
100.	One hundred	C.
200.	Two hundred	CC.
300.	Three hundred	CCC.
400.	Four hundred	CCCC.
500.	Five hundred	D. or IↃ.
600.	Six hundred	DC. or IↃC.
700.	Seven hundred	DCC. or IↃCC.
800.	Eight hundred	DCCC. or IↃCCC.
900.	Nine hundred	DCCCC. or IↃCCCC.
1000.	One thousand	M. or CIↃ.
1720.	One thousand seven hundred and twenty	M.DCC.XX.

Note here, That the numbers are sometimes expressed by small Roman letters, as i. *one*, ii. *two*, xvi. *sixteen*, lxxviii. *seventy-eight*, *&c.*

That where books, chapters, sections, and verses are cited, the *numeral letters* are generally used to signify the book or chapter, and the figures to signify the sections, verses, or smaller parts; as *Exod.* xii. 17. Exodus, *the twelfth chapter, and the seventeenth verse.* *So B.* IX. *Sect.* 24. signifies *Book the ninth, and the twenty-fourth section.*

Figures are also used to express the things following, namely,

1. The order or succession of things, as 1*st*, 2*d*, 3*d*, 4*th*, 10*th*, 39*th*; *first, second, third, &c.*

2. The fractions or parts of a thing, as ½ *one half*, ⅓ *one third part*, ¼ *one fourth or quarter*, ⅔ *two thirds*, ¾ *three quarters*, ⅝ *five eighths, &c.*

3. The numbers of action, as 2ce twice, 3ce thrice.

4. The size of books, 4to quarto, 8vo octavo, 12mo duodecimo or twelves, 24to twenty-fours.

5. The months, as 7br September, 8br October, 9br November, 10br December.

TABLE XIV.

A TABLE OF LETTERS AND OTHER MARKS USED FOR WHOLE WORDS IN MONEY, WEIGHTS, MEASURES, &c.

IN MONEY.

l. a pound, or 20 shillings
s. or ſ. a shilling or 12 pence
d. a penny, or four farthings
q. a farthing; *or thus*,
¼ One farthing
½ An halfpenny
¾ Three farthings
8*l.* 16*s.* 7¼*d.* Eight pounds, sixteen shillings, and seven-pence farthing.

COMMON WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

C. an hundred weight
q. a quarter of an hundred
℔ a pound
oz. an ounce
pwt. Pennyweight
hhd. Hogshead
gal. Gallon
yd. Yard
nl. Nail
mo. Month
d. Day
h. Hour
m. Minute.

APOTHECARIES WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

℔ Pound, *or* pint
℥ Ounce
ʒ Dram *or* drachm
℈ Scruple
gr. Grain
ß. half
℥ii. Two ounces
℈iv. Four scruples
ʒiß. One dram and a half
gt. Drop
m. Handful
ana. Equal quantity.

NUMBERS.

6+2 six *more* two, or six *increased by* two.
6—2 six *less* two, or six *lessened* by two.
6×2 six *multiplied by* two.
6/2 six *divided by* two.
6=3+3 six *is equal to* three more three.

THE SEVEN WANDERING STARS, CALLED, THE SEVEN PLANETS.

☉ The Sun.
☾ The Moon.
♄ Saturn.
♃ Jupiter, *or* Jove.
♂ Mars.
♀ Venus.
☿ Mercury.

But by the best philosophers in our age, the Sun is supposed to rest in the centre, and that the Earth is a planet, and then is sometimes marked thus ☉.

ACCORDING TO THE VULGAR PHILOSOPHY, THE PLANETS MAY BE THUS DESCRIBED IN THEIR ORDER.

The *Earth*, the centre of the world,
Sees all the planets round her hurl'd:
The *Moon* keeps always near:
Then *Mercury*, *Venus*, and the *Sun*,
And *Mars* and *Jove* their circuits run,
And *Saturn*'s highest sphere.

OR THUS, ACCORDING TO THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

First *Saturn*, *Jupiter* and *Mars*,
Then rolls the *Earth* among the stars,
And round the *Earth* the *Moon:*
Venus and *Mercury* are next,
The *Sun* is in the centre fixt,
And makes a glorious noon.

THE TWELVE HEAVENLY SIGNS OR CONSTELLATIONS, OR COMPANIES OF FIXED STARS, THROUGH WHICH THE SUN PASSES IN A YEAR.

♈ *Aries*, or the Ram.
♉ *Taurus*, the Bull.
♊ *Gemini*, the Twins.
♋ *Cancer*, the Crab.
♌ *Leo*, the Lion.
♍ *Virgo*, the Virgin.
♎ *Libra*, the Scales.
♏ *Scorpio*, the Scorpion.
♐ *Sagittarius*, the Archer.
♑ *Capricornus*, the Sea-goat.
♒ *Aquarius*, the Water-pot.
♓ *Pisces*, the Fishes.

THE TWELVE SIGNS MAY BE THUS DESCRIBED,

The *Ram*, the *Bull*, the heavenly *Twins*,
And near the *Crab*, the *Lion* shines,
The *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
The *Scorpion*, *Archer* and *Sea-goat*,
The man that holds the *Water-pot*,
And *Fish* with glittering tails.

THE LAST TABLE.

I PERSUADE myself that I shall gratify many of my readers, by inserting here several copies composed for the use of children at the writing school.

I. COPIES CONTAINING MORAL INSTRUCTIONS, BEGINNING WITH EVERY LETTER OF THE ALPHABET.

Attend the advice Of the old and the wise
Be not angry nor fret, But forgive and forget.
Can you think it no ill To pilfer and steal?
Do the thing you are bid, Nor be sullen when chid.
Envy none for their wealth, Or their honour or health.
Fear, worship, and love, The great God above.
Grow quiet and easy, When fools try to teize ye.

Honour father and mother, Love sister and brother.
It is dangerous folly, To jest with things holy.
Keep your books without blot, And your clothes without spot.
Let your hands do no wrong, Nor backbite with your tongue.
Make haste to obey, Nor dispute or delay.
Never stay within hearing Of cursing and swearing.
Offer God all the prime Of your strength and your time.
Provoke not the poor, Tho' he lie at your door.
Quash all evil thoughts, And mourn for your faults.
Remember the liar Has his part in hell-fire.
Shun the wicked and rude, But converse with the good.
Transgress not the rule, Or at home, or at school.
Vie still with the best, And excel all the rest.
When you are at your play, Take heed what you say.
X Excuse, but with truth, The follies of youth.
Yield a little for peace, And let quarrelling cease.
Zeal and charity joined, Make you pious and kind.

Note, The letter *X* begins no English word, so that we must begin that line with *Ex;* unless the reader will choose this instead of it, namely,

X is such a cross letter, Balks my morals and metre.

II. COPIES CONTAINING THE WHOLE ALPHABET, OR THE TWENTY-FOUR LETTERS.

Knowledge shall be promoted by frequent exercize.
Happy hours are quickly follow'd by amazing vexations.
Quick-sighted men by exercize will gain perfection.
A dazzling triumph quickly flown, is but a gay vexation.

III. COPIES COMPOSED OF SHORT LETTERS, TO TEACH TO WRITE EVEN WITH EASE.

Virtue in an eminent station raises our esteem.
Art comes in to imitate or assist nature.
Our most virtuous actions are not meritorious.
Conversation is a sweet entertainment to wise men.
Some inconveniences await our easiest moments.
A covetous, or an envious man, is never at rest.

IN VERSE.

Astronomers can trace A comet's various race.
Nor snow, nor ice, nor rain, Were ever sent in vain.
No meaner creatures can Converse or act as man.
Here no man is secure To sin or mourn no more.

THE CONCLUSION.

IT may not be amiss to conclude this little book with a short view of the unspeakable advantages of Reading and Writing.

The knowledge of Letters is one of the greatest blessings that ever God bestowed on the children of men. By this means we preserve for our own use, through all our lives, what our memory would have lost in a few days, and lay up a rich treasure of knowledge for those that shall come after us.

By the arts of Reading and Writing we can sit at home and acquaint ourselves what is done in all the distant parts of the world, and find what our fathers did long ago in the first ages of mankind. By this means a Briton holds correspondence with his friend in America or Japan, and manages all his traffic. We learn by this means how the old Romans lived, how the Jews worshipped: We learn what Moses wrote, what Enoch prophesied, where Adam dwelt, and what he did soon after the creation; and those who shall live when the day of judgment comes, may learn by the same means what we now speak, and what we do in Great Britain, or in the land of China.

In short, the Art of Letters does, as it were, revive all the past ages of men, and set them at once upon the stage; and brings all the nations from afar, and gives them, as it were, a general interview: so that the most distant nations, and distant ages of mankind, may converse together, and grow into acquaintance.

But the greatest blessing of all, is the knowledge of the Holy Scripture, wherein God has appointed his servants in ancient times to write down the discoveries which he has made of his power and justice, his providence and his grace, that we who live near the end of time may learn the way to heaven and everlasting happiness.

Thus Letters give us a sort of immortality in this world, and they are given us in the word of God to support our immortal hopes in the next.

Those therefore who wilfully neglect this sort of knowledge, and despise the Art of Letters, need no heavier curse or punishment than what they chuse for themselves, namely, "To live and die in ignorance both of the things of God and man."

If the terror of such a thought will not awaken the slothful to seek so much acquaintance with their Mother Tongue, as may render them capable of some of the advantages here described, I know not where to find a persuasive that shall work upon souls that are sunk down so far into brutal stupidity, and so unworthy of a reasonable nature.

THE END OF VOL. IV.

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